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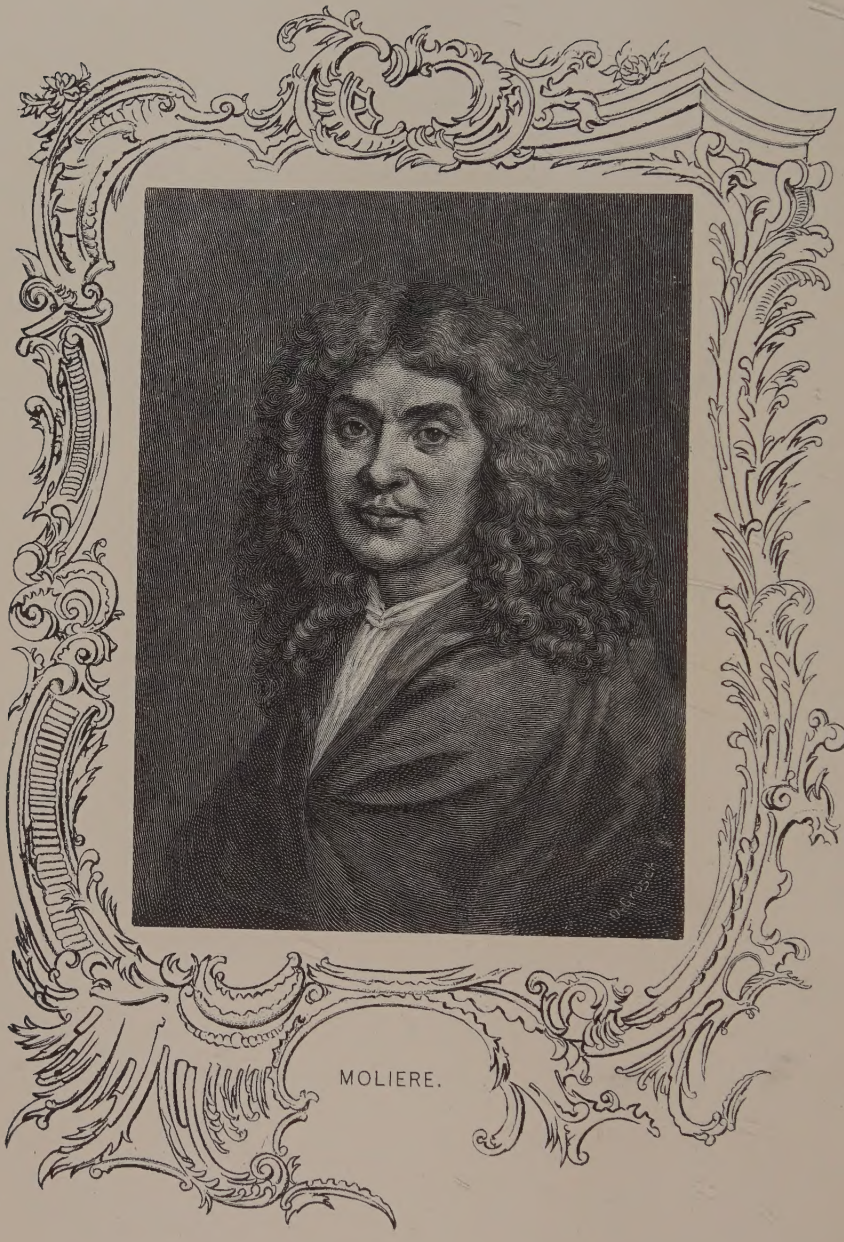

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VOL. XVII

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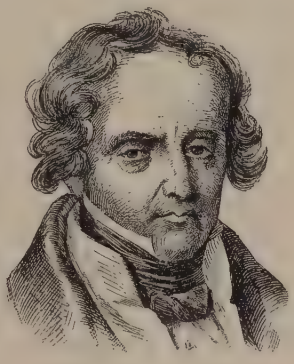
XAVIER DE MAISTRE

(1764–1852)

TO STUDENTS of French literature the name De Maistre suggests first, Joseph Marie de Maistre,—brilliant philosopher, stern and eloquent critic, vain opponent of revolutionary ideas; but the general reader is far better acquainted with his younger brother Xavier. He was a somewhat dashing military personage, a striking contrast to his austere senior, loving the æsthetic side of life: an amateur artist, a reader of many books, who on occasion could write charmingly.



XAVIER DE MAISTRE

Born in Chambéry in 1764, of French descent, he entered the Sardinian army, where he remained until the annexation of Savoy to France; when, finding himself an exile, he joined his brother, then envoy to St. Petersburg. Later he entered the Russian army; married in Russia, and lived there to the good old age of eighty-eight.

Perhaps the idea of authorship would never have occurred to the active soldier but for a little mishap. A love affair led to a duel; and he was arrested and imprisoned at Turin for forty-two days. A result of this leisure was the 'Voyage autour de ma Chambre' (Journey round my Room); a series of half playful, half philosophic sketches, whose delicate humor and sentiment suggest the influence of Laurence Sterne. Later on, he submitted the manuscript to his much-admired elder brother, who liked it so well that he had it published by way of pleasant surprise. He was less complimentary to a second and somewhat similar work, 'L'Expédition Nocturne' (The Nocturnal Expedition), and his advice delayed its publication for several years.

Xavier de Maistre was not a prolific writer, and all his work is included in one small volume. Literature was merely his occasional pastime, indulged in as a result of some chance stimulus. A conversation with fellow-officers suggests an old experience, and he goes home and writes 'Le Lepreux de la Cité d'Aoste' (The Leper of Aoste), a pathetic story, strong in its unstudied sincerity of expression.

Four years later he tells another little tale, 'Les Prisonniers du Caucase' (The Prisoners of the Caucasus), a stirring bit of adventure.

His last story, 'La Jeune Sibérienne' (The Siberian Girl), best known as retold and weakened by Madame Cottin, is a striking premonition of later realism. There is no forcing the pathetic effect in the history of the heroic young daughter who braves a long and terrible journey to petition the Czar for her father's release from Siberian exile.

The charm of De Maistre's style is always in the ease and simplicity of the telling. In his own time he was very popular; and his work survives with little loss of interest to-day.

THE TRAVELING-COAT

From the 'Journey round My Room.' Copyright 1871, by Hurd & Houghton

I PUT on my traveling-coat, after having examined it with a complacent eye; and forthwith resolved to write a chapter *ad hoc*, that I might make it known to the reader.

The form and usefulness of these garments being pretty generally known, I will treat specially of their influence upon the minds of travelers.

My winter traveling-coat is made of the warmest and softest stuff I could meet with. It envelops me entirely from head to foot; and when I am in my arm-chair, with my hands in my pockets, I am very like the statue of Vishnu one sees in the pagodas of India.

You may, if you will, tax me with prejudice when I assert the influence a traveler's costume exercises upon its wearer. At any rate, I can confidently affirm with regard to this matter that it would appear to me as ridiculous to take a single step of my journey round my room in uniform, with my sword at my side, as it would to go forth into the world in my dressing-gown. Were I to find myself in full military dress, not only should I be unable to proceed with my journey, but I really believe I should not be able to read what I have written about my travels, still less to understand it.

Does this surprise you? Do we not every day meet with people who fancy they are ill because they are unshaven, or because some one has thought they have looked poorly and told them so? Dress has such influence upon men's minds that there are valetudinarians who think themselves in better health than usual

when they have on a new coat and well-powdered wig. They deceive the public and themselves by their nicety about dress, until one finds some fine morning they have died in full fig, and their death startles everybody.

And in the class of men among whom I live, how many there are who, finding themselves clothed in uniform, firmly believe they are officers, until the unexpected appearance of the enemy shows them their mistake. And more than this, if it be the king's good pleasure to allow one of them to add to his coat a certain trimming, he straightway believes himself to be a general; and the whole army gives him the title without any notion of making fun of him! So great an influence has a coat upon the human imagination!

The following illustration will show still further the truth of my assertion:—

It sometimes happened that they forgot to inform the Count de —— some days beforehand of the approach of his turn to mount guard. Early one morning, on the very day on which this duty fell to the Count, a corporal awoke him and announced the disagreeable news. But the idea of getting up there and then, putting on his gaiters, and turning out without having thought about it the evening before, so disturbed him that he preferred reporting himself sick and staying at home all day. So he put on his dressing-gown and sent away his barber. This made him look pale and ill, and frightened his wife and family. He really did feel a little poorly.

He told every one he was not very well,—partly for the sake of appearances, and partly because he positively believed himself to be indisposed. Gradually the influence of the dressing-gown began to work. The slops he was obliged to take upset his stomach. His relations and friends sent to ask after him. He was soon quite ill enough to take to his bed.

In the evening Dr. Ranson found his pulse hard and feverish, and ordered him to be bled next day.

If the campaign had lasted a month longer, the sick man's case would have been past cure.

Now, who can doubt about the influence of traveling-coats upon travelers, if he reflect that poor Count de —— thought more than once that he was about to perform a journey to the other world for having inopportunely donned his dressing-gown in this?

A FRIEND

From the 'Journey round My Room.' Copyright 1871, by Hurd & Houghton

I HAD a friend. Death took him from me. He was snatched away at the beginning of his career, at the moment when his friendship had become a pressing need to my heart. We supported one another in the hard toil of war. We had but one pipe between us. We drank out of the same cup. We slept beneath the same tent. And amid our sad trials, the spot where we lived together became to us a new fatherland. I had seen him exposed to all the perils of a disastrous war. Death seemed to spare us to each other. His deadly missiles were exhausted around my friend a thousand times over without reaching him; but this was but to make his loss more painful to me. The tumult of war, and the enthusiasm which possesses the soul at the sight of danger, might have prevented his sighs from piercing my heart, while his death would have been useful to his country and damaging to the enemy. Had he died thus, I should have mourned him less. But to lose him amid the joys of our winter-quarters; to see him die at the moment when he seemed full of health, and when our intimacy was rendered closer by rest and tranquillity,—ah, this was a blow from which I can never recover!

But his memory lives in my heart, and there alone. He is forgotten by those who surrounded him and who have replaced him. And this makes his loss the more sad to me.

Nature, in like manner indifferent to the fate of individuals, dons her green spring robe, and decks herself in all her beauty near the cemetery where he rests. The trees cover themselves with foliage, and intertwine their branches; the birds warble under the leafy sprays; the insects hum among the blossoms: everything breathes joy in this abode of death.

And in the evening, when the moon shines in the sky, and I am meditating in this sad place, I hear the grasshopper, hidden in the grass that covers the silent grave of my friend, merrily pursuing his unwearied song. The unobserved destruction of human beings, as well as all their misfortunes, are counted for nothing in the grand total of events.

The death of an affectionate man who breathes his last surrounded by his afflicted friends, and that of a butterfly killed in a flower's cup by the chill air of morning, are but two similar

epochs in the course of nature. Man is but a phantom, a shadow, a mere vapor that melts into the air.

But daybreak begins to whiten the sky. The gloomy thoughts that troubled me vanish with the darkness, and hope awakens again in my heart. No! He who thus suffuses the east with light has not made it to shine upon my eyes only to plunge me into the night of annihilation. He who has spread out that vast horizon, who raised those lofty mountains whose icy tops the sun is even now gilding, is also he who made my heart to beat and my mind to think.

No! My friend is not annihilated. Whatever may be the barrier that separates us, I shall see him again. My hopes are based on no mere syllogism. The flight of an insect suffices to persuade me. And often the prospect of the surrounding country, the perfume of the air, and an indescribable charm which is spread around me, so raise my thoughts, that an invincible proof of immortality forces itself upon my soul, and fills it to the full.

THE LIBRARY

From the 'Journey round My Room': Copyright 1871, by Hurd & Houghton

I PROMISED to give a dialogue between my soul and the OTHER. But there are some chapters which elude me, as it were; or rather, there are others which flow from my pen *nolens volens*, and derange my plans. Among these is one about my library; and I will make it as short as I can. Our forty-two days will soon be ended; and even were it not so, a similar period would not suffice to complete the description of the rich country in which I travel so pleasantly.

My library, then, is composed of novels, if I must make the confession — of novels and a few choice poets.

As if I had not troubles enough of my own, I share those of a thousand imaginary personages, and I feel them as acutely as my own. How many tears have I shed for that poor Clarissa, and for Charlotte's lover!

But if I go out of my way in search of unreal afflictions, I find in return such virtue, kindness, and disinterestedness in this imaginary world, as I have never yet found united in the real world around me. I meet with a woman after my heart's desire,

free from whim, lightness, and affectation. I say nothing about beauty: this I can leave to my imagination, and picture her faultlessly beautiful. And then closing the book, which no longer keeps pace with my ideas, I take the fair one by the hand, and we travel together over a country a thousand times more delightful than Eden itself. What painter could represent the fairyland in which I have placed the goddess of my heart? What poet could ever describe the lively and manifold sensations I experience in those enchanted regions?

How often have I cursed that Cleveland, who is always embarking upon new troubles which he might very well avoid! I cannot endure that book, with its long list of calamities. But if I open it by way of distraction, I cannot help devouring it to the end.

For how could I leave that poor man among the Abaquis? What would become of him in the hands of those savages? Still less dare I leave him in his attempt to escape from captivity.

Indeed, I so enter into his sorrows, I am so interested in him and in his unfortunate family, that the sudden appearance of the ferocious Ruintons makes my hair stand on end. When I read that passage a cold perspiration covers me; and my fright is as lively and real as if I were going to be roasted and eaten by the monsters myself.

When I have had enough of tears and love, I turn to some poet, and set out again for a new world.

WILLIAM HURRELL MALLOCK

(1849–)

William Hurrell Mallock is the interesting product of the interesting period in which he was educated and the interesting conditions of his social life. Well born, well bred, well fed, well read, well supplied with luxuries, well disciplined at the wicket and the oar, the son of a clergyman of the Church of England (Rev. Roger Mallock) and the nephew of James Anthony and Richard Hurrell Froude, he was educated at home by private tutors till he entered Balliol College, Oxford. There he took a second class in final classicals, and in 1871 the Newdigate poetical prize, the subject of his poem being 'The Isthmus of Suez.'

William H. Mallock

In 1876 he published 'The New Republic,' which first appeared in a magazine. The first impression of the book is its audacity, the second its cleverness; but when one has gotten well into its leisurely pages, and has found himself in what seems to be the veritable company of Huxley, Matthew Arnold, Ruskin, Professor Clifford, Walter Pater, Professor Jowett, and Mr. Tyndall, he is penetrated with the conviction that the work is the perfected flower of the art of delicate characterization. The parodies are so good that they read like reminiscences enlivened with the lightest touch of extravaganza.

The sub-title of 'The New Republic'—'Culture, Faith, and Philosophy in an English Country-House'—indicates its plan. A young man of fortune and distinction assembles at his villa a party of visitors, who under thin disguises represent the leading thinkers of the day. The company plays at constructing an ideal republic, which is to be the latest improvement on Plato's commonwealth. To facilitate the discussion, the host writes the titles of the subjects to be talked about on the back of the menus of their first dinner: they prove to be such seductive themes as 'The Aim of Life,' 'Society, Art, and Literature,' 'Riches and Civilization,' and 'The Present and the Future.'

In the expression of opinion that follows, the peculiarities and inconsistencies of the famous personages are hit off with delicious

appositeness. The first principle of the proposed New Republic is to destroy all previous republics. Mr. Storks (Professor Huxley) eliminates a conscious directing intelligence from the world of matter. Mr. Stockton (Professor Tyndall) eliminates the poetry and romance of the imagination, substituting those of the wonders of science. The materialist, Mr. Saunders (Professor Clifford), eliminates the «foul superstition» of the existence of God and the scheme of salvation through the merits of Christ. Mr. Luke (Matthew Arnold) who is represented as mournfully strolling about the lawn in the moonlight, reciting his own poems,—poems which puzzle us in their oscillation between mirth and moralizing, till an italicized line warns us to be wary,—Mr. Luke eliminates the middle classes. Mr. Rose (Walter Pater) eliminates religious belief as a serious verity, but retains it as an artistic finish and decorative element in life. Dr. Jenkinson (Professor Jowett) in a sermon which he might have preached in Balliol Chapel, and his habitual audience have heard without the lifting of an eyebrow, eliminates the «bad taste» of conviction on any subject. Finally Mr. Herbert (Mr. Ruskin), descending upon the reformers in a burst of vituperation, eliminates the upper classes, because they neither have themselves nor furnish the lower orders any object to live for. The outcome of the discussion is predicted on the title-page:—

«All is jest and ashes and nothingness; for all things that are, are of folly.»

So much space has been given to Mr. Mallock's first book because it is representative of his quality, and discloses the line of his subsequent thinking. Only once again does he permit himself the relaxation of an irresponsible and clever parody,—that on Positivism in 'The New Paul and Virginia'; wherein the germ revealed in the sketches of Huxley and his fellow scientists is more fully developed, to the disedification of the serious-minded, who complain that the representatives of Prometheus are dragged down to earth.

But the shades of the mighty whom he ridiculed have played a curious trick on Mr. Mallock. As Emerson says of the soul of the dead warrior, which, entering the breast of the conqueror, takes up its abode there,—so the wraiths of doubt, materialism, discontent, Philistinism, and the many upsetting emotions which the clever satirist disposed of with a jest, entered his own hypersensitive organism, and, for all the years succeeding, sent him about among the men of his generation sharing with Ruskin the burden of their salvation. Nor does he propose to let any sense of his own limitations as a prophet interfere with the delivery of his message. In a volume of several hundred pages he asks a nineteenth-century audience, 'Is Life Worth Living?' Can we, he demands in substance, like his own

Mr. Herbert, go on buying blue china and enjoying the horse-show and the "season," and our little trips to Paris, and first editions in rare bindings, if we are not sure that these tastes will be gratified in another world? In his mind, the reply to this question resolves itself into the necessity for a final authority,—an authority which he himself discovers in the voice of the Church of Rome.

He is an indefatigable worker. As a novelist he belongs to the sentimental school, in which a craving for sympathy and a marked tendency to reject conventional standards characterizes all his men and many of his women. Because he has written them, his stories are never dull; they abound in epigram, sketches of character, and wise reflections: but the plots are slightly woven and hang at loose ends, while a dénouement is as deliberately ignored as if the author were a pupil of Zola. His novels or romances are 'A Romance of the Nineteenth Century,' 'The Old Order Changeth,' 'A Human Document,' and 'The Heart of Life.'

As an essayist he is widely read. He was one of the famous five who took part in the Christianity *vs.* Agnosticism controversy, in which Bishop Wace and Mr. Huxley were the champions. He has written two volumes of poems, translated Lucretius; and his varied magazine articles, collected in book form, have been published under the titles of 'Social Equality' (London, 1882), 'Property, Progress, and Poverty' (1884), and 'Classes and Masses; or, Wealth and Wages in the United Kingdom' (1896).

In the last-named volumes, all on social topics, Mr. Mallock presents himself as a sedate Conservative, committed to hereditary legislation, the sacredness of the game laws, the Doomsday Book, and the rest of mediævalism. Against democratic theories concerning social equality, labor, and property, he sets up the counter proposition that labor is not the cause of wealth, and of itself would be powerless to produce it. As for social equality, he sees that diversity of station is a part of the framework that holds society together.

These books are written in a serious manner. But it is interesting to mark the characteristics of the author's individual and original genius, as obvious in a blue-book as in a novel. It is an axiom that the successful advocate must give the impression that he himself has no doubt of his cause. This Mr. Mallock almost never does. The more positive his plea, the more visible between the lines is the mocking, unconvinced expression of the author's other self. Moreover, his fastidious discontent, and the subtlety of mind which is the greatest perhaps of his many charms, point him toward some unexplored quarter, where, as he has not investigated it, he fancies the truth may lie. The reader of Mallock goes to him for witty comment, satire, suggestion; and to get into a certain high-bred society

where the scholar is at home and the gospel of good-breeding is preached. But that reader will never know in what social system of the past — in slavery, feudalism, or absolutism — Mallock's Utopia is to be sought.

AN EVENING'S TABLE-TALK AT THE VILLA

From 'The New Republic'

NO PROPOSAL could have been happier than Lady Grace's, of the garden banquet in the pavilion. It seemed to the guests, when they were all assembled there, that the lovely summer's day was going to close with a scene from fairy-land. The table itself, with its flowers and glowing fruit, and its many-colored Venetian glass, shone and gleamed and sparkled in the evening light, that was turning outside to a cool mellow amber; and above, from the roof, in which the dusk was already darkness, hung china lamps in the shape of green and purple grape clusters, looking like luminous fruit stolen from Aladdin's garden. The pavilion, open on all sides, was supported on marble pillars that were almost hidden in red and white roses. Behind, the eye rested on great tree trunks and glades of rich foliage; and before, it would pass over turf and flowers, till it reached the sea beyond, on which in another hour the faint silver of the moonlight would begin to tremble.

There was something in the whole scene that was at once calming and exhilarating; and nearly all present seemed to feel in some measure this double effect of it. Dr. Jenkinson had been quite restored by an afternoon's nap; and his face was now all a-twinkle with a fresh benignity,— that had, however, like an early spring morning, just a faint suspicion of frost in it. Mr. Storks even was less severe than usual; and as he raised his champagne to his lips, he would at times look very nearly conversational.

"My dear Laurence," exclaimed Mr. Herbert, "it really almost seems as if your visions of the afternoon had come true, and that we actually were in your New Republic already. I can only say that if it is at all like this, it will be an entirely charming place — too charming, perhaps. But now remember this: you have but half got through the business to which you first addressed yourselves,— that of forming a picture of a perfect

aristocracy, an aristocracy in the true and genuine sense of the word. You are all to have culture, or taste. Very good: you have talked a great deal about that, and you have seen what you mean by it; and you have recognized, above all, that it includes a discrimination between right and wrong. But now you, with all this taste and culture,— you gifted men and women of the nineteenth century,— what sort of things does your taste teach you to reach out towards? In what actions and aims, in what affections and emotions, would you place your happiness? That is what I want to hear,— the practical manifestations of this culture."

"Ah," said Mr. Rose, "I have at this moment a series of essays in the press, which would go far towards answering these questions of yours. They do indeed deal with just this: the effect of the choicer culture of this century on the soul of man; the ways in which it endows him with new perceptions; how it has made him, in fact, a being altogether more highly organized. All I regret is that these choicer souls, these *Χαρίεντες*, are as yet like flowers that have not found a climate in which they can thrive properly. That mental climate will doubtless come with time. What we have been trying to do this afternoon is, I imagine, nothing more than to anticipate it in imagination."

"Well," said Mr. Herbert, with a little the tone of an Inquisitor, "that is just what I have been asking. What will this climate be like, and what will these flowers be like in this climate? How would your culture alter and better the present, if its powers were equal to its wishes?"

Mr. Rose's soft lulling tone harmonized well with the scene and hour, and the whole party seemed willing to listen to him; or at any rate, no one felt any prompting to interrupt him.

"I can show you an example, Mr. Herbert," he said, "of culture demanding a finer climate, in — if you will excuse my seeming egoism — in myself. For instance (to take the widest matter I can fix upon, the general outward surroundings of our lives),— often, when I walk about London, and see how hideous its whole external aspect is, and what a dissonant population throng it, a chill feeling of despair comes over me. Consider how the human eye delights in form and color, and the ear in tempered and harmonious sounds; and then think for a moment of a London street! Think of the shapeless houses, the forest of ghastly chimney-pots, of the hell of distracting noises made by

the carts, the cabs, the carriages; think of the bustling, commonplace, careworn crowds that jostle you; think of an omnibus, think of a four-wheeler — »

« I often ride in an omnibus, » said Lord Allen, with a slight smile, to Miss Merton.

« It is true, » replied Mr. Rose, only overhearing the tone in which these words were said, « that one may ever and again catch some touch of sunlight that will for a moment make the meanest object beautiful with its furtive alchemy. But that is Nature's work, not man's; and we must never confound the accidental beauty that Nature will bestow on man's work, even at its worst, with the rational and designed beauty of man's work at its best. It is this rational human beauty that I say our modern city life is so completely wanting in; nay, the look of out-of-door London seems literally to stifle the very power of imagining such beauty possible. Indeed, as I wander along our streets, pushing my way among the throngs of faces, — faces puckered with misdirected thought or expressionless with none; barbarous faces set towards Parliament, or church, or scientific lecture-rooms, or government offices, or counting-houses, — I say, as I push my way amongst all the sights and sounds of the streets of our great city, only one thing ever catches my eye that breaks in upon my mood and warns me I need not despair. »

« And what is that? » asked Allen with some curiosity.

« The shops, » Mr. Rose answered, « of certain of our upholsterers and dealers in works of art. Their windows, as I look into them, act like a sudden charm on me; like a splash of cold water dashed on my forehead when I am fainting. For I seem there to have got a glimpse of the real heart of things; and as my eyes rest on the perfect pattern (many of which are really quite delicious; indeed, when I go to ugly houses, I often take a scrap of some artistic crétonne with me in my pocket as a kind of æsthetic smelling-salts), — I say, when I look in at their windows, and my eyes rest on the perfect pattern of some new fabric for a chair or for a window curtain, or on some new design for a wall paper, or on some old china vase, I become at once sharply conscious, Mr. Herbert, that despite the ungenial mental climate of the present age, strange yearnings for and knowledge of true beauty are beginning to show themselves like flowers above the weedy soil; and I remember, amidst the roar

and clatter of our streets, and the mad noises of our own times, that there is amongst us a growing number who have deliberately turned their backs on all these things, and have thrown their whole souls and sympathies into the happier art ages of the past. They have gone back," said Mr. Rose, raising his voice a little, "to Athens and to Italy; to the Italy of Leo and to the Athens of Pericles. To such men the clamor, the interests, the struggles of our own times become as meaningless as they really are. To them the boyhood of Bathyllus is of more moment than the manhood of Napoleon. Borgia is a more familiar name than Bismarck. I know, indeed, — and I really do not blame them, — several distinguished artists who, resolving to make their whole lives consistently perfect, will on principle never admit a newspaper into their houses that is of later date than the times of Addison: and I have good trust that the number of such men is on the increase; men, I mean," said Mr. Rose, toying tenderly with an exquisite wine-glass of Salviati's, "who with a steady and set purpose follow art for the sake of art, beauty for the sake of beauty, love for the sake of love, life for the sake of life."

Mr. Rose's slow gentle voice, which was apt at certain times to become peculiarly irritating, sounded now like the evening air grown articulate; and had secured him hitherto a tranquil hearing, as if by a kind of spell. This, however, seemed here in sudden danger of snapping.

"What, Mr. Rose!" exclaimed Lady Ambrose, "do you mean to say, then, that the number of people is on the increase who won't read the newspapers?"

"Why, the men must be absolute idiots!" said Lady Grace, shaking her gray curls, and putting on her spectacles to look at Mr. Rose.

Mr. Rose, however, was imperturbable.

"Of course," he said, "you may have newspapers if you will; I myself always have them: though in general they are too full of public events to be of much interest. I was merely speaking just now of the spirit of the movement. And of that we must all of us here have some knowledge. We must all of us have friends whose houses more or less embody it. And even if we had not, we could not help seeing signs of it — signs of how true and earnest it is, in the enormous sums that are now given for really good objects."

"That," said Lady Grace, with some tartness, "is true enough, thank God!"

"But I can't see," said Lady Ambrose, whose name often figured in the Times, in the subscription lists of advertised charities,—"I can't see, Mr. Rose, any reason in that why we should not read the newspapers."

"The other day, for instance," said Mr. Rose reflectively, "I heard of eight Chelsea shepherdesses picked up by a dealer. I really forget where,—in some common cottage, if I recollect aright, covered with dirt, giving no pleasure to any one,—and these were all sold in a single day, and not one of them fetched less than two hundred and twenty pounds."

"*I* can't help thinking they must have come from Cremorne," said Mrs. Sinclair softly.

"But why," said Mr. Rose, "should I speak of particular instances? We *must* all of us have friends whose houses are full of priceless treasures such as these; the whole atmosphere of whose rooms really seems impregnated with art,—seems, in fact, Mr. Herbert, such an atmosphere as we should dream of for our New Republic."

"To be sure," exclaimed Lady Ambrose, feeling that she had at last got upon solid ground. "By the way, Mr. Rose," she said with her most gracious of smiles, "I suppose you have hardly seen Lady Julia Hayman's new house in Belgrave Square? I'm sure that would delight you. I should like to take you there some day and show it to you."

"I have seen it," said Mr. Rose with languid condescension. "It was very pretty, I thought,—some of it really quite nice."

This, and the slight rudeness of manner it was said with, raised Mr. Rose greatly in Lady Ambrose's estimation, and she began to think with respect of his late utterances.

"Well, Mr. Herbert," Mr. Rose went on, "what I want to say is this: We have here in the present age, as it is, fragments of the right thing. We have a number of isolated right interiors; we have a few, very few, right exteriors. But in our ideal State, our entire city—our London, the metropolis of our society—would be as a whole perfect as these fragments. Taste would not there be merely an indoor thing. It would be written visibly for all to look upon, in our streets, our squares, our gardens. Could we only mold England to our wishes, the thing to do, I am persuaded, would be to remove London to some kindlier site,

that it might there be altogether born anew. I myself would have it taken to the southwest, and to the sea-coast, where the waves are blue, and where the air is calm and fine, and there—»

«Ah me!» sighed Mr. Luke with a lofty sadness, «*cœlum non animam mutant.*»

«Pardon me,» said Mr. Rose: «few paradoxes—and most paradoxes are false—are, I think, so false as that. This much at least of sea-like man's mind has: that scarcely anything so distinctly gives a tone to it as the color of the skies he lives under. And I was going to say,» he went on, looking out dreamily towards the evening waves, «that as the imagination is a quick workman, I can at this moment see our metropolis already transplanted and rebuilt. I seem to see it now as it were from a distance, with its palaces, its museums, its churches, its convents, its gardens, its picture galleries,—a cluster of domed and pillared marble, sparkling on a gray headland. It is Rome, it is Athens, it is Florence, arisen and come to life again, in these modern days. The aloe-tree of beauty again blossoms there, under the azure stainless sky.»

«Do you know, Mr. Rose,» said Lady Ambrose in her most cordial manner, «all this is *very* beautiful; and certainly no one can think London as it is more ugly than I do. That's natural in me, isn't it, being a denizen of poor prosaic South Audley Street as I am? But don't you think that your notion is—it's very beautiful, I quite feel that—but don't you think it is perhaps a little too dream-like—too unreal, if you know what I mean?»

«Such a city,» said Mr. Rose earnestly, «is indeed a dream; but it is a dream which we might make a reality, would circumstances only permit of it. We have many amongst us who know what is beautiful, and who passionately desire it; and would others only be led by these, it is quite conceivable that we might some day have a capital, the entire aspect of which should be the visible embodiment of our finest and most varied culture, our most sensitive taste, and our deepest æsthetic measure of things. This is what this capital of our New Republic must be, this dwelling-place of our ideal society. We shall have houses, galleries, streets, theatres, such as Giulio Romano or Giorgio Vasari or Giulio Campi would have rejoiced to look at; we shall have metal-work worthy of the hand of Ghiberti and the praise of Michel Angelo; we shall rival Domenico Beccafumi with our pavements. As you wander through our thoroughfares and our

gardens, your feelings will not be jarred by the presence of human vulgarity, or the desolating noise of traffic; nor in every spare space will your eyes be caught by abominable advertisements of excursion trains to Brighton, or of Horniman's cheap tea. They will rest instead, here on an exquisite fountain, here on a statue, here on a bust of Zeus or Hermes or Aphrodite, glimmering in a laureled nook; or on a *Mater Dolorosa* looking down on you from her holy shrine; or on the carved marble gate-posts of our palace gardens, or on their wrought-iron or wrought-bronze gates; or perhaps on such triumphal arches as that which Antonio San Gallo constructed in honor of Charles V., and of which you must all remember the description given by Vasari. Such a city," said Mr. Rose, "would be the externalization of the human spirit in the highest state of development that we can conceive for it. We should there see expressed openly all our appreciations of all the beauty that we can detect in the world's whole history. The wind of the spirit that breathed there would blow to us from all the places of the past, and be charged with infinite odors. Every frieze on our walls, every clustered capital of a marble column, would be a garland or nosegay of associations. Indeed, our whole city, as compared with the London that is now, would be itself a nosegay as compared with a faggot; and as related to the life that I would see lived in it, it would be like a shell murmuring with all the world's memories, and held to the ear of the two twins Life and Love."

Mr. Rose had got so dreamy by this time that he felt himself the necessity of turning a little more matter-of-fact again.

"You will see what I mean, plainly enough," he said, "if you will just think of our architecture, and consider how that naturally will be—"

"Yes," said Mr. Luke, "I should be glad to hear about our architecture."

"—how that naturally will be," Mr. Rose went on, "of no style in particular."

"The deuce it won't!" exclaimed Mr. Luke.

"No," continued Mr. Rose unmoved; "no style in particular, but a *renaissance* of all styles. It will matter nothing to us whether they be pagan or Catholic, classical or mediæval. We shall be quite without prejudice or bigotry. To the eye of true taste, an Aquinas in his cell before a crucifix, or a Narcissus gazing at himself in a still fountain, are—in their own ways, you know—equally beautiful."

"Well, really," said Miss Merton, "I can *not* fancy St. Thomas being a very taking object to people who don't believe in him either as a saint or a philosopher. I always think that except from a Christian point of view, a saint can be hardly better described than by Newman's lines, as—

> 'A bundle of bones, whose breath
> Infects the world before his death.'"*

"I remember the lines well," said Mr. Rose calmly, "and the writer you mention puts them in the mouth of a yelping devil. But devils, as far as I know, are not generally—except perhaps Milton's—conspicuous for taste; indeed, if we may trust Goethe, the very touch of a flower is torture to them."

"Dante's biggest devil," cried Mr. Saunders, to every one's amazement, "chewed Judas Iscariot like a quid of tobacco, to all eternity. He, at any rate, knew what he liked."

Mr. Rose started, and visited Mr. Saunders with a rapid frown. He then proceeded, turning again to Miss Merton as if nothing had happened.

"Let me rather," he said, "read a nice sonnet to you, which I had sent to me this morning, and which was in my mind just now. These lines" (Mr. Rose here produced a paper from his pocket) "were written by a boy of eighteen,—a youth of extraordinary promise, I think,—whose education I may myself claim to have had some share in directing. Listen," he said, laying the verses before him on a clean plate.

> "Three visions in the watches of one night
> Made sweet my sleep—almost too sweet to tell.
> One was Narcissus by a woodside well,
> And on the moss his limbs and feet were white;
> And one, Queen Venus, blown for my delight
> Across the blue sea in a rosy shell;
> And one, a lean Aquinas in his cell,
> Kneeling, his pen in hand, with aching sight
> Strained towards a carven Christ: and of these three
> I knew not which was fairest. First I turned
> Towards that soft boy, who laughed and fled from me;
> Towards Venus then, and she smiled once, and she
> Fled also. Then with teeming heart I yearned,
> O Angel of the Schools, towards Christ with thee!"

* *Vide* J. H. Newman's 'Dream of Gerontius.'

"Yes," murmured Mr. Rose to himself, folding up the paper, "they are dear lines. Now there," he said, "we have a true and tender expression of the really catholic spirit of modern æstheticism, which holds nothing common or unclean. It is in this spirit, I say, that the architects of our State will set to work. And thus for our houses, for our picture galleries, for our churches,—I trust we shall have many churches,—they will select and combine—"

"Do you seriously mean," broke in Allen a little impatiently, "that it is a thing to wish for and to look forward to, that we should abandon all attempts at original architecture, and content ourselves with simply sponging on the past?"

"I do," replied Mr. Rose suavely; "and for this reason, if for no other,—that the world can now successfully do nothing else. Nor indeed is it to be expected, or even wished, that it should."

"You say we have no good architecture now!" exclaimed Lady Ambrose; "but, Mr. Rose, have you forgotten our modern churches? Don't you think them beautiful? Perhaps you never go to All Saints'?"

"I every now and then," said Mr. Rose, "when I am in the weary mood for it, attend the services of our English Ritualists, and I admire their churches very much indeed. In some places the whole thing is really managed with surprising skill. The dim religious twilight, fragrant with the smoke of incense; the tangled roofs that the music seems to cling to; the tapers, the high altar, and the strange intonation of the priests,—all produce a curious old-world effect, and seem to unite one with things that have been long dead. Indeed, it all seems to me far more a part of the past than the services of the Catholics."

Lady Ambrose did not express her approbation of the last part of this sentiment, out of regard for Miss Merton; but she gave a smile and a nod of pleased intelligence to Mr. Rose.

"Yes," Mr. Rose went on, "there is a regretful insincerity about it all, that is very nice, and that at once appeals to me, 'Gleich einer alten halbverklungnen Sage.'* The priests are only half in earnest; the congregations even—"

"Then I am quite sure," interrupted Lady Ambrose with vigor, "that you can never have heard Mr. Cope preach."

*"Like some old half-forgotten legend."

"I don't know," said Mr. Rose languidly. "I never inquired, nor have I ever heard any one so much as mention, the names of any of them. Now all that, Lady Ambrose, were life really in the state it should be, you would be able to keep."

"Do you seriously, and in sober earnest, mean," Allen again broke in, "that you think it a good thing that all our art and architecture should be borrowed and insincere, and that our very religion should be nothing but a dilettante memory?"

"The opinion," said Mr. Rose,—"which by the way you slightly misrepresent,—is not mine only, but that of all those of our own day who are really devoting themselves to art for its own sake. I will try to explain the reason of this. In the world's life, just as in the life of a man, there are certain periods of eager and all-absorbing action, and these are followed by periods of memory and reflection. We then look back upon our past and become for the first time conscious of what we are, and of what we have done. We then see the dignity of toil, and the grand results of it; the beauty and the strength of faith, and the fervent power of patriotism: which whilst we labored, and believed, and loved, we were quite blind to. Upon such a reflective period has the world now entered. It has acted and believed already: its task now is to learn to value action and belief, to feel and to be thrilled at the beauty of them. And the chief means by which it can learn this is art; the art of a *renaissance*. For by the power of such art, all that was beautiful, strong, heroic, or tender in the past,—all the actions, passions, faiths, aspirations of the world, that lie so many fathom deep in the years,—float upward to the tranquil surface of the present, and make our lives like what seems to me one of the loveliest things in nature, the iridescent film on the face of a stagnant water. Yes; the past is not dead unless we choose that it shall be so. Christianity itself is not dead. There is 'nothing of it that doth fade,' but turns 'into something rich and strange,' for us to give a new tone to our lives with. And believe me," Mr. Rose went on, gathering earnestness, "that the happiness possible in such conscious periods is the only true happiness. Indeed, the active periods of the world were not really happy at all. We only fancy them to have been so by a pathetic fallacy. Is the hero happy during his heroism? No, but after it, when he sees what his heroism was, and reads the glory of it in the eyes of youth or maiden."

"All this is very poor stuff — *very* poor stuff," murmured Dr. Jenkinson, whose face had become gradually the very picture of crossness.

"Do you mean, Mr. Rose," said Miss Merton, with a half humorous, half incredulous smile, "that we never value religion till we have come to think it nonsense?"

"Not nonsense — no," exclaimed Mr. Rose in gentle horror; "I only mean that it never lights our lives so beautifully as when it is leaving them like the evening sun. It is in such periods of the world's life that art springs into being in its greatest splendor. Your Raphael, Miss Merton, who painted you your 'dear Madonnas,' was a luminous cloud in the sunset sky of the Renaissance, — a cloud that took its fire from a faith that was sunk or sinking."

"I'm afraid that the faith is not quite sunk yet," said Miss Merton, with a slight sudden flush in her cheeks, and with just the faintest touch of suppressed anger.

Mr. Saunders, Mr. Stockton, Mr. Storks, and Mr. Luke all raised their eyebrows.

"No," said Mr. Rose, "such cyclic sunsets are happily apt to linger."

"Mr. Rose," exclaimed Lady Ambrose, with her most gracious of smiles, "of course every one who has ears must know that all this is very beautiful; but I am positively so stupid that I haven't been quite able to follow it all."

"I will try to make my meaning clearer," he said, in a brisker tone. "I often figure to myself an unconscious period and a conscious one, as two women: one an untamed creature with embrowned limbs, native to the air and the sea; the other marble-white and swan-soft, couched delicately on cushions before a mirror, and watching her own supple reflection gleaming in the depths of it. On the one is the sunshine and the sea spray. The wind of heaven and her unbound hair are playmates. The light of the sky is in her eyes; on her lips is a free laughter. We look at her, and we know that she is happy. *We* know it, mark me; but *she* knows it not. Turn, however, to the other, and all is changed. Outwardly, there is no gladness there. Her dark, gleaming eyes open depth within depth upon us, like the circles of a new Inferno. There is a clear, shadowy pallor on her cheek. Only her lips are scarlet. There is a sadness, a languor, — even in the grave tendrils of her heavy hair,

and in each changing curve of her bosom as she breathes or sighs."

"What a very odd man Mr. Rose is!" said Lady Ambrose in a loud whisper. "He always seems to talk of everybody as if they had no clothes on. And does he mean by this that we ought to be always in the dumps?"

"Yes," Mr. Rose was meanwhile proceeding, his voice again growing visionary, "there is no eagerness, no action there: and yet all eagerness, all action is known to her as the writing on an open scroll; only, as she reads, even in the reading of it, action turns into emotion and eagerness into a sighing memory. Yet such a woman really may stand symbolically for us as the patroness and the lady of all gladness, who makes us glad in the only way now left us. And not only in the only way, but in the best way — the way of ways. Her secret is self-consciousness. She knows that she is fair; she knows, too, that she is sad: but she sees that sadness is lovely, and so sadness turns to joy. Such a woman may be taken as a symbol, not of our architecture only, but of all the æsthetic surroundings with which we shall shelter and express our life. Such a woman do I see whenever I enter a ritualistic church —"

"I know," said Mrs. Sinclair, "that very peculiar people do go to such places; but, Mr. Rose," she said with a look of appealing inquiry, "I thought they were generally rather overdressed than otherwise?"

"The imagination," said Mr. Rose, opening his eyes in grave wonder at Mrs. Sinclair, "may give her what garb it chooses. Our whole city, then — the city of our New Republic — will be in keeping with this spirit. It will be the architectural and decorative embodiment of the most educated longings of our own times after order and loveliness and delight, whether of the senses or the imagination. It will be, as it were, a resurrection of the past, in response to the longing and the passionate regret of the present. It will be such a resurrection as took place in Italy during its greatest epoch, only with this difference —"

"You seem to have forgotten trade and business altogether," said Dr. Jenkinson. "I think, however rich you intend to be, you will find that they are necessary."

"Yes, Mr. Rose, you're not going to deprive us of all our shops, I hope?" said Lady Ambrose.

"Because, you know," said Mrs. Sinclair with a soft maliciousness, "we can't go without dresses altogether, Mr. Rose. And if I were there," she continued plaintively, "I should want a bookseller to publish the scraps of verse — poetry, as I am pleased to call it — that I am always writing."

"Pooh!" said Mr. Rose, a little annoyed, "we shall have all that somewhere, of course; but it will be out of the way, in a sort of Piræus, where the necessary *χάπηλοι* — "

"A sort of what?" said Lady Ambrose.

"Mr. Rose merely means," said Donald Gordon, "that there must be good folding-doors between the offices and the house of life, and that the servants are not to be seen walking about in the pleasure-grounds."

"Yes," said Mr. Rose, "exactly so."

"Well, then," said Lady Ambrose, "I quite agree with you, Mr. Rose; and if wishing were only having, I've not the least doubt that we should all of us be going back to Mr. Rose's city to-morrow, instead of to London, with its carts, and cabs, and smoke, and all its thousand-and-one drawbacks. I'm sure," she said, turning to Miss Merton, "you would, my dear, with all your taste."

"It certainly," said Miss Merton smiling, "all sounds very beautiful. All that I am afraid of is, that we should not be quite worthy of it."

"Nay," said Mr. Rose, "but the very point is that we shall be worthy of it, and that it will be worthy of us. I said, if you recollect, just now, that the world's ideal of the future must resemble in many ways its memory of the Italian Renaissance. But don't let that mislead you. It may resemble that, but it will be something far in advance of it. During the last three hundred years — in fact, during the last sixty or seventy years — the soul of man has developed strangely in its sentiments and its powers of feeling; in its powers, in fact, of enjoying life. As I said, I have a work in the press devoted entirely to a description of this growth. I have some of the proof-sheets with me; and if you will let me, I should like to read you one or two passages."

"I don't think much can be made out of that," said Dr. Jenkinson, with a vindictive sweetness. "Human sentiment dresses itself in different fashions, as human ladies do; but I think

beneath the surface it is much the same. I mean," he added, suddenly recollecting that he might thus seem to be rooting up the wheat of his own opinions along with the tares of Mr. Rose's, "I mean that I don't think in seventy years, or even in three hundred, you will be able to show that human nature has *very* much changed. I don't think so."

Unfortunately, however, the Doctor found that instead of putting down Mr. Rose by this, he had only raised up Mr. Luke.

"Ah, Jenkinson, I think you are wrong there," said Mr. Luke. "As long as we recognize that this growth is at present confined to a very small minority, the fact of such growth is *the* most important, *the* most significant of all facts. Indeed, our friend Mr. Rose is quite right thus far, in the stress he lays on our appreciation of the past: that we have certainly in these modern times acquired a new sense, by which alone the past can be appreciated truly,—the sense which, if I may invent a phrase for it, I should call that of Historical Perspective; so that now really for the first time the landscape of history is beginning to have some intelligible charm for us. And this, you know, is not all. Our whole views of things (you, Jenkinson, must know this as well as I do)—the *Zeitgeist* breathes upon them, and they do not die; but they are changed, they are enlightened."

The Doctor was too much annoyed to make any audible answer to this; but he murmured with some emphasis to himself, "That's *not* what Mr. Rose was saying; that's *not* what I was contradicting."

"You take, Luke, a rather more rose-colored view of things than you did last night," said Mr. Storks.

"No," said Mr. Luke with a sigh, "far from it. I am not denying (pray, Jenkinson, remember this) that the majority of us are at present either Barbarians or Philistines; and the ugliness of these is more glaring now than at any former time. But that any of us are able to see them thus distinctly in their true colors itself shows that there must be a deal of light somewhere. Even to make darkness visible some light is needed. We should always recollect that. We are only discontented with ourselves when we are struggling to be better than ourselves."

"And in many ways," said Laurence, "I think the struggle has been successful. Take for instance the pleasure we get now from the aspects of external nature, and the way in which these seem to mix themselves with our lives. This certainly is

something distinctly modern. And nearly all our other feelings, it seems to me, have changed just like this one, and have become more sensitive and more highly organized. If we may judge by its expression in literature, love has, certainly; and that, I suppose, is the most important and comprehensive feeling in life."

"Does Mr. Laurence only *suppose* that?" sighed Mrs. Sinclair, casting down her eyes.

"Well," said Dr. Jenkinson, "our feelings about these two things — about love and external nature — perhaps have changed somewhat. Yes, I think they have. I think you might make an interesting magazine article out of that — but hardly more."

"I rather," said Laurence apologetically, "agree with Mr. Luke and Mr. Rose, that all our feelings have developed just as these two have. And I think this is partly owing to the fusion in our minds of our sacred and secular ideas; which indeed you were speaking of this morning in your sermon. Thus, to find some rational purpose in life was once merely enjoined as a supernatural duty. In our times it has taken our common nature upon it, and become a natural longing — though I fear," he added softly, "a fruitless one."

"Yes," suddenly exclaimed Lady Grace, who had been listening intently to her nephew's words; "and if you are speaking of modern progress, Otho, you should not leave out the diffusion of those grand ideas of justice and right and freedom and humanity which are at work in the great heart of the nation. We are growing cultivated in Mr. Luke's noble sense of the word; and our whole hearts revolt against the way in which women have hitherto been treated, and against the cruelties which dogma asserts the good God can practice, and the cruelties on the poor animals which wicked men do practice. And war too," Lady Grace went on, a glow mounting into her soft faded cheek: "think how fast we are outgrowing that! England at any rate will never watch the outbreak of another war, with all its inevitable cruelties, without giving at least one sob that shall make all Europe pause and listen. Indeed, we must not forget how the entire substance of religion is ceasing to be a mass of dogmas, and is becoming embodied instead in practice and in action."

"Quite true, Lady Grace," said Mr. Luke. Lady Grace was just about to have given a sign for rising; but Mr. Luke's assent

detained her. "As to war," he went on, "there may of course be different opinions,—questions of policy may arise:" ("As if any policy," murmured Lady Grace, "could justify us in such a thing!") "but religion—yes, that, as I have been trying to teach the world, is the great and important point on which culture is beginning to cast its light; and with just the effect which you describe. It is true that culture is at present but a little leaven hid in a barrel of meal: but still it is doing its work slowly; and in the matter of religion,—indeed, in all matters, for religion rightly understood embraces all,—" ("I *do* like to hear Mr. Luke talk sometimes," murmured Lady Grace,) "its effect is just this: to show us that religion in any civilized, any reasonable, any sweet sense, can never be found except embodied in action; that it is in fact nothing *but* right action, pointed—winged, as it were—by right emotion, by a glow, an aspiration, an aspiration toward God—" (Lady Grace sighed with feeling) "not, of course," Mr. Luke went on confidentially, "that petulant Pedant of the theologians, that irritable angry Father with the very uncertain temper, but toward—"

"An infinite, inscrutable, loving Being," began Lady Grace, with a slight moisture in her eyes.

"Quite so," said Mr. Luke, not waiting to listen: "towards that great Law, that great verifiable tendency of things, that great stream whose flowing such of us as are able are now so anxiously trying to accelerate. There is no vain speculation about creation and first causes and consciousness here; which are matters we can never verify, and which matter nothing to us."

"But," stammered Lady Grace aghast, "Mr. Luke, do you mean to say that? But it surely must matter something whether God can hear our prayers, and will help us, and whether we owe him any duty, and whether he is conscious of what we do, and will judge us: it must matter."

Mr. Luke leaned forward towards Lady Grace and spoke to her in a confidential whisper.

"Not two straws—not that," he said, with a smile, and a very slight fillip of his finger and thumb.

Lady Grace was thunderstruck.

"But," again she stammered softly and eagerly, "unless you say there is no personal—"

Mr. Luke hated the word *personal:* it was so much mixed up in his mind with theology, that he even winced if he had to speak of personal talk.

"My dear Lady Grace," he said in a tone of surprised remonstrance, "you are talking like a bishop."

"Well, certainly," said Lady Grace, rising, and struggling she hardly knew how into a smile, "*nolo episcopari.* You see I do know a little Latin, Mr. Luke."

"Yes," said Mr. Luke with a bow, as he pushed back a chair for her, "and a bit that has more wisdom in it than all other ecclesiastical Latin put together."

"We're going to leave you gentlemen to smoke your cigarettes," said Lady Grace. "We think of going down on the beach for a little, and looking at the sea, which is getting silvery; and by-and-by, I daresay you will not expel us if we come back for a little tea and coffee."

"Damn it!"

Scarcely had the last trailing skirt swept glimmering out of the pavilion into the mellow slowly brightening moonlight, than the gentlemen were astounded by this sudden and terrible exclamation. It was soon found to have issued from Mr. Saunders, who had hardly spoken more than a few sentences during the whole of dinner.

"What can be the matter?" was inquired by several voices.

"My fool of a servant," said Mr. Saunders sullenly, "has, I find, in packing, wrapped up a small sponge of mine in my disproof of God's existence."

"H'f," shuddered Mr. Rose, shrinking from Mr. Saunders's somewhat piercing tones, and resting his forehead on his hand; "my head aches sadly. I think I will go down to the sea, and join the ladies."

"I," said Mr. Saunders, "if you will excuse me, must go and see in what state the document is, as I left it drying, hung on the handle of my jug."

No sooner had Mr. Saunders and Mr. Rose departed than Dr. Jenkinson began to recover his equanimity somewhat. Seeing this, Mr. Storks, who had himself during dinner been first soothed and then ruffled into silence, found suddenly the strings of his tongue loosed.

"Now, those are the sort of young fellows," he said, looking after the retreating form of Mr. Saunders, "that really do a good deal to bring all solid knowledge into contempt in the minds of the half-educated. There's a certain hall in London, not far from the top of Regent Street, where I'm told he gives Sunday lectures."

"Yes," said Dr. Jenkinson, sipping his claret, "it's all very bad taste — very bad taste."

"And the worst of it is," said Mr. Storks, "that these young men really get hold of a fact or two, and then push them on to their own coarse and insane conclusions, — which have, I admit, to the vulgar eye, the look of being obvious."

"Yes," said Dr. Jenkinson with a seraphic sweetness, "we should always suspect everything that seems very obvious. Glaring inconsistencies and glaring consistencies are both sure to vanish if you look closely into them."

"Now, all that about God, for instance," Mr. Storks went on, "is utterly uncalled for; and as young Saunders puts it, is utterly misleading."

"Yes," said Dr. Jenkinson, "it *all* depends upon the way you say it."

"I hardly think," said Mr. Stockton with a sublime weariness, "that we need waste much thought upon *his* way. It is a very common one, — that of the puppy that barks at the heels of the master whose meat it steals."

"May I," said Mr. Herbert gently, after a moment's pause, "ask this — for I am a little puzzled here: Do I understand that Mr. Saunders's arguments may be held, on the face of the thing, to disprove the existence of God?"

Mr. Storks and Mr. Stockton both stared gravely on Mr. Herbert, and said nothing. Dr. Jenkinson stared at him too; but the Doctor's eye lit up into a little sharp twinkle of benign content and amusement, and he said: —

"No, Mr. Herbert, I don't think Mr. Saunders can disprove that, nor any one else either. For the world has at present no adequate definition of God; and I think we should be able to define a thing before we can satisfactorily disprove it. I think so. I have no doubt Mr. Saunders can disprove the existence of God as he would define him. All atheists can do that."

"Ah," murmured Mr. Stockton, "nobly said!"

"But that's not the way," the Doctor went on, "to set to work, — this kind of rude denial. We must be loyal to nature. We must do nothing *per saltum*. We must be patient. We mustn't leap at Utopias, either religious or irreligious. Let us be content with the knowledge that all dogmas will expand in proportion as we feel they need expansion; for all mere forms are transitory, and even the personality of —"

Fatal word! It was like a match to a cannon.

"Ah, Jenkinson," exclaimed Mr. Luke, and Dr. Jenkinson stopped instantly, "*we* see what you mean; and capital sense it is too. But you do yourself as much as any one else a great injustice, in not seeing that the age is composed of two parts, and that the cultured minority is infinitely in advance of the Philistine majority — which alone is, properly speaking, the present; the minority being really the soul of the future waiting for its body, which at present can exist only as a Utopia. It is the wants of this soul that we have been talking over this afternoon. When the ladies come back to us, there are several things that I should like to say; and then you will see what we mean, Jenkinson, and that even poor Rose has really some right on his side."

At the mention of Mr. Rose's name the Doctor's face again curdled into frost.

"I don't think so." That was all he said.

SIR THOMAS MALORY
AND THE 'MORTE D'ARTHUR'
(Fifteenth Century)

BY ERNEST RHYS

The one certain thing about Sir Thomas Malory is, that he wrote the first and finest romance of chivalry in our common tongue,—the 'Morte d'Arthur.' Beyond this, and the testimony that the book affords as to its author, we have little record of him. That he was a Welshman, however, seems highly probable; and his name is certainly of Welsh origin, derived as it is from Maelor. That he was a clerk in holy orders is likely too. It was usual to distinguish vicars at that period and later by the prefix "Sir"; and various clergymen of the same Christian name and surname as his may be traced by old tombs, at Mobberley in Cheshire and elsewhere. Bale, in his interesting Latin chronicle of 1548, on 'Illustrious Writers of Great Britain,' speaks of his "many cares of State," it is true; but church and State were then closely enough allied to make the two things compatible with our view of him. Bale's further account is brief but eloquent. Our romancer was a man, he tells us, "of heroic spirit, who shone from his youth in signal gifts of mind and body." Moreover, a true scholar, a true man of letters, who never interrupted his quest "through all the remnants of the world's scattered antiquity." So it was that Malory was led to gather, from various sources, all the traditions he could find "concerning the valor and the victories of the most renowned King Arthur of the Britons." Out of many materials, in French and Latin, in Welsh and Breton, he shaped the book 'Morte d'Arthur' as we now know it; working with a sense of style, and with a feeling for the tale-teller's and the romancer's art, which show him to be much more than the mere compiler and book-maker that some critics have been content to call him.

A word now as to the dates of Malory's writing, and Caxton's publishing, the 'Morte d'Arthur,' and we turn from the history of the book to the book itself. In his last page,—after asking his readers to pray for him,—Malory says in characteristic words, which again may be thought to point to his being more than a mere layman: "This book was finished the ninth year of the reign of King Edward

the Fourth, . . . as Jesu help me, for his great might; as he [*i. e.*, Malory] is the servant of Jesu both day and night." The period thus fixed brings us approximately to the year 1469, and to the ten years previous as the probable time when the 'Morte d'Arthur' was being written. Caxton published it in 1485, and then referred to Malory as still living. Hence he and his noble romance both fall well within that wonderful fifteenth century which saw the rise of English poetry, with Chaucer as its morning star,—

> "—the morning star of song, who made
> His music heard below,—"

and the revival of Greek learning. It is significant enough, seeing their close kinship, that romance with Malory, and poetry with Chaucer, should have come into English literature in the same period.

As for Malory and his romance, there is hardly a more difficult and a more delightful undertaking in all the history of literature than that of the quest of its first beginnings. Principal Rhys has in his erudite studies in the Arthurian Legend carried us far back into the early Celtic twilight,—the twilight of the morning of man and his spiritual awakening,—and shown us some of the curious parallels between certain Aryan myths and the heroic folk-tales which lent their color to the "culture-hero," Arthur.

To examine these with the critical attention they require is beyond the scope of the present brief essay; but we may gather from their threads a very interesting clue to the "coming of King Arthur," in another sense than that of the episode so finely described by Tennyson. We see the mythical hero carried in vague folk-tales of the primitive Celts, in their journey westward across Europe, when the traditions were attached to some other name. Then we find these folk-tales given a local habitation and a name in early Britain; until at last the appearance of a worthy historical hero, a King Arthur of the sixth century, provided a pivot on which the wheel of tradition could turn with new effect. The pivot itself might be small and insignificant enough, but the rim of the wheel might have layer after layer of legend, and accretion after accretion of mythical matter, added to it, till at last the pivot might well threaten to give way under the strain. Not to work the metaphor too hard, the wheel may be said to go to pieces at last, when the turn of the romancers, as distinct from the folk-tale tellers, comes. The Welsh romancers had their turn first; then their originals were turned into Latin by quasi-historians like Geoffrey of Monmouth; carried into France, given all manner of new chivalric additions and adornments, out of the growing European stock, by writers like Robert de Borron; and finally, at the right moment, recaptured by our later Welsh romancer,

Malory, working in the interest of a new language and a new literature, destined to play so extraordinary a part in both the New World and the Old.

The art of fiction and romance displayed by Malory in making this transfer of his French materials, is best to be gauged by comparing his 'Morte d'Arthur' with such romances as those in the famous Merlin cycle of De Borron and his school. To all students of the subject, this comparative investigation will be found full of the most curiously interesting results. Besides Malory, we have English fourteenth-century versions of these French romances; notably 'The Romance of Merlin,' of which we owe to the Early English Text Society an excellent reprint. To give some idea of the effect of this translation, let us cite a sentence or two from its account of Merlin's imprisonment in the Forest of Broceliande; which may be compared with the briefer account in the 'Morte d'Arthur.' Sir Gawain hears the voice of Merlin, speaking as it were «from a smoke or mist in the air,» and saying:—

«From hence may I not come out,—for in all the world is not so strong a close as is this whereas I am: and it is neither of iron, nor steel, nor timber, nor of stone; but it is of the air without any other thing, [bound] by enchantment so strong that it may never be undone while the world endureth.»

This is not unlike Malory; but a little further study of the two side by side will show the reader curious in such things how much he has improved upon these earlier legendary romances, by his process of selection and concentration, and by his choice of persons and episodes. On the other hand, we must concede to his critics that some of his most striking passages, full of gallant adventure gallantly described, are borrowed very closely. But then the great poets and romancers have so often been great borrowers. Shakespeare borrowed boldly and well; so did Herrick; so did Pope; so did Burns. And why not Malory?

It is sufficient if we remember that romance, like other branches of literature, is not a sudden and original growth, but a graft from an old famous stock. To set this graft skillfully in a new tree needed no 'prentice hand; in doing it, Malory proved himself beyond question a master of romance. His true praise is best to be summed up in the long-continuing tribute paid to the 'Morte d'Arthur' by other poets and writers, artists and musicians. Milton, let us remember, hesitated whether he should not choose its subject for his magnum opus, in the place of 'Paradise Lost.' Tennyson elected to give it an idyllic presentment in the purple pages of his 'Idylls of the King.' Still later poets—Matthew Arnold, William Morris, and Swinburne—have gone to the same fountain-head; and in painting, the pictures

of Rossetti, Watts, and Sir Edward Burne-Jones bear a like tribute; while in music, there is more than a reflection of the same influence in the works of Wagner.

In all this, one may trace the vitality of the early Aryan folk-tale out of which the Arthurian legend originally took its rise. Sun-hero or "culture-hero," Celtic chieftain or British king, it is still the radiant figure of King Arthur that emerges from the gray past, in which myth is dimly merged into mediæval romance. In Malory's pages, to repeat, the historical King Arthur goes for little; but "the ideal Arthur lives and reigns securely in that kingdom of old romance of which Camelot is the capital,"—his beautiful and fatal Guinevere at his side, and Sir Galahad, Sir Launcelot, and his Knights of the Round Table gathered about him. And if there be, as Tennyson made clear in his 'Idylls,' a moral to this noble old romance, we may best seek it in the spirit of these words in Caxton's prologue, which make the best and simplest induction to the book:—

"Herein may be seen noble chivalry, courtesy, humanity, friendliness, hardiness, love, friendship, cowardice, murder, hate, virtue, and sin. Do after the good and leave the evil, and it shall bring you to good fame and renown. And for to pass the time this book shall be pleasant to read in; but for to give faith and belief that all is true that is contained herein, ye be at your liberty."

Ernest Rhys

THE FINDING OF THE SWORD EXCALIBUR

From 'Morte d'Arthur'

And so Merlin and he departed, and as they rode King Arthur said, "I have no sword." "No matter," said Merlin; "hereby is a sword that shall be yours and I may." So they rode till they came to a lake, which was a fair water and a broad; and in the midst of the lake King Arthur was aware of an arm clothed in white samite, that held a fair sword in the hand. "Lo," said Merlin unto the King, "yonder is the sword that I spake of."

With that they saw a damsel going upon the lake. "What damsel is that?" said the King. "That is the Lady of the Lake,"

said Merlin; "and within that lake is a reach, and therein is as fair a place as any is on earth, and richly beseen; and this damsel will come to you anon, and then speak fair to her that she will give you that sword." Therewith came the damsel to King Arthur and saluted him, and he her again. "Damsel," said the King, "what sword is that which the arm holdeth yonder above the water? I would it were mine, for I have no sword." "Sir King," said the damsel of the lake, "that sword is mine, and if ye will give me a gift when I ask it you, ye shall have it." "By my faith," said King Arthur, "I will give you any gift that you will ask or desire." "Well," said the damsel, "go ye into yonder barge, and row yourself unto the sword, and take it and the scabbard with you; and I will ask my gift when I see my time."

So King Arthur and Merlin alighted, tied their horses to two trees, and so they went into the barge. And when they came to the sword that the hand held, King Arthur took it up by the handles, and took it with him; and the arm and the hand went under the water, and so came to the land and rode forth.

Then King Arthur saw a rich pavilion. "What signifieth yonder pavilion?" "That is the knight's pavilion that ye fought with last — Sir Pellinore; but he is out; for he is not there: he hath had to do with a knight of yours, that hight Eglame, and they have foughten together a great while, but at the last Eglame fled, and else he had been dead; and Sir Pellinore hath chased him to Carlion, and we shall anon meet with him in the highway." "It is well said," quoth King Arthur; "now have I a sword, and now will I wage battle with him and be avenged on him." "Sir, ye shall not do so," said Merlin: "for the knight is weary of fighting and chasing; so that ye shall have no worship to have a do with him. Also he will not lightly be matched of one knight living: and therefore my counsel is, that ye let him pass; for he shall do you good service in short time, and his sons after his days. Also ye shall see that day in short space, that ye shall be right glad to give him your sister to wife." "When I see him," said King Arthur, "I will do as ye advise me."

Then King Arthur looked upon the sword and liked it passing well. "Whether liketh you better," said Merlin, "the sword or the scabbard?" "Me liketh better the sword," said King Arthur. "Ye are more unwise," said Merlin; "for the scabbard is worth ten of the sword: for while ye have the scabbard upon you, ye

shall lose no blood, be ye never so sore wounded,—therefore keep well the scabbard alway with you." So they rode on to Carlion.

THE WHITE HART AT THE WEDDING OF KING ARTHUR AND QUEEN GUENEVER

From 'Morte d'Arthur'

THEN was the high feast made ready, and the King was wedded at Camelot unto Dame Guenever, in the Church of St. Stevens, with great solemnity; and as every man was set after his degree, Merlin went unto all the Knights of the Round Table, and bid them sit still, and that none should remove, "for ye shall see a marvelous adventure." Right so as they sat, there came running in a white hart into the hall, and a white brachet next him, and thirty couple of black running hounds came after with a great cry, and the hart went about the Table Round. As he went by the other tables, the white brachet caught him by the flank, and pulled out a piece, wherethrough the hart leapt a great leap, and overthrew a knight that sat at the table's side; and therewith the knight arose and took up the brachet, and so went forth out of the hall, and took his horse and rode his way with the brachet.

Right soon anon came in a lady on a white palfrey, and cried aloud to King Arthur, "Sir, suffer me not to have this despite, for the brachet was mine that the knight led away." "I may not do therewith," said the King. With this there came a knight riding all armed on a great horse, and took the lady with him by force; and she cried and made great moan. When she was gone the King was glad, because she made such a noise. "Nay," said Merlin, "ye may not leave these adventures so lightly, for these adventures must be brought again, or else it would be disworship to you, and to your feast." "I will," said the King, "that all be done by your advice." "Then," said Merlin, "let call Sir Gawaine, for he must bring again the white hart; also, sir, ye must let call Sir Tor, for he must bring again the brachet and the knight, or else slay him; also, let call King Pellinore, for he must bring again the lady and the knight, or else slay him: and these three knights shall do marvelous adventures or they come again."

THE MAID OF ASTOLAT

From 'Morte d'Arthur'

Now speak we of the fair maid of Astolat, which made such sorrow day and night, that she never slept, eat, nor drank; and always she made her complaint unto Sir Launcelot. So when she had thus endured about ten days, that she felt that she must needs pass out of this world. Then she shrove her clean and received her Creator; and ever she complained still upon Sir Launcelot. Then her ghostly father bade her leave such thoughts. Then said she, "Why should I leave such thoughts? am I not an earthly woman? and all the while the breath is in my body I may complain. For my belief is that I do none offense, though I love an earthly man; and I take God unto record, I never loved any but Sir Launcelot du Lake, nor never shall; and a maiden I am, for him and for all other. And sith it is the sufferance of God that I shall die for the love of so noble a knight, I beseech the high Father of heaven for to have mercy upon my soul; and that mine innumerable pains which I suffer may be allegiance of part of my sins. For our sweet Savior Jesu Christ," said the maiden, "I take thee to record, I was never greater offender against thy laws, but that I loved this noble knight, Sir Launcelot, out of all measure; and of myself, good Lord! I might not withstand the fervent love, wherefore I have my death." And then she called her father, Sir Bernard, and her brother, Sir Tirre; and heartily she prayed her father that her brother might write a letter like as she would indite it. And so her father granted it her.

And when the letter was written, word by word, as she had devised, then she prayed her father that she might be watched until she were dead. "And while my body is whole let this letter be put into my right hand, and my hand bound fast with the letter until that I be cold; and let me be put in a fair bed, with all the richest clothes that I have about me. And so let my bed, with all my rich clothes, be laid with me in a chariot to the next place whereas the Thames is; and there let me be put in a barge, and but one man with me, such as ye trust, to steer me thither, and that my barge be covered with black samite over and over. Thus, father, I beseech you let be done." So her father granted her faithfully that all this thing should be done like as she had devised. Then her father and her brother

made great dole; for when this was done, anon she died. And so when she was dead, the corpse, and the bed, and all, were led the next way unto the Thames; and there a man, and the corpse and all, were put in a barge on the Thames; and so the man steered the barge to Westminster, and there he rode a great while to and fro or any man discovered it.

So, by fortune, King Arthur and Queen Guenever were speaking together at a window; and so as they looked into the Thames, they espied the black barge, and had marvel what it might mean. Then the King called Sir Kaye and showed him it. "Sir," said Sir Kaye, "wit ye well that there is some new tidings." "Go ye thither," said the King unto Sir Kaye, "and take with you Sir Brandiles and Sir Agravaine, and bring me ready word what is there." Then these three knights departed and came to the barge and went in; and there they found the fairest corpse, lying in a rich bed, that ever they saw, and a poor man sitting in the end of the barge, and no word would he speak. So these three knights returned unto the King again, and told him what they had found. "That fair corpse will I see," said King Arthur. And then the King took the Queen by the hand and went thither. Then the King made the barge to be holden fast; and then the King and the Queen went in with certain knights with them; and there they saw a fair gentlewoman, lying in a rich bed, covered unto her middle with many rich clothes, and all was cloth of gold: and she lay as though she had smiled. Then the Queen espied the letter in the right hand, and told the King thereof. Then the King took it in his hand and said, "Now I am sure this letter will tell what she was and why she is come hither." Then the King and the Queen went out of the barge; and the King commanded certain men to wait upon the barge. And so when the King was come within his chamber, he called many knights about him and said "that he would wit openly what was written within that letter." Then the King broke it open and made a clerk to read it. And this was the intent of the letter:—

"Most noble knight, my lord, Sir Launcelot du Lake, now hath death made us two at debate for your love. I was your love, that men called the Fair Maiden of Astolat; therefore unto all ladies I make my moan. Yet for my soul that ye pray, and bury me at the least, and offer me my mass penny. This is my last request; and a clean maid I died, I take God to my witness. Pray for my soul, Sir Launcelot, as thou art a knight peerless."

This was all the substance of the letter. And when it was read, the Queen and all the knights wept for pity of the doleful complaints. Then was Sir Launcelot sent for; and when he was come King Arthur made the letter to be read to him. And when Sir Launcelot had heard it, word by word, he said, "My lord, King Arthur, wit you well that I am right heavy of the death of this fair damsel. God knoweth I was never causer of her death by my will; and that I will report me unto her own brother here,—he is Sir Lavaine. I will not say nay," said Sir Launcelot, "but that she was both fair and good; and much was I beholden unto her: but she loved me out of measure." "Ye might have showed her," said the Queen, "some bounty and gentleness, that ye might have preserved her life." "Madam," said Sir Launcelot, "she would none other way be answered, but that she would be my wife, or else my love; and of these two I would not grant her: but I proffered her for her good love, which she showed me, a thousand pounds yearly to her and her heirs, and to wed any manner of knight that she could find best to love in her heart. For madam," said Sir Launcelot, "I love not to be constrained to love; for love must arise of the heart, and not by constraint." "That is truth," said King Arthur and many knights: "love is free in himself, and never will be bound; for where he is bound he loseth himself."

THE DEATH OF SIR LAUNCELOT.*

From 'Morte d'Arthur.'

Then Sir Launcelot, ever after, eat but little meat, nor drank, but continually mourned until he was dead; and then he sickened more and more, and dried and dwindled away. For the bishop, nor none of his fellows, might not make him to eat, and little he drank, that he was soon waxed shorter by a cubit than he was, that the people could not know him. For evermore day and night he prayed, but needfully, as nature required; sometimes he slumbered a broken sleep, and always he was lying groveling upon King Arthur's and Queen Guenever's tomb: and there was no comfort that the bishop, nor Sir

*The second paragraph of this eloquent passage is not to be found in the first edition of the 'Morte d'Arthur,' and is probably by some other writer than Malory. This, however, does not affect its eloquence.

Bors, nor none of all his fellows could make him; it availed nothing.

O ye mighty and pompous lords, shining in the glory transitory of this unstable life, as in reigning over great realms and mighty great countries, fortified with strong castles and towers, edified with many a rich city; yea also, ye fierce and mighty knights, so valiant in adventurous deeds of arms,—behold! behold! see how this mighty conqueror, King Arthur, whom in his human life all the world doubted; see also, the noble Queen Guenever, which sometime sat in her chair, adorned with gold, pearls, and precious stones, now lie full low in obscure foss, or pit, covered with clods of earth and clay. Behold also this mighty champion, Sir Launcelot, peerless of all knighthood; see now how he lieth groveling upon the cold mold; now being so feeble and faint, that sometime was so terrible. How, and in what manner, ought ye to be so desirous of worldly honor, so dangerous. Therefore, methinketh this present book is right necessary often to be read; for in it shall ye find the most gracious, knightly, and virtuous war of the most noble knights of the world, whereby they gat a praising continually. Also me seemeth, by the oft reading thereof, ye shall greatly desire to accustom yourself in following of those gracious knightly deeds; that is to say, to dread God and to love righteousness,—faithfully and courageously to serve your sovereign prince; and the more that God hath given you triumphal honor, the meeker ought ye to be, ever fearing the unstableness of this deceitful world.

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE

(Fourteenth Century)

The most entertaining book in early English prose is the one entitled 'The Marvelous Adventures of Sir John Maundevile [or Mandeville], Knight: being his Voyage and Travel which treateth of the way to Jerusalem and of the Marvels of Ind with other Islands and Countries.' Who this knight was, and how many of the wondrous countries and sights he described he actually saw, are matters of grave discussion. Some scholars have denied his very existence, affirming the book to be merely a compilation from other books of travel, well known at the time, and made by a French physician, Jehan de Bourgogne, who hid his identity under the pseudonym of the English knight of St. Albans. As a matter of fact, the assertion of Sir John in a Latin copy notwithstanding, research has proved beyond doubt that the book was first written in French, and then translated into English, Latin, Italian, German, Flemish, and even into Irish. It has been further shown that the author drew largely on the works of his contemporaries. The chapters on Asiatic history and geography are from a book dictated in French at Poitiers in 1307, by the Armenian monk Hayton; the description of the Tartars is from the work of the Franciscan monk John de Plano Carpini; the account of Prester John is taken from the Epistle ascribed to him, and from stories current in the fourteenth century. There are, furthermore, large borrowings from the book of the Lombard Franciscan friar Odoric of Pordenone, who traveled in the Orient between 1317 and 1330, and on his return had his adventures set down in Latin by a brother of his order. The itinerary of the German knight William of Boldensele, about 1336, is also laid under contribution. What then can be credited to Sir John? While learned men are waxing hot over conjectures the answers to which seem beyond the search-light of exact investigation, the unsophisticated reader holds fast by the testimony of the knight himself as to his own identity, accepting it along with the marvels narrated in the book:—

«I John Maundevile, Knight, all be it I be not worthy, that was born in England, in the town of St. Albans, passed the sea in the year of our Lord Jesu Christ, 1322, in the day of St. Michaelmas; and hitherto have been long time over the Sea, and have seen and gone through many diverse Lands, and

many Provinces and Kingdoms and Isles, and have passed through Tartary, Persia, Ermony [Armenia] the Little and the Great; through Lybia, Chaldea, and a great part of Ethiopia; through Amazonia, Ind the Less and the More, a great Part; and throughout many other Isles, that be about Ind: where dwell many diverse Folks, and of diverse Manners and Laws, and of diverse Shapes of Men. Of which Lands and Isles I shall speak more plainly hereafter.

«And I shall advise you of some Part of things that there be, when Time shall be hereafter, as it may best come to my Mind; and especially for them that will and are in Purpose to visit the Holy City of Jerusalem and the Holy Places that are thereabout. And I shall tell the way that they shall hold hither. For I have often times passed and ridden the Way, with good company of many Lords. God be thanked.»

And again in the epilogue:—

«And ye shall understand, if it like you, that at mine Home-coming, I came to Rome, and showed my Life to our Holy Father the Pope, . . . and amongst all I showed him this treatise, that I had made after information of Men that knew of things that I had not seen myself, and also of Marvels and Customs that I had seen myself, as far as God would give me grace; and besought his Holy Father-hood, that my Book might be examined and corrected by Advice of his wise and discreet Council. And our Holy Father, of his special Grace, remitted my Book to be examined and proved by the Advice of his said Council. By the which my Book was proved true. . . . And I John Maundevile, Knight, above said, although I be unworthy, that departed from our Countries and passed the Sea the Year of Grace 1322, that have passed many Lands and many Isles and Countries, and searched many full strange Places, and have been in many a full good honorable Company, and at many a fair Deed of Arms, albeit that I did none myself, for mine incapable Insufficiency, now am come Home, maugre myself, to Rest. For Gouts and Rheumatics, that distress me — those define the End of my Labor against my Will, God knoweth.

«And thus, taking solace in my wretched rest, recording the Time passed, I have fulfilled these Things, and put them written in this Book, as it would come into my Mind, the Year of Grace 1356, in the 34th year that I departed from our countries.»

The book professes, then, to be primarily a guide for pilgrims to Jerusalem by four routes, with a handbook of the holy places. But Sir John's love of the picturesque and the marvelous, and his delight in a good story, lead him to linger along the way: nay, to go out of his way in order to pick up a legend or a tale wherewith to enliven the dry facts of the route; as if his pilgrims, weary and footsore with long day journeys, needed a bit of diversion to cheer them along the way. When, after many a detour, he is finally brought into Palestine, the pilgrim is made to feel that every inch is holy ground. The guide scrupulously locates even the smallest details of Bible history. He takes it all on faith. He knows nothing of nineteenth-

century "higher criticism," nor does he believe in spiritual interpretation. He will point you out the

"rock where Jacob was sleeping when he saw the angels go up and down a ladder. . . . And upon that rock sat our Lady, and learned her psalter. . . . Also at the right side of that Dead Sea dwelleth yet the Wife of Lot in Likeness of a Salt Stone. . . . And in that Plain is the Tomb of Job. . . . And there is the Cistern where Joseph, which they sold, was cast in of by his Brethren. . . . There nigh is Gabriel's Well where our Lord was wont to bathe him, when He was young, and from that Well bare the Water often-time to His Mother. And in that Well she washed often-time the Clothes of her Son Jesu Christ. . . . On that Hill, and in that same Place, at the Day of Doom, 4 Angels with 4 Trumpets shall blow and raise all Men that have suffered Death."

He touches on whatever would appeal to the pious imagination of the pilgrims, and helps them to visualize the truths of their religion. When he leaves Palestine,—a country he knew perhaps better than ever man before or since his day,—and goes into the more mythical regions of Ind the Little and More, Cathay and Persia, his imagination fairly runs riot. With an Oriental love of the gorgeous he describes the "Royalty of the Palace of the Great Chan," or of Prester John's abode,—splendors not to be outdone even by the genie of Aladdin's wonderful lamp. He takes us into regions lustrous with gold and silver, diamonds and other precious stones. We have indeed in the latter half of the book whole chapters rivaling the 'Arabian Nights' in their weird luxurious imaginings, and again in their grotesque creations of men and beasts and plant life. What matter where Sir John got his material for his marvels,—his rich, monster-teeming Eastern world, with its Amazons and pigmies; its people with hound's heads, that "be great folk and well-fighting"; its wild geese with two heads, and lions all white and great as oxen; men with eyes in their shoulders, and men without heads; "folk that have the Face all flat, all plain, without Nose and without Mouth"; "folk that have great Ears and long that hang down to their Knees"; and "folk that run marvelously swift with one foot so large that it serves them as umbrella against the sun when they lie down to rest"; the Hippotaynes, half man and half horse; griffins that "have the Body upwards as an Eagle and beneath as a Lion, and truly they say truth, that they be of that shape." We find hints of many old acquaintances of the wonder-world of story-books, and fables from classic soil. The giants with one eye in the middle of the forehead are close brothers to the Cyclops Polyphemus, whom Ulysses outwitted. The adamant rocks were surely washed by the same seas that swirled around the magnetic mountain whereon Sindbad the Sailor was wrecked. Sir John was in truth a masterful borrower, levying

tribute on all the superstitions, the legends, the stories, and the fables current in his time; a time when the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*, in literature as well as in other matters, was not as finely drawn as it is now. Whatever a man could use, he plagiarized and considered as his own. Where the robber-baron filched by means of the sword, Sir John filched by means of the pen. He took his monsters out of Pliny, his miracles out of legends, his strange stories out of romances. He meant to leave no rumor or invention unchronicled; and he prefaces his most amazing assertions with "They say" or "Men say, but I have not seen it." He fed the gullibility of his age to the top of its bent, and compiled a book so popular that more copies from the fourteenth-century editions remain than of any other book except the Bible.

THE MARVELOUS RICHES OF PRESTER JOHN

From 'The Adventures'

In the Land of Prester John be many divers Things and many precious Stones, so great and so large, that Men make of them Vessels, as Platters, Dishes, and Cups. And many other Marvels be there, that it were too cumbrous and too long to put in Writing of Books; but of the principal Isles and of his Estate and of his Law, I shall tell you some Part. . . .

And he hath under him 72 Provinces, and in every Province is a King. And these Kings have Kings under them, and all be Tributaries to Prester John. And he hath in his Lordships many great Marvels.

For in his Country is the Sea that Men call the Gravelly Sea, that is all Gravel and Sand, without any Drop of Water, and it ebbeth and floweth in great Waves as other Seas do, and it is never still nor at Peace in any manner of Season. And no Man may pass that Sea by Ship, nor by any manner of Craft, and therefore may no Man know what Land is beyond that Sea. And albeit that it have no Water, yet Men find therein and on the Banks full good Fishes of other manner of Nature and shape than Men find in any other Sea, and they be of right good Taste and delicious for Man's Meat.

And a 3 Days' Journey long from that Sea be great Mountains, out of the which goeth out a great River that cometh out of Paradise. And it is full of precious Stones, without any Drop of Water, and it runneth through the Desert on the one Side,

so that it maketh the Sea gravelly; and it runneth into that Sea, and there it endeth. And that River runneth, also, 3 Days in the Week and bringeth with him great Stones and the Rocks also therewith, and that great Plenty. And anon, as they be entered into the Gravelly Sea, they be seen no more, but lost for evermore. And in those 3 Days that that River runneth, no Man dare enter into it; but on other Days Men dare enter well enough.

Also beyond that River, more upward to the Deserts, is a great Plain all gravelly, between the Mountains. And in that Plain, every Day at the Sun-rising, begin to grow small Trees, and they grow till Midday, bearing Fruit; but no Man dare take of that Fruit, for it is a Thing of Faerie. And after Midday they decrease and enter again into the Earth, so that at the going down of the Sun they appear no more. And so they do, every Day. And that is a great Marvel.

In that Desert be many Wild Men, that be hideous to look on; for they be horned, and they speak naught, but they grunt, as Pigs. And there is also great Plenty of wild Hounds. And there be many Popinjays [or Parrots] that they call Psittakes in their Language. And they speak of their own Nature, and say '*Salve!*' [God save you!] to Men that go through the Deserts, and speak to them as freely as though it were a Man that spoke. And they that speak well have a large Tongue, and have 5 Toes upon a Foot. And there be also some of another Manner, that have but 3 Toes upon a Foot; and they speak not, or but little, for they cannot but cry.

This Emperor Prester John when he goeth into Battle against any other Lord, he hath no Banners borne before him; but he hath 3 Crosses of Gold, fine, great, and high, full of precious Stones, and every one of the Crosses be set in a Chariot, full richly arrayed. And to keep every Cross, be ordained 10,000 Men of Arms and more than 100,000 Men on Foot, in manner as when Men would keep a Standard in our Countries, when that we be in a Land of War. . . .

He dwelleth commonly in the City of Susa. And there is his principal Palace, that is so rich and noble that no Man will believe it by Estimation, but he had seen it. And above the chief Tower of the Palace be 2 round Pommels or Balls of Gold, and in each of them be 2 Carbuncles great and large, that shine full bright upon the Night. And the principal gates of

his Palace be of precious Stone that Men call Sardonyx, and the Border and the Bars be of Ivory. And the Windows of the Halls and Chambers be of Crystal. And the Tables whereon Men eat, some be of Emeralds, some of Amethyst, and some of Gold, full of precious Stones; and the Pillars that bear up the Tables be of the same precious Stones. And of the Steps to go up to his Throne, where he sitteth at Meat, one is of Onyx, another is of Crystal, and another of green Jasper, another of Amethyst, another of Sardine, another of Cornelian, and the 7th, that he setteth his Feet on, is of Chrysolite. And all these Steps be bordered with fine Gold, with the other precious Stones, set with great orient Pearls. And the Sides of the Seat of his Throne be of Emeralds, and bordered with Gold full nobly, and dubbed with other precious Stones and great Pearls. And all the Pillars in his Chamber be of fine Gold with Precious Stones, and with many Carbuncles, that give Light upon the Night to all People. And albeit that the Carbuncles give Light right enough, nevertheless, at all Times burneth a Vessel of Crystal full of Balm, to give good Smell and Odor to the Emperor, and to void away all wicked Eyes and Corruptions."

FROM HEBRON TO BETHLEHEM

From the 'Adventures'

And in Hebron be all the Sepultures of the Patriarchs,—Adam, Abraham, Isaac, and of Jacob; and of their Wives, Eve, Sarah and Rebecca and of Leah; the which Sepultures the Saracens keep full carefully, and have the Place in great Reverence for the holy Fathers, the Patriarchs that lie there. And they suffer no Christian Man to enter into the Place, but if it be of special Grace of the Sultan; for they hold Christian Men and Jews as Dogs, and they say, that they should not enter into so holy a Place. And Men call that Place, where they lie, Double Splunk (*Spelunca Duplex*), or Double Cave, or Double Ditch, forasmuch as one lieth above another. And the Saracens call that Place in their Language, "*Karicarba*," that is to say "*The Place of Patriarchs.*" And the Jews call that Place "*Arboth.*" And in that same Place was Abraham's House, and there he sat and saw 3 Persons, and worshiped but one; as Holy Writ saith, "*Tres vidit et unum adoravit;*" that is to say,

"*He saw 3 and worshiped one:*" and those same were the Angels that Abraham received into his House.

And right fast by that Place is a Cave in the Rock, where Adam and Eve dwelled when they were put out of Paradise; and there got they their Children. And in that same Place was Adam formed and made, after that, that some Men say (for Men were wont to call that Place the Field of Damascus, because that it was in the Lordship of Damascus), and from thence was he translated into the Paradise of Delights, as they say; and after he was driven out of Paradise he was left there. And the same Day that he was put in Paradise, the same Day he was put out, for anon, he sinned. There beginneth the Vale of Hebron, that endureth nigh to Jerusalem. There the Angel commanded Adam that he should dwell with his Wife Eve, of the which he begat Seth; of the which Tribe, that is to say Kindred, Jesu Christ was born.

In that Valley is a Field, where Men draw out of the Earth a Thing that Men call Cambile, and they eat it instead of Spice, and they bear it away to sell. And Men may not make the Hole or the Cave, where it is taken out of the Earth, so deep or so wide, but that it is, at the Year's End, full again up to the Sides, through the Grace of God. . . .

From Hebron Men go to Bethlehem in half a Day, for it is but 5 Mile; and it is a full fair Way, by Plains and Woods full delectable. Bethlehem is a little City, long and narrow and well walled, and on each Side enclosed with good Ditches: and it was wont to be clept Ephrata, as Holy Writ saith, "*Ecce, audimus eum in Ephrata,*" that is to say, "Lo, we heard it in Ephrata." And toward the East End of the City is a full fair Church and a gracious, and it hath many Towers, Pinnacles and Corners, full strong and curiously made; and within that Church be 44 Pillars of Marble, great and fair. . . .

Also besides the Choir of the Church, at the right Side, as Men come downward 16 Steps, is the Place where our Lord was born, that is full well adorned with Marble, and full richly painted with Gold, Silver, Azure and other Colours. And 3 Paces beyond is the Crib of the Ox and the Ass. And beside that is the Place where the Star fell, that led the 3 Kings, Jasper, Melchior and Balthazar (but Men of Greece call them thus, "Galgalathe, Malgalathe, and Seraphie," and the Jews call them in this manner, in Hebrew, "Appelius, Amerrius, and Damasus").

These 3 Kings offered to our Lord, Gold, Incense and Myrrh, and they met together through Miracle of God; for they met together in a City in Ind, that Men call Cassak, that is a 53 Days' Journey from Bethlehem; and they were at Bethlehem the 13th Day; and that was the 4th Day after that they had seen the Star, when they met in that City, and thus they were in 9 days from that City at Bethlehem, and that was a great Miracle.

Also, under the Cloister of the Church, by 18 Steps at the right Side, is the Charnel-house of the Innocents, where their Bodies lie. And before the Place where our Lord was born is the Tomb of St. Jerome, that was a Priest and a Cardinal, that translated the Bible and the Psalter from Hebrew into Latin: and without the Minster is the Chair that he sat in when he translated it. And fast beside that Church, at 60 Fathom, is a Church of St. Nicholas, where our Lady rested her after she was delivered of our Lord; and forasmuch as she had too much Milk in her Paps, that grieved her, she milked them on the red Stones of Marble, so that the Traces may yet be seen, in the Stones, all white.

And ye shall understand, that all that dwell in Bethlehem be Christian Men.

And there be fair Vines about the City, and great plenty of Wine, that the Christian Men have made. But the Saracens till not the Vines, neither drink they any Wine: for their Books of their Law, that Mohammet gave them, which they call their "Al Koran" (and some call it "Mesaph," and in another language it is clept "Harme,")—the same Book forbiddeth them to drink Wine. For in that Book, Mohammet cursed all those that drink Wine and all them that sell it: for some Men say, that he slew once an Hermit in his Drunkenness, that he loved full well; and therefore he cursed Wine and them that drink it. But his Curse be turned onto his own Head, as Holy Writ saith, "*Et in verticem ipsius iniquitas ejus descendet;*" that is to say, "His Wickedness shall turn and fall onto his own Head."

And also the Saracens breed no Pigs, nor eat they any Swine's Flesh, for they say it is Brother to Man, and it was forbidden by the old Law; and they hold him accursed that eateth thereof. Also in the Land of Palestine and in the Land of Egypt, they eat but little or none of Flesh of Veal or of Beef, but if the Beast be so old, that he may no more work for old

Age; for it is forbidden, because they have but few of them; therefore they nourish them to till their Lands.

In this City of Bethlehem was David the King born; and he had 60 Wives, and the first wife was called Michal; and also he had 300 Lemans.

And from Bethlehem unto Jerusalem is but 2 Mile; and in the Way to Jerusalem half a Mile from Bethlehem is a Church, where the Angel said to the Shepherds of the Birth of Christ. And in that Way is the Tomb of Rachel, that was the Mother of Joseph the Patriarch; and she died anon after that she was delivered of her Son Benjamin. And there she was buried by Jacob her Husband; and he made set 12 great Stones on her, in Token that she had born 12 Children. In the same Way, half a Mile from Jerusalem, appeared the Star to the 3 Kings. In that Way also be many Churches of Christian Men, by the which Men go towards the City of Jerusalem.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

1803–1849

IN THE summer of 1894 some workmen engaged in removing a mass of rubbish, to make room for a new building in one of the poorer quarters of Dublin, came upon the ruins of an old cellar. A casual passer-by happened to notice the old wall, with its low window looking out upon a level with the narrow and squalid alley. Moved by some bookish recollection, he realized that he was standing at the corner of Bride Street and Myler's Alley, known in the older days as Glendalough Lane; and that the miserable vestige of human habitation into which the rough navvies were driving their pickaxes had once been the poor shelter of him who,—

> «Worn by weakness, disease, and wrong,
> Had fled for shelter to God, who mated
> His soul with song.»

From this spot James Clarence Mangan, wasted with famine and already delirious, was carried by the Overseers of the Poor to the sheds of Meath Hospital in June 1849; too late, alas! to save the dying man, who in the years of his young manhood had sung and suffered for Ireland. A few friends gathered about him to comfort his patient and gentle soul, and to lay his bones in the cool clay of Glasnevin.

The life of Mangan is a convincing proof that differences of time and place have no influence upon the poet's power. Poverty and Want were the foster-brothers of this most wonderful of Ireland's gifted children. His patient body was chained to daily labor for the sordid needs of an unappreciating kindred, and none of the pleasant joys of travel and of diversified nature were his. He was born in Fishamble Street, Dublin, in 1803, and never passed beyond the confines of his native city; but his spirit was not jailed by the misery which oppressed his body. His wondrous fancy swept with a conqueror's march through all the fair broad universe.

Like Poe and Chatterton, Mangan impaired his powers by the use of intoxicants. He was very sensitive about the squalor of his surroundings, and was reticent and shy in the company of more fortunate men and women: but with admirable unselfishness he devoted his days, his toil, and the meagre rewards which came to him from his work, to the care and sustenance of his mean-spirited kindred.

For years he labored in the hopeless position of a scrivener's clerk, from which he was rescued by the interest of Dr. Todd, and was made an assistant librarian of Trinity College. There it was his habit to spend hours of rapt and speechless labor amid the dusty shelves, to earn his pittance. Dr. Petrie subsequently found him a place in the office of the Irish Ordnance Survey; but Mangan was his own enemy and foredoomed to defeat. He wielded a vigorous pen in Ireland's cause, and under various names communicated his own glowing spirit to his countrymen through the columns of several periodicals. He published also two volumes of translations from the German poets, which are full of his own lyric fire but have no claim to fidelity. It was in his gloomy cellar-home that he poured out the music of his heart. When he died, a volume of German poetry was found in his pocket, and there were loose papers on which he had feebly traced his last thoughts in verse. Mangan will forever remain a cherished comrade of all gentle lovers of the Beautiful and True.

THE DAWNING OF THE DAY

'Twas a balmy summer morning,
Warm and early,
Such as only June bestows;
Everywhere the earth adorning,
Dews lay pearly
In the lily-bell and rose.
Up from each green-leafy bosk and hollow
Rose the blackbird's pleasant lay;
And the soft cuckoo was sure to follow:
'Twas the dawning of the day!

Through the perfumed air the golden
Bees flew round me;
Bright fish dazzled from the sea,
Till medreamt some fairy olden-
World spell bound me
In a trance of witcherie.
Steeds pranced round anon with stateliest housings,
Bearing riders prankt in rich array,
Like flushed revelers after wine-carousings:
'Twas the dawning of the day!

Then a strain of song was chanted,
And the lightly
Floating sea-nymphs drew anear.

Then again the shore seemed haunted
By hosts brightly
Clad, and wielding shield and spear!
Then came battle shouts — an onward rushing —
Swords, and chariots, and a phantom fray.
Then all vanished: the warm skies were blushing
In the dawning of the day!

Cities girt with glorious gardens,
Whose immortal
Habitants in robes of light
Stood, methought, as angel-wardens
Nigh each portal,
Now arose to daze my sight.
Eden spread around, revived and blooming;
When — lo! as I gazed, all passed away:
I saw but black rocks and billows looming
In the dim chill dawn of day!

THE NAMELESS ONE

ROLL forth, my song, like the rushing river
That sweeps along to the mighty sea;
God will inspire me while I deliver
My soul of thee!

Tell thou the world, when my bones lie whitening
Amid the last homes of youth and eld,
That there was once one whose veins ran lightning
No eye beheld.

Tell how his boyhood was one drear night hour;
How shone for *him*, through his griefs and gloom,
No star of all heaven sends to light our
Path to the tomb.

Roll on, my song, and to after ages
Tell how, disdaining all earth can give,
He would have taught men, from wisdom's pages,
The way to live.

And tell how, trampled, derided, hated,
And worn by weakness, disease, and wrong,
He fled for shelter to God, who mated
His soul with song —

With song which alway, sublime or vapid,
Flowed like a rill in the morning beam,
Perchance not deep, but intense and rapid—
A mountain stream.

Tell how this Nameless, condemned for years long
To herd with demons from hell beneath,
Saw things that made him, with groans and tears, long
For even death.

Go on to tell how, with genius wasted,
Betrayed in friendship, befooled in love,
With spirit shipwrecked, and young hopes blasted,
He still, still strove.

Till, spent with toil, dreeing death for others,
And some whose hands should have wrought for *him*
(If children live not for sires and mothers),
His mind grew dim.

And he fell far through that pit abysmal,—
The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,—
And pawned his soul for the devil's dismal
Stock of returns.

But yet redeemed it in days of darkness,
And shapes and signs of the final wrath,
When death, in hideous and ghastly starkness,
Stood on his path.

And tell how now, amid wreck and sorrow,
And want, and sickness, and houseless nights,
He bides in calmness the silent morrow,
That no ray lights.

And lives he still, then? Yes: old and hoary
At thirty-nine, from despair and woe,
He lives, enduring what future story
Will never know.

Him grant a grave too, ye pitying noble,
Deep in your bosoms! There let him dwell!
He too had tears for all souls in trouble
Here and in hell.

ST. PATRICK'S HYMN BEFORE TARAH

At Tarah to-day, in this awful hour,
I call on the holy Trinity:
Glory to him who reigneth in power,
The God of the elements, Father and Son
And Paraclete Spirit, which Three are the One,
The ever-existing Divinity!

At Tarah to-day I call on the Lord,
On Christ, the omnipotent Word,
Who came to redeem from death and sin
Our fallen race;
And I put and I place
The virtue that lieth and liveth in
His incarnation lowly,
His baptism pure and holy,
His life of toil and tears and affliction,
His dolorous death — his crucifixion,
His burial, sacred and sad and lone,
His resurrection to life again,
His glorious ascension to Heaven's high throne,
And, lastly, his future dread
And terrible coming to judge all men —
Both the living and dead. . . .

At Tarah to-day I put and I place
The virtue that dwells in the seraphim's love.
And the virtue and grace
That are in the obedience
And unshaken allegiance
Of all the archangels and angels above,
And in the hope of the resurrection
To everlasting reward and election,
And in the prayers of the fathers of old,
And in the truths the prophets foretold,
And in the Apostles' manifold preachings,
And in the confessors' faith and teachings;
And in the purity ever dwelling
Within the immaculate Virgin's breast,
And in the actions bright and excelling
Of all good men, the just and the blest. . . .

At Tarah to-day, in this fateful hour,
I place all heaven with its power,

And the sun with its brightness,
And the snow with its whiteness,
And fire with all the strength it hath,
And lightning with its rapid wrath,
And the winds with their swiftness along their path,
And the sea with its deepness,
And the rocks with their steepness,
And the earth with its starkness,—
All these I place,
By God's almighty help and grace,
Between myself and the powers of darkness.

At Tarah to-day
May God be my stay!
May the strength of God now nerve me!
May the power of God preserve me!
May God the Almighty be near me!
May God the Almighty espy me!
May God the Almighty hear me!
May God give me eloquent speech!
May the arm of God protect me!
May the wisdom of God direct me!
May God give me power to teach and to preach!

May the shield of God defend me!
May the host of God attend me,
And ward me,
And guard me
Against the wiles of demons and devils,
Against the temptations of vices and evils,
Against the bad passions and wrathful will
Of the reckless mind and the wicked heart,—
Against every man who designs me ill,
Whether leagued with others or plotting apart!

In this hour of hours,
I place all those powers
Between myself and every foe
Who threaten my body and soul
With danger or dole,
To protect me against the evils that flow
From lying soothsayers' incantations,
From the gloomy laws of the Gentile nations,
From heresy's hateful innovations,
From idolatry's rites and invocations.

Be those my defenders,
My guards against every ban —
And spell of smiths, and Druids, and women;
In fine, against every knowledge that renders
The light Heaven sends us dim in
The spirit and soul of man!

May Christ, I pray,
Protect me to-day
Against poison and fire,
Against drowning and wounding;
That so, in His grace abounding,
I may earn the preacher's hire!

Christ as a light
Illumine and guide me!
Christ as a shield o'ershadow and cover me!
Christ be under me! — Christ be over me!
Christ be beside me,
On left hand and right!
Christ be before me, behind me, about me;
Christ this day be within and without me!

Christ, the lowly and meek,
Christ the All-Powerful be
In the heart of each to whom I speak,
In the mouth of each who speaks to me!
In all who draw near me,
Or see me or hear me!

At Tarah to-day, in this awful hour,
I call on the Holy Trinity!
Glory to Him who reigneth in power,
The God of the elements, Father and Son
And Paraclete Spirit, which Three are the One,
The ever-existing Divinity!

Salvation dwells with the Lord,
With Christ, the omnipotent Word.
From generation to generation
Grant us, O Lord, thy grace and salvation!

ALESSANDRO MANZONI

(1785–1873)

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

ALESSANDRO MANZONI was looked upon during his life as a man who had deserved well of Heaven. "He gazed," as one of his countrymen said, "at Fortune straight in the eyes, and Fortune smiled." And Manzoni might well have looked with clear eyes, for there was nothing in his heart — if a man's heart may be judged from his constant utterances — that was base.

He lived in a time best suited to his genius and his temperament. And his genius and his time made an epoch in Italian history worthy of most serious study. In 1815 Italy was inarticulate; she had to speak by signs. She dared only dream of a future which she read in a glorious past. The Austrians ruled the present, the future was veiled, the past was real and golden. Manzoni, Pellico, and Grossi were romanticists because they were filled with aspiration; and their aspiration, clothing itself in the form which Goethe's 'Götz' and Sir Walter Scott's 'Marmion' had given to the world, tried to obliterate the present and find relief at the foot of the cross in the shadow of old Gothic cathedrals. The Comte de Mun, Vicomte de Vogüe, Sienkiewicz, and others of the modern neo-Catholic school, represent reaction rather than aspiration. Manzoni, Châteaubriand, Montalembert, Overbeck in art, Lamartine and Lamennais, were not only fiercely reactionary, but fiercely sentimental, hopeful, and romantic.

ALESSANDRO MANZONI

With Austrian bayonets at the throat of Italy, it was not easy to emit loud war-cries for liberty. The desire of the people must therefore be heard through the voice of the poet. And the desire of the Italians is manifest in the poetry and the prose of the author of 'The Betrothed' (I Promessi Sposi), and the 'Sacred Hymns.' Only two reproaches were made against Manzoni: he was praised by Goethe, — which, "says a sneer turned proverb," as Mr. Howells puts it, "is a brevet of mediocrity," — and he was not persecuted. "Goethe,"

Mr. Howells continues, «could not laud Manzoni's tragedies too highly; he did not find one word too much or too little in them; the style was free, noble, full, and rich. As to the religious lyrics, the manner of their treatment was fresh and individual although the matter and the significance were not new, and the poet was 'a Christian without fanaticism, a Roman Catholic without bigotry, a zealot without hardness.'»

In 1815 the Continental revolt against the doctrines of Rousseau and Voltaire was at its highest. The period that produced Cesare Cantù was likewise the period when Ossian and Byron had become the favorite poets of the younger men. Classicism and infidelity were both detested. The last king was not, after all, to be strangled with the entrails of the last priest. «God might rest,» as a writer on the time remarks with naïveté. It was the fashion to be respectful to him. Italy was willing to disown the paganism of the Renaissance for the moral teaching of the ages that preceded it. Manzoni and his school held that true patriotism must be accompanied by virtue; and in a country where Machiavelli's 'Prince' had become a classic, this seemed a new doctrine. The movement which Manzoni represented was above all religious; the pope was again transfigured, and in his case by a man who had begun life with the most liberal tendencies. As it was, he never accepted the belief that the pope must necessarily be a ruler of great temporalities; but of the sincerity and fervor of his faith in the Catholic Church one finds ample proof in his 'Sacred Hymns.'

Born at Milan in 1785, he married Mademoiselle Blondel in 1808. Her father was a banker of Geneva; and tradition says that he was of that cultivated group of financiers to whom the Neckers belonged, and that his daughter was of a most dazzling blonde beauty. The Blondels, like the Neckers, were Protestants; but at Milan, Louise Blondel entered the Catholic Church and confirmed the wavering faith of her young husband, who began at once the 'Sacred Hymns.' In these Mr. Howells praises «the irreproachable taste and unaffected poetic appreciation of the grandeur of Christianity.» One may go even further; for they have the fervor, the exultation, the knowledge that the Redeemer liveth, in a fullness which we do not find in sacred song outside the Psalms of David, the 'Dies Iræ,' and the 'Stabat Mater.'

Manzoni's poems were not many, but they all have the element of greatness in them. We can understand why the invading Austrians desired to honor him, when we read his ode 'The Fifth of May' (on the death of Napoleon), or his two noble tragedies 'The Count of Carmagnola' and 'Adelchi,' or that pride of all Italians, his masterpiece, 'The Betrothed' ('I Promessi Sposi'). We can understand too

the lofty haughtiness that induced him to refuse these honors, and to relinquish his hereditary title of Count, rather than submit to the order that he must register himself as an Austrian subject. The government, however, did not cease to offer honors to him; all of which, except the Italian senatorship proffered him in 1860, he declined. Great tragedies, like Shelley's 'Cenci,' Sir Henry Taylor's 'Philip van Artevelde,' and Sir Aubrey De Vere's 'Mary Tudor,' may be unactable; they may speak best to the heart and mind only through the written word. Manzoni's are of this class. They have elevation, dramatic feeling, the power of making emotion vital and of inspiring passionate sympathy with the intention of the author; but even Salvini, Rossi, or Ristori could not make them possible for the stage. In the 'Count of Carmagnola,' which celebrated the physical ruin but moral success of a noble man, Manzoni in 1820 shocked the classicists and won their hatred. They loved Aristotle and his rules; Manzoni broke every rule as thoroughly as Shakespeare and as consciously as Victor Hugo. He was looked upon as a literary, artistic apostate. In his explanation of his reasons for this assault on an old world, he makes an audacious *apologia* which Alfred de Musset might have read with profit before despairing of a definition of romanticism. 'Adelchi' followed in 1822, still further exasperating the fury of the classicists, who hated Manzoni and romance; foreseeing perhaps by intuition that the romantic school was to be the ancestor of the realistic school, whose horrors were only dimly dreamed of.

The 'Sacred Hymns,' 'The Count of Carmagnola,' 'Adelchi,' 'The Betrothed,' and the great 'Fifth of May' ode on the death of Napoleon, are the works by which Manzoni's fame was established. The tragedies — 'Carmagnola' of the fifteenth century, 'Adelchi' of the eighth — would live for their strong lyrical element, even were the quality of eloquence and the fire that must underlie eloquence lacking. Pathos is exquisite in both these plays; the marble hearts of the Italian classic tragedy are replaced here by vital, palpitating flesh. When Carmagnola dies for his act of humanity in releasing his prisoners of war, and Ermengarda, whose loveliness is portrayed with the delicacy of the hand that drew Elaine, passes away in her convent, one feels that the world may indeed mourn. And when a poet can force us to take the shades of the Middle Ages for real human beings, no man may deny his gift.

'The Fifth of May,' the noblest ode in the Italian language, almost defies translation. Mr. Howells has made the best possible version of it. Napoleon had wronged Italy, but Italy speaking through its poet forgave him.

> "Beautiful, deathless, beneficent,
> Faith! used to triumphs even

This also writes exultingly;
No loftier pride 'neath heaven
Unto the shame of Calvary
Stooped ever yet its crest.
Thou from his weary mortality
Disperse all bitter passions;
The God that humbleth and hearteneth,
That comforts and that chastens,
Upon the pillow else desolate
To his pale lips lay pressed!»

'The Betrothed' is one of the classics of fiction. It appeared in 1825. Since that time it has been translated into every language in the civilized world. It deserves the verdict which time has passed upon it. Don Abbondio and Cardinal Federigo Borromeo, Renzo and Lucia, and Don Rodrigo, go on from year to year seeming to gain new vitality. It will bear the test of a reading in youth and a re-reading in old age; and there are few books of fiction of which this can be said,—it is a standard of their greatness.

Manzoni died in 1873. His patriotic dreams had not been entirely realized; but he passed away content, in faith and hope. His career was on the whole happy and serene. He loved the simple things of life, and looked on life itself as only a vestibule—to be nobly adorned, however—to a place of absolute peace.

Arnaud's 'I Poetti Patriottica' (1862); 'Storia della Litteratura Italiana,' by De Sanctis (1879); and William Dean Howells's 'Modern Italian Poets' (Harper & Brothers: 1887),—are valuable books of reference on the romantic movement in Italy, and on the position of Manzoni in that movement. The best translation of 'The Betrothed' is included in the Bohn Library.

Maurice Francis Egan

AN UNWILLING PRIEST

From 'The Betrothed'

[The following amusing scene occurs in the earlier portion of Manzoni's novel. Don Abbondio, a cowardly village curate, has been warned by Don Rodrigo, his lord of the manor, that if he dares to unite in marriage two young peasants, Renzo and Lucia (the «betrothed» of the story), vengeance will follow. The priest accordingly shirks his duty; and cruelly refusing to set any marriage date, shuts himself up in his house and even barricades himself against Renzo's entreaties. Donna Agnese, the mother of Lucia, hears that if a betrothed pair can but reach the presence of their parish priest and

announce that they take each other as man and wife, the marriage is as binding as if celebrated with all formality. Accordingly Agnese devises a sort of attack on the priest by stratagem, to be managed by the parties to the contract and two witnesses (the brothers Tonio and Gervase); which device is considerably endangered by the wariness of the curate's housekeeper, Perpetua.]

In front of Don Abbondio's door, a narrow street ran between two cottages; but only continued straight the length of the buildings, and then turned into the fields. Agnese went forward along this street, as if she would go a little aside to speak more freely, and Perpetua followed. When they had turned the corner, and reached a spot whence they could no longer see what happened before Don Abbondio's house, Agnese coughed loudly. This was the signal; Renzo heard it, and re-animating Lucia by pressing her arm, they turned the corner together on tiptoe, crept very softly close along the wall, reached the door, and gently pushed it open: quiet, and stooping low, they were quickly in the passage; and here the two brothers were waiting for them. Renzo very gently let down the latch of the door, and they all four ascended the stairs, making scarcely noise enough for two. On reaching the landing, the two brothers advanced towards the door of the room at the side of the staircase, and the lovers stood close against the wall.

"*Deo gratias,*" said Tonio in an explanatory tone.

"Eh, Tonio! is it you? Come in!" replied the voice within.

Tonio opened the door, scarcely wide enough to admit himself and his brother one at a time. The ray of light that suddenly shone through the opening and crossed the dark floor of the landing made Lucia tremble, as if she were discovered. When the brothers had entered, Tonio closed the door inside: the lovers stood motionless in the dark, their ears intently on the alert, and holding their breath; the loudest noise was the beating of poor Lucia's heart.

Don Abbondio was seated, as we have said, in an old arm-chair, enveloped in an antiquated dressing-gown, and his head buried in a shabby cap of the shape of a tiara, which by the faint light of a small lamp formed a sort of cornice all around his face. Two thick locks which escaped from beneath his head-dress, two thick eyebrows, two thick mustachios, and a thick tuft on the chin, all of them gray and scattered over his dark and wrinkled visage, might be compared to bushes covered with snow, projecting from the face of a cliff, as seen by moonlight.

«Aha!» was his salutation, as he took off his spectacles and laid them on his book.

«The Signor Curate will say I am come very late,» said Tonio with a low bow, which Gervase awkwardly imitated.

«Certainly, it is late — late every way. Don't you know I am ill?»

«I'm very sorry for it.»

«You must have heard I was ill, and didn't know when I should be able to see anybody. . . . But why have you brought this — this boy with you?»

«For company, Signor Curate.»

«Very well, let us see.»

«Here are twenty-five new *berlinghe*, with the figure of Saint Ambrose on horseback,» said Tonio, drawing a little parcel out of his pocket.

«Let us see,» said Don Abbondio; and he took the parcel, put on his spectacles again, opened it, took out the *berlinghe*, turned them over and over, counted them, and found them irreprehensible.

«Now, Signor Curate, you will give me Tecla's necklace.»

«You are right,» replied Don Abbondio; and going to a cupboard, he took out a key, looking around as if to see that all prying spectators were at a proper distance, opened one of the doors, and filling up the aperture with his person, introduced his head to see and his arm to reach the pledge; then drawing it out, he shut the cupboard, unwrapped the paper, and saying, «Is that right?» folded it up again and handed it to Tonio.

«Now,» said Tonio, «will you please to put it in black and white?»

«Not satisfied yet!» said Don Abbondio. «I declare they know everything. Eh! how suspicious the world has become! Don't you trust me?»

«What, Signor Curate! Don't I trust you? You do me wrong. But as my name is in your black books, on the debtor's side — Then, since you have had the trouble of writing once, so — From life to death —»

«Well, well,» interrupted Don Abbondio; and muttering between his teeth, he drew out one of the table drawers, took thence pen, ink, and paper, and began to write, repeating the words aloud as they proceeded from his pen. In the mean time Tonio, and at his side Gervase, placed themselves standing before the

table in such a manner as to conceal the door from the view of the writer, and began to shuffle their feet about on the floor, as if in mere idleness, but in reality as a signal to those without to enter, and at the same time to drown the noise of their footsteps. Don Abbondio, intent upon his writing, noticed nothing else. At the noise of their feet, Renzo took Lucia's arm, pressing it in an encouraging manner, and went forward, almost dragging her along; for she trembled to such a degree that without his help she must have sunk to the ground. Entering very softly, on tiptoe, and holding their breath, they placed themselves behind the two brothers. In the mean time, Don Abbondio, having finished writing, read over the paper attentively, without raising his eyes; he then folded it up, saying, "Are you content now?" and taking off his spectacles with one hand, handed the paper to Tonio with the other, and looked up. Tonio, extending his right hand to receive it, retired on one side, and Gervase, at a sign from him, on the other; and behold! as at the shifting of a scene, Renzo and Lucia stood between them. Don Abbondio saw indistinctly — saw clearly — was terrified, astonished, enraged, buried in thought, came to a resolution; and all this while Renzo uttered the words, "Signor Curate, in the presence of these witnesses, this is my wife." Before, however, Lucia's lips could form the reply, Don Abbondio dropped the receipt, seized the lamp with his left hand and raised it in the air, caught hold of the cloth with his right, and dragged it furiously off the table, bringing to the ground in its fall, book, paper, inkstand, and sand-box; and springing between the chair and the table, advanced towards Lucia. The poor girl, with her sweet gentle voice, trembling violently, had scarcely uttered the words, "And this—" when Don Abbondio threw the cloth rudely over her head and face, to prevent her pronouncing the entire formula. Then, letting the light fall from his other hand, he employed both to wrap the cloth round her face, till she was well-nigh smothered, shouting in the mean while, at the stretch of his voice, like a wounded bull, "Perpetua! Perpetua! — treachery! — help!" The light, just glimmering on the ground, threw a dim and flickering ray upon Lucia, who, in utter consternation, made no attempt to disengage herself, and might be compared to a statue sculptured in chalk, over which the artificer had thrown a wet cloth. When the light died away, Don Abbondio quitted the poor girl, and went groping about to find the door that opened into an inner room: and

having reached it, he entered and shut himself in, unceasingly exclaiming, "Perpetua! treachery! help! Out of the house! Out of the house!"

In the other room all was confusion: Renzo, seeking to lay hold of the Curate, and feeling with his hands, as if playing at blindman's buff, had reached the door, and kicking against it, was crying, "Open, open; don't make such a noise!" Lucia, calling to Renzo in a feeble voice, said beseechingly, "Let us go, let us go, for God's sake." Tonio was crawling on his knees, and feeling with his hands on the ground to recover his lost receipt. The terrified Gervase was crying and jumping about, and seeking for the door of the stairs, so as to make his escape in safety.

In the midst of this uproar, we cannot but stop a moment to make a reflection. Renzo, who was causing disturbance at night in another person's house, who had effected an entrance by stealth, and who had blockaded the master himself in one of his own rooms, has all the appearance of an oppressor; while in fact he was the oppressed. Don Abbondio, taken by surprise, terrified and put to flight, while peaceably engaged in his own affairs, appears the victim; when in reality it was he who did the wrong. Thus frequently goes the world; — or rather, we should say, thus it went in the seventeenth century.

The besieged, finding that the enemy gave no signs of abandoning the enterprise, opened a window that looked into the church-yard, and shouted out, "Help! help!" There was a most lovely moon; the shadow of the church, and a little farther on the long sharp shadow of the bell-tower, lay dark, still, and well defined, on the bright grassy level of the sacred inclosure: all objects were visible, almost as by day. But look which way you would, there appeared no sign of living person. Adjoining the lateral wall of the church, on the side next the parsonage, was a small dwelling where the sexton slept. Aroused by this unusual cry, he sprang up in his bed, jumped out in great haste, threw open the sash of his little window, put his head out with his eyelids glued together all the while, and cried out, "What's the matter?"

"Run, Ambrogio! help! people in the house!" answered Don Abbondio. "Coming directly," replied he, as he drew in his head and shut the window; and although half asleep and more than half terrified, an expedient quickly occurred to him that

would bring more aid than had been asked, without dragging *him* into the affray, whatever it might be. Seizing his breeches that lay upon the bed, he tucked them under his arm like a gala hat, and bounding down-stairs by a little wooden ladder, ran to the belfry, caught hold of the rope that was attached to the larger of the two bells, and pulled vigorously.

Ton, ton, ton, ton: the peasant sprang up in his bed; the boy stretched in the hay-loft listened eagerly, and leapt upon his feet. "What's the matter? what's the matter? The bell 's ringing! Fire? Thieves? Banditti?" Many of the women advised, begged, their husbands not to stir — to let others run; some got up and went to the window; those who were cowards, as if yielding to entreaty, quietly slipped under the bedclothes again; while the more inquisitive and courageous sprang up and armed themselves with pitchforks and pistols, to run to the uproar; others waited to see the end. . . .

Renzo, who had more of his senses about him than the rest, remembered that they had better make their escape one way or another before the crowds assembled; and that the best plan would be to do as Menico advised, — nay, commanded, with the authority of one in terror. When once on their way, and out of the tumult and danger, he could ask a clearer explanation from the boy. "Lead the way," said he to Menico; and addressing the women, said, "Let us go with him." They therefore quickly turned their steps towards the church, crossed the church-yard, — where, by the favor of Heaven, there was not yet a living creature, — entered a little street that ran between the church and Don Abbondio's house, turned into the first alley they came to, and then took the way of the fields.

They had not perhaps gone fifty yards, when the crowd began to collect in the church-yard, and rapidly increased every moment. They looked inquiringly in each other's faces; every one had a question to ask, but no one could return an answer. Those who arrived first ran to the church door: it was locked. They then ran to the belfry outside; and one of them, putting his mouth to a very small window, a sort of loophole, cried, "What ever is the matter?" As soon as Ambrogio recognized a known voice, he let go of the bell-rope, and being assured by the buzz that many people had assembled, replied, "I'll open the door." Hastily slipping on the apparel he had carried under his arm, he went inside the church and opened the door.

"What is all this hubbub?—What is it?—Where is it?—Who is it?"

"Why, who is it?" said Ambrogio, laying one hand on the door-post, and with the other holding up the habiliment he had put on in such haste: "What! don't you know? People in the Signor Curate's house. Up, boys; help!" Hearing this, they all turned to the house, looked up, approached it in a body, looked up again, listened: all was quiet. Some ran to the street door; it was shut and bolted: they glanced upwards; not a window was open, not a whisper was to be heard.

"Who is within?—Ho! Hey!—Signor Curate!—Signor Curate!"

Don Abbondio, who, scarcely aware of the flight of the invaders, had retired from the window and closed it, and who at this moment was reproaching Perpetua in a low voice for having left him alone in this confusion, was obliged, when he heard himself called upon by the voice of the assembled people, to show himself again at the window; and when he saw the crowds that had come to his aid, he sorely repented having called them.

"What has happened?—What have they done to you?—Who are they?—Where are they?" burst forth from fifty voices at once.

"There's nobody here now: thank you; go home again."

"But who has been here?—Where are they gone?—What has happened?"

"Bad people, people who go about by night; but they're gone: go home again; there is no longer anything; another time, my children: I thank you for your kindness to me." So saying, he drew back and shut the window. Some of the crowd began to grumble, some to joke, others to curse; some shrugged their shoulders and took their departure. . . .

The melancholy trio continued their walk, the women taking the lead and Renzo behind to act as guard. Lucia clung closely to her mother's arm, kindly and dexterously avoiding the proffered assistance of the youth at the difficult passes of this unfrequented path; feeling ashamed of herself, even in such troubles, for having already been so long and so familiarly alone with him, while expecting in a few moments to be his wife. Now that this vision had been so sorrowfully dispelled, she repented having proceeded thus far; and amidst so many causes of fear, she feared even for her modesty;—not such modesty as arises

from the sad knowledge of evil, but for that which is ignorant of its own existence; like the dread of a child who trembles in the dark, he knows not why.

"And the house?" suddenly exclaimed Agnese. But however important the object might be which extorted this exclamation, no one replied, because no one could do so satisfactorily. They therefore continued their walk in silence, and in a little while reached the square before the church of the convent.

Renzo advanced to the door of the church, and gently pushed it open. The moon that entered through the aperture fell upon the pale face and silvery beard of Father Cristoforo, who was standing here expecting them; and having seen that no one was missing, "God be praised!" said he, beckoning to them to enter. By his side stood another Capuchin, the lay sexton, whom he had persuaded by prayers and arguments to keep vigil with him, to leave the door ajar, and to remain there on guard to receive these poor threatened creatures; and it required nothing short of the authority of the Father, and of his fame as a saint, to persuade the layman to so inconvenient, perilous, and irregular a condescension. When they were inside, Father Cristoforo very softly shut the door. Then the sexton could no longer contain himself, and taking the Father aside, whispered in his ear: "But, Father, Father! at night — in church — with women — shut — the rule — but, Father!" And he shook his head, while thus hesitatingly pronouncing these words. Just see! thought Father Cristoforo: if it were a pursued robber, Friar Fazio would make no difficulty in the world; but a poor innocent escaping from the jaws of a wolf — "*Omnia munda mundis*,"* added he, turning suddenly to Friar Fazio, and forgetting that he did not understand Latin. But this forgetfulness was exactly what produced the right effect. If the Father had begun to dispute and reason, Friar Fazio would not have failed to urge opposing arguments, and no one knows how and when the discussion would have come to an end; but at the sound of these weighty words of a mysterious signification, and so resolutely uttered, it seemed to him that in them must be contained the solution of all his doubts. He acquiesced, saying, "Very well: you know more about it than I do."

*Or in reverse, "To the pure all things are pure."

"Trust me, then," replied Father Cristoforo; and by the dim light of the lamp burning before the altar, he approached the refugees, who stood waiting in suspense, and said to them, "My children, thank God, who has delivered you from so great a danger! Perhaps at this moment—" And here he began to explain more fully what he had hinted by the little messenger; little suspecting that they knew more than he, and supposing that Menico had found them quiet in their own house, before the arrival of the ruffians. Nobody undeceived him,—not even Lucia, whose conscience, however, was all the while secretly reproaching her for practicing such dissimulation with so good a man; but it was a night of embarrassment and dissimulation.

"After this," continued he, "you must feel, my children, that the village is no longer safe for you. It is yours, who were born there, and you have done no wrong to any one; but God wills it so. It is a trial, my children; bear it with patience and faith, without indulging in rancor, and rest assured there will come a day when you will think yourselves happy that this has occurred. I have thought of a refuge for you, for the present. Soon, I hope, you may be able to return in safety to your own house; at any rate, God will provide what is best for you; and I assure you, I will be careful not to prove unworthy of the favor he has bestowed upon me, in choosing me as his minister, in the service of you his poor yet loved afflicted ones. You," continued he, turning to the two women, "can stay at ——. Here you will be far enough from every danger, and at the same time not far from your own home. There seek out our convent, ask for the guardian, and give him this letter: he will be to you another Father Cristoforo. And you, my Renzo, must put yourself in safety from the anger of others, and your own. Carry this letter to Father Bonaventura da Lodi, in our convent of the Porta Orientale, at Milan. He will be a father to you, will give you directions and find you work, till you can return and live more peaceably. Go to the shore of the lake, near the mouth of the Bione, a river not far from this monastery. Here you will see a boat waiting; say, 'Boat!' It will be asked you, 'For whom?' And you must reply, 'San Francesco.' The boat will receive you and carry you to the other side, where you will find a cart that will take you straight to ——."

If any one asks how Father Cristoforo had so quickly at his disposal these means of transport by land and water, it will show that he does not know the influence and power of a Capuchin held in reputation as a saint.

It still remained to decide about the care of the houses. The Father received the keys, pledging himself to deliver them to whomsoever Renzo and Agnese should name. The latter, in delivering up hers, heaved a deep sigh, remembering that at that moment the house was open, that the devil had been there, and who knew what remained to be taken care of!

"Before you go," said the Father, "let us pray all together that the Lord may be with you in this your journey, and for ever; and above all, that he may give you strength and a spirit of love, to enable you to desire whatever he has willed." So saying, he knelt down in the middle of the church, and they all followed his example.

After praying a few moments in silence, with a low but distinct voice he pronounced these words:—"We beseech thee also for the unhappy person who has brought us to this state. We should be unworthy of thy mercy if we did not from our hearts implore it for him; he needs it, O Lord! We, in our sorrow, have this consolation, that we are in the path where thou hast placed us; we can offer thee our griefs and they may become our gain. But he is thine enemy! Alas, wretched man, he is striving with thee! Have mercy on him, O Lord, touch his heart; reconcile him to thyself, and give him all those good things we could desire for ourselves."

Rising then in haste, he said, "Come, my children, you have no time to lose: God defend you; his angel go with you;—farewell!" And while they set off with that emotion which cannot find words, and manifests itself without them, the Father added in an agitated tone, "My heart tells me we shall meet again soon."

Certainly the heart, to those who listen to it, has always something to say on what will happen; but what did his heart know? Very little, truly, of what had already happened.

Without waiting a reply, Father Cristoforo retired with hasty steps; the travelers took their departure, and Father Fazio shut the door after them, bidding them farewell with even his voice a little faltering.

The trio slowly made their way to the shore they had been directed to; there they espied the boat, and exchanging the password, stepped in. The waterman, planting one oar on the land, pushed off; then took up the other oar, and rowing with both hands, pulled out and made towards the opposite beach. Not a breath of wind was stirring; the lake lay bright and smooth, and would have appeared motionless but for the tremulous and gentle undulation of the moonbeams, which gleamed upon it from the zenith. No sounds were heard but the muffled and slowly measured breaking of the surge upon the pebbly shore, the more distant gurgling of the troubled waters dashing among the piles of the bridge, and the even plash of the light sculls, as, rising with the sharp sound of a dripping blade, and quickly plunged again beneath, they cut the azure surface of the lake. The waves, divided by the prow, and reuniting behind the little bark, tracked out a curling line which extended itself to the shore. The silent travelers, with their faces turned backwards, gazed upon the mountains and the country, illumined by the pale light of the moon, and diversified here and there with vast shadows. They could distinguish the villages, the houses, and the little cabins: the palace of Don Rodrigo, with its square tower, rising above the group of huts at the base of the promontory, looked like a savage standing in the dark and meditating some evil deed while keeping guard over a company of reclining sleepers. Lucia saw it and shuddered; then drawing her eye along the declivity till she reached her native village, she fixed her gaze on its extremity, sought for her own cottage, traced out the thick head of the fig-tree which towered above the wall of the court-yard, discovered the window of her own room,—and being seated in the bottom of the boat, she leaned her elbow on the edge, laid her forehead on her arm as if she were sleeping, and wept in secret.

Farewell, ye mountains, rising from the waters and pointing to the heavens! ye varied summits, familiar to him who has been brought up among you, and impressed upon his mind as clearly as the countenance of his dearest friends! ye torrents, whose murmur he recognizes like the sound of the voices of home! ye villages, scattered and glistening on the declivity, like flocks of grazing sheep! Farewell! How mournful is the step of him who, brought up amidst your scenes, is compelled to leave you!

Even in the imagination of one who willingly departs, attracted by the hope of making a fortune elsewhere, the dreams of wealth at this moment lose their charms; he wonders he could form such a resolution, and would even now turn back but for the hope of one day returning with a rich abundance. As he advances into the plain, his eye becomes wearied with its uniform extent; the atmosphere feels heavy and lifeless; he sadly and listlessly enters the busy cities, where houses crowded upon houses, and streets intersecting streets, seem to take away his breath; and before edifices admired by the stranger, he recalls with restless longing the fields of his own country, and the cottage he had long ago set his heart upon, and which he resolves to purchase when he returns enriched to his own mountains.

But what must he feel who has never sent a passing wish beyond these mountains, who has arranged among them all his designs for the future, and is driven far away by an adverse power! who, suddenly snatched away from his dearest habits, and thwarted in his dearest hopes, leaves these mountains to go in search of strangers whom he never desired to know, and is unable to look forward to a fixed time of return!

Farewell, native cottage — where, indulging in unconscious fancy, one learnt to distinguish from the noise of common footsteps the approach of a tread expected with mysterious timidity! Farewell, thou cottage,— still a stranger, but so often hastily glanced at, not without a blush, in passing — in which the mind took delight to figure to itself the tranquil and lasting home of a wife! Farewell, my church, where the heart was so often soothed while chanting the praises of the Lord; where the preparatory rite of betrothal was performed; where the secret sighing of the heart was solemnly blessed, and love was inspired, and one felt a hallowing influence around. Farewell! He who imparted to you such gladness is everywhere; and he never disturbs the joy of his children but to prepare them for one more certain and durable.

Of such a nature, if not exactly these, were the reflections of Lucia; and not very dissimilar were those of the two other wanderers, while the little bark rapidly approached the right bank of the Adda.

A LATE REPENTANCE

From 'The Betrothed'

[In several chapters preceding the following affecting extract from Manzoni's story is described the imprisonment of Lucia Mondella, the heroine of the tale, in the lonely castle of an outlaw. The latter is a man of rank; but guilty of such a succession of murders, robberies, and other villainies, during many years, that he — in the story he is called only 'The Unnamed' — has become a terror throughout all the country-side. A sudden repentance and remorse comes to this monster of wickedness. Hearing that the great Cardinal Federigo Borromeo of Milan is arrived in the neighborhood, he decides, in great hesitation and contrition, to visit that kindly and courageous priest.]

CARDINAL FEDERIGO was employed — according to his usual custom in every leisure interval — in study, until the hour arrived for repairing to the church for the celebration of Divine service; when the chaplain and cross-bearer entered with a disturbed and gloomy countenance.

"A strange visitor, my noble lord — strange indeed!"

"Who?" asked the Cardinal.

"No less a personage than the Signor ——," replied the chaplain; and pronouncing the syllables with a very significant tone, he uttered the name which we cannot give to our readers. He then added, "He is here outside in person, and demands nothing less than to be introduced to your illustrious Grace."

"He!" said the Cardinal with an animated look, shutting his book and rising from his seat: "let him come in! — let him come in directly!"

"But —" rejoined the chaplain, without attempting to move, "your illustrious Lordship must surely be aware who he is: that outlaw, that famous —"

"And is it not a most happy circumstance for a bishop, that such a man should feel a wish to come and seek an interview with him?"

"But —" insisted the chaplain, "we may never speak of certain things, because my lord says it is all nonsense: but when it comes to the point, I think it is a duty — Zeal makes many enemies, my lord; and we know positively that more than one ruffian has dared to boast that some day or other —"

"And what have they done?" interrupted the Cardinal.

"I say that this man is a plotter of mischief, a desperate character, who holds correspondence with the most violent desperadoes, and who may be sent —"

«Oh, what discipline is this,» again interrupted Federigo, smiling, «for the soldiers to exhort their general to cowardice?» Then resuming a grave and thoughtful air, he continued: «Saint Carlo would not have deliberated whether he ought to receive such a man: he would have gone to seek him. Let him be admitted directly: he has already waited too long.»

The chaplain moved towards the door, saying in his heart, «There's no remedy: these saints are all obstinate.»

Having opened the door and surveyed the room where the Signor and his companions were, he saw that the latter had crowded together on one side, where they sat whispering and cautiously peeping at their visitor, while he was left alone in one corner. The chaplain advanced towards him, eying him guardedly from head to foot, and wondering what weapons he might have hidden under that great coat: thinking at the same time that really, before admitting him, he ought at least to have proposed— But he could not resolve what to do. He approached him, saying, «His Grace waits for your Lordship. Will you be good enough to come with me?» And as he preceded him through the little crowd, which instantly gave way for him, he kept casting glances on each side, which meant to say, «What could I do? don't you know yourselves that he always has his own way?»

On reaching the apartment, the chaplain opened the door and introduced the Unnamed. Federigo advanced to meet him with a happy and serene look, and his hand extended, as if to welcome an expected guest; at the same time making a sign to the chaplain to go out, which was immediately obeyed.

When thus left alone, they both stood for a moment silent and in suspense, though from widely different feelings. The Unnamed, who had as it were been forcibly carried there by an inexplicable compulsion, rather than led by a determinate intention, now stood there, also as it were by compulsion, torn by two contending feelings: on the one side, a desire and confused hope of meeting with some alleviation of his inward torment; on the other, a feeling of self-rebuked shame at having come hither, like a penitent, subdued and wretched, to confess himself guilty and to make supplication to a man: he was at a loss for words, and indeed scarcely sought for them. Raising his eyes, however, to the Archbishop's face, he became gradually filled with a feeling of veneration, authoritative and at the same time soothing;

which, while it increased his confidence, gently subdued his haughtiness, and without offending his pride, compelled it to give way, and imposed silence.

The bearing of Federigo was in fact one which announced superiority, and at the same time excited love. It was naturally sedate, and almost involuntarily commanding, his figure being not in the least bowed or wasted by age; while his solemn yet sparkling eye, his open and thoughtful forehead, a kind of virginal floridness, which might be distinguished even among gray locks, paleness, and the traces of abstinence, meditation, and labor: in short, all his features indicated that they had once possessed that which is most strictly entitled beauty. The habit of serious and benevolent thought, the inward peace of a long life, the love that he felt towards his fellow-creatures, and the uninterrupted enjoyment of an ineffable hope, had now substituted the beauty (so to say) of old age, which shone forth more attractively from the magnificent simplicity of the purple.

He fixed for a moment on the countenance of the Unnamed a penetrating look, long accustomed to gather from this index what was passing in the mind; and imagining he discovered, under that dark and troubled mien, something every moment more corresponding with the hope he had conceived on the first announcement of such a visit. "Oh!" cried he, in an animated voice, "what a welcome visit is this! and how thankful I ought to be to you for taking such a step, although it may convey to me a little reproof!"

"Reproof!" exclaimed the Signor, much surprised, but soothed by his words and manner, and glad that the Cardinal had broken the ice and started some sort of conversation.

"Certainly it conveys to me a reproof," replied the Archbishop, "for allowing you to be beforehand with me when so often, and for so long a time, I might and ought to have come to you myself."

"You come to me! Do you know who I am? Did they deliver my name rightly?"

"And the happiness I feel, and which must surely be evident in my countenance,—do you think I should feel it at the announcement and visit of a stranger? It is you who make me experience it; you, I say, whom I ought to have sought; you whom I have at least loved and wept over, and for whom I have so often prayed; you among all my children — for each

one I love from the bottom of my heart — whom I should most have desired to receive and embrace, if I had thought I might hope for such a thing. But God alone knows how to work wonders, and supplies the weakness and tardiness of his unworthy servants."

The Unnamed stood astonished at this warm reception, in language which corresponded so exactly with that which he had not yet expressed, nor indeed had fully determined to express; and, affected but exceedingly surprised, he remained silent. "Well!" resumed Federigo still more affectionately, "you have good news to tell me; and you keep me so long expecting it?"

"Good news! I have hell in my heart; and can I tell you any good tidings? Tell me, if you know, what good news you can expect from such as I am?"

"That God has touched your heart and would make you his own," replied the Cardinal calmly.

"God! God! God! If I could see him! If I could hear him! Where is this God?"

"Do *you* ask this? you? And who has him nearer than you? Do you not feel him in your heart, overcoming, agitating you, never leaving you at ease, and at the same time drawing you forward, presenting to your view a hope of tranquillity and consolation, a consolation which shall be full and boundless, as soon as you recognize him, acknowledge and implore him?"

"Oh, surely! there is something within that oppresses, that consumes me! But God! If this be God, if he be such as they say, what do you suppose he can do with me?"

These words were uttered with an accent of despair; but Federigo, with a solemn tone as of calm inspiration, replied:— "What can God do with you? What would he wish to make of you? A token of his power and goodness: he would acquire through you a glory such as others could not give him. The world has long cried out against you; hundreds and thousands of voices have declared their detestation of your deeds." (The Unnamed shuddered, and felt for a moment surprised at hearing such unusual language addressed to him and still more surprised that he felt no anger, but rather almost a relief.) "What glory," pursued Federigo, "will thus redound to God! *They* may be voices of alarm, of self-interest; of justice, perhaps — a justice so easy! so natural! Some perhaps — yea, too many — may be voices of envy of your wretched power; of your hitherto deplorable

security of heart. But when you yourself rise up to condemn your past life, to become your own accuser,—then, then indeed, God will be glorified! And you ask what God can do with you. Who am I, a poor mortal, that I can tell you what use such a Being may choose henceforth to make of you? how he can employ your impetuous will, your unwavering perseverance, when he shall have animated and invigorated them with love, with hope, with repentance? Who are you, weak man, that you should imagine yourself capable of devising and executing greater deeds of evil, than God can make you will and accomplish in the cause of good? What can God do with you? Pardon you! save you! finish in you the work of redemption! Are not these things noble and worthy of him? Oh, just think! if I, a humble and feeble creature, so worthless and full of myself—I, such as I am, long so ardently for your salvation, that for its sake I would joyfully give (and he is my witness!) the few days that still remain to me,—oh, think what and how great must be the love of Him who inspires me with this imperfect but ardent affection; how must He love you, what must He desire for you, who has bid and enabled me to regard you with a charity that consumes me!»

While these words fell from his lips, his face, his expression, his whole manner, evinced his deep feeling of what he uttered. The countenance of his auditor changed from a wild and convulsive look, first to astonishment and attention, and then gradually yielded to deeper and less painful emotions; his eyes, which from infancy had been unaccustomed to weep, became suffused; and when the words ceased, he covered his face with his hands and burst into a flood of tears. It was the only and most evident reply.

«Great and good God!» exclaimed Federigo, raising his hands and eyes to heaven, «what have I ever done, an unprofitable servant, an idle shepherd, that thou shouldest call me to this banquet of grace! that thou shouldest make me worthy of being an instrument in so joyful a miracle!» So saying, he extended his hand to take that of the Unnamed.

«No!» cried the penitent nobleman; «no! keep away from me: defile not that innocent and beneficent hand. You don't know all that the one you would grasp has committed.»

«Suffer me,» said Federigo, taking it with affectionate violence, «suffer me to press the hand which will repair so many

wrongs, dispense so many benefits, comfort so many afflicted, and be extended — disarmed, peacefully, and humbly — to so many enemies."

"It is too much!" said the Unnamed sobbing: "leave me, my lord; good Federigo, leave me! A crowded assembly awaits you; so many good people, so many innocent creatures, so many come from a distance, to see you for once, to hear you: and you are staying to talk — with whom!"

"We will leave the ninety-and-nine sheep," replied the Cardinal: "they are in safety upon the mountain; I wish to remain with that which was lost. Their minds are perhaps now more satisfied than if they were seeing their poor bishop. Perhaps God, who has wrought in you this miracle of mercy, is diffusing in their hearts a joy of which they know not yet the reason. These people are perhaps united to us without being aware of it; perchance the Spirit may be instilling into their hearts an undefined feeling of charity, a petition which he will grant for you, an offering of gratitude of which you are as yet the unknown object." So saying, he threw his arms around the neck of the Unnamed; who, after attempting to disengage himself, and making a momentary resistance, yielded, completely overcome by this vehement expression of affection, embraced the Cardinal in his turn, and buried in his shoulder his trembling and altered face. His burning tears dropped upon the stainless purple of Federigo, while the guiltless hands of the holy bishop affectionately pressed those members, and touched that garment, which had been accustomed to hold the weapons of violence and treachery.

Disengaging himself at length from this embrace, the Unnamed again covered his eyes with his hands, and raising his face to heaven, exclaimed: — "God is indeed great! God is indeed good! I know myself now, now I understand what I am; my sins are present before me, and I shudder at the thought of myself; yet! — yet I feel an alleviation, a joy — yes, even a joy, such as I have never before known during the whole of my horrible life!"

"It is a little taste," said Federigo, "which God gives you, to incline you to his service, and encourage you resolutely to enter upon the new course of life which lies before you, and in which you will have so much to undo, so much to repair, so much to mourn over!"

"Unhappy man that I am!" exclaimed the Signor: "how many, oh, how many — things for which I can do nothing besides mourn! But at least I have undertakings scarcely set on foot which I can break off in the midst, if nothing more: one there is which I can quickly arrest, which I can easily undo and repair."

Federigo listened attentively while the Unnamed briefly related, in terms of perhaps deeper execration than we have employed, his attempt upon Lucia, the sufferings and terrors of the unhappy girl, her importunate entreaties, the frenzy that these entreaties had aroused within him, and how she was still in the castle. . . .

"Ah, then let us lose no time!" exclaimed Federigo, breathless with eagerness and compassion. "You are indeed blessed! This is an earnest of God's forgiveness! He makes you capable of becoming the instrument of safety to one whom you intended to ruin. God bless you! Nay, he has blessed you! Do you know where our unhappy protégée comes from?"

The Signor named Lucia's village.

"It's not far from this," said the Cardinal, "God be praised; and probably —" So saying, he went towards a little table and rang a bell. The cross-bearing chaplain immediately attended the summons with a look of anxiety, and instantly glanced towards the Unnamed. At the sight of his altered countenance, and his eyes still red with weeping, he turned an inquiring gaze upon the Cardinal; and perceiving, amidst the invariable composure of his countenance, a look of solemn pleasure and unusual solicitude, he would have stood with open mouth in a sort of ecstasy, had not the Cardinal quickly aroused him from his contemplations by asking whether, among the parish priests assembled in the next room, there was one from ——.

"There is, your illustrious Grace," replied the chaplain.

"Let him come in directly," said Federigo, "and with him the priest of this parish."

The chaplain quitted the room, and on entering the hall where the clergy were assembled, all eyes were immediately turned upon him; while, with a look of blank astonishment, and a countenance in which was still depicted the rapture he had felt, he lifted up his hands, and waving them in the air, exclaimed, "Signori! Signori! *Hæc mutatio dexteræ Excelsi*" [This change is from the right hand of the Almighty]. And he stood for a moment without uttering another word.

AN EPISODE OF THE PLAGUE IN MILAN

From 'The Betrothed'

[The hero of the novel, young Renzo Tramaglino, enters Milan on foot, seeking his lost betrothed, Lucia Mondella. Among the scenes of suffering and horror which continually meet his eyes is the following.]

RENZO had already gone some distance on his way through the midst of this desolation, when he heard, proceeding from a street a few yards off, into which he had been directed to turn, a confused noise, in which he readily distinguished the usual horrible tinkling.

At the entrance of the street, which was one of the most spacious, he perceived four carts standing in the middle: and as in a corn market there is a constant hurrying to and fro of people, and an emptying and filling of sacks, such was the bustle here, — *monatti* intruding into houses, *monatti* coming out, bearing a burden upon their shoulders, which they placed upon one or other of the carts; some in red livery, others without that distinction; many with another still more odious, — plumes and cloaks of various colors, which these miserable wretches wore in the midst of the general mourning, as if in honor of a festival. From time to time the mournful cry resounded from one of the windows, "Here, *monatti!*" And with a still more wretched sound, a harsh voice rose from this horrible source in reply, "Coming directly!" Or else there were lamentations nearer at hand, or entreaties to make haste; to which the *monatti* responded with oaths.

Having entered the street, Renzo quickened his steps, trying not to look at these obstacles further than was necessary to avoid them: his attention, however, was arrested by a remarkable object of pity, — such pity as inclines to the contemplation of its object; so that he came to a pause almost without determining to do so.

Coming down the steps of one of the doorways, and advancing towards the convoy, he beheld a woman, whose appearance announced still remaining though somewhat advanced youthfulness; a veiled and dimmed but not destroyed beauty was still apparent, in spite of much suffering and a fatal languor, — that delicate and at the same time majestic beauty which is conspicuous in the Lombard blood. Her gait was weary, but not tottering; no tears fell from her eyes, though they bore tokens of having shed many; there was something peaceful and profound

in her sorrow, which indicated a mind fully conscious and sensitive enough to feel it. But it was not merely her own appearance which in the midst of so much misery marked her out so especially as an object of commiseration, and revived in her behalf a feeling now exhausted — extinguished — in men's hearts. She carried in her arms a little child, about nine years old, now a lifeless body; but laid out and arranged, with her hair parted on her forehead, and in a white and remarkably clean dress, as if those hands had decked her out for a long-promised feast, granted as a reward. Nor was she lying there, but upheld and adjusted on one arm, with her breast reclining against her mother's, like a living creature; save that a delicate little hand, as white as wax, hung from one side with a kind of inanimate weight, and the head rested upon her mother's shoulder with an abandonment deeper than that of sleep; — her mother; for even if their likeness to each other had not given assurance of the fact, the countenance which could still display any emotion would have clearly revealed it.

A horrible-looking *monatto* approached the woman, and attempted to take the burden from her arms; with a kind of unusual respect, however, and with involuntary hesitation. But she, slightly drawing back, yet with the air of one who shows neither scorn nor displeasure, said, "No! don't take her from me yet: I must place her myself on this cart — here." So saying, she opened her hand, displayed a purse which she held in it, and dropped it into that which the *monatto* extended towards her. She then continued: "Promise me not to take a thread from around her, nor to let any one else do so, and to lay her in the ground thus."

The *monatto* laid his right hand on his heart; and then, zealously and almost obsequiously, — rather from the new feeling by which he was, as it were, subdued, than on account of the unlooked-for reward, — hastened to make a little room on the car for the infant dead. The lady, giving it a kiss on the forehead, laid it on the spot prepared for it, as upon a bed, arranged it there, covering it with a pure white linen cloth, and pronounced these parting words: — "Farewell, Cecilia! rest in peace! This evening we too will join you, to rest together forever. In the mean while pray for us; for I will pray for you and the others." Then, turning again to the *monatto*, "You," said she, "when you pass this way in the evening, may come to fetch me too; and not me only."

So saying, she re-entered the house, and after an instant appeared at the window, holding in her arms another more dearly loved one, still living, but with the marks of death on its countenance. She remained to contemplate these so unworthy obsequies of the first child, from the time the car started until it was out of sight, and then disappeared. And what remained for her to do but to lay upon the bed the only one that was left her, and to stretch herself beside it, that they might die together? as the flower already full blown upon the stem falls together with the bud still infolded in its calyx, under the scythe which levels alike all the herbage of the field.

"O Lord!" exclaimed Renzo, "hear her! take her to thyself, her and that little infant one: they have suffered enough! surely, they have suffered enough!"

CHORUS

In the 'Count of Carmagnola'

From 'Modern Italian Poets,' by W. D. Howells. Copyright 1887, by Harper & Brothers

On the right hand a trumpet is sounding,
On the left hand a trumpet replying,
The field upon all sides resounding
With the tramping of foot and of horse.
Yonder flashes a flag; yonder, flying
Through the still air, a bannerol glances;
Here a squadron embattled advances,
There another that threatens its course.

The space 'twixt the foes now beneath them
Is hid, and on swords the sword ringeth;
In the hearts of each other they sheathe them;
Blood runs,—they redouble their blows.
Who are these? To our fair fields what bringeth,
To make war upon us, this stranger?
Which is he that hath sworn to avenge her,
The land of his birth, on her foes?

They are all of one land and one nation,
One speech; and the foreigner names them
All brothers, of one generation;
In each visage their kindred is seen: '

This land is the mother that claims them,
  This land that their life-blood is steeping,
That God, from all other lands keeping,
    Set the seas and the mountains between.

Ah, which drew the first blade among them,
  To strike at the heart of his brother?
What wrong or what insult hath stung them
    To wipe out what stain, or to die?
  They know not: to slay one another
They come in a course none hath told them;
A chief that was purchased hath sold them;
    They combat for him, nor ask why.

Ah, woe for the mothers that bare them,
  For the wives of the warriors maddened!
Why come not their loved ones to tear them
    Away from the infamous field?
  Their sires, whom long years have saddened,
And thoughts of the sepulchre chastened,
In warning why have they not hastened
    To bid them to hold and to yield?

As under the vine that embowers
  His own happy threshold, the smiling
Clown watches the tempest that lowers
    On the furrows his plow has not turned,
  So each waits in safety, beguiling
The time with his count of those falling
Afar in the fight, and the appalling
    Flames of towns and of villages burned.

There, intent on the lips of their mothers,
  Thou shalt hear little children with scorning,
Learn to follow and flout at the brothers
    Whose blood they shall go forth to shed;
  Thou shalt see wives and maidens adorning
Their bosoms and hair with the splendor
Of gems but now torn from the tender
    Hapless daughters and wives of the dead.

Oh, disaster, disaster, disaster!
  With the slain the earth's hidden already;
With blood reeks the whole plain, and vaster
    And fiercer the strife than before!

But along the ranks, rent and unsteady,
Many waver,—they yield,—they are flying!
With the last hope of victory dying,
The love of life rises again.

As out of the fan, when it tosses
The grain in its breath, the grain flashes,
So over the field of their losses
Fly the vanquished. But now in their course
Starts a squadron that suddenly dashes
Athwart their wild flight and that stays them,
While hard on the hindmost dismays them
The pursuit of the enemy's horse.

At the feet of the foe they fall trembling,
And yield life and sword to his keeping;
In the shouts of the victors assembling,
The moans of the dying are drowned.
To the saddle a courier leaping,
Takes a missive, and through all resistance,
Spurs, lashes, devours the distance;
Every hamlet awake at the sound.

Ah, why from their rest and their labor
To the hoof-beaten road do they gather?
Why turns every one to his neighbor
The jubilant tidings to hear?
Thou know'st whence he comes, wretched father!
And thou long'st for his news, hapless mother!
In fight brother fell upon brother!
These terrible tidings *I* bring.

All around I hear cries of rejoicing;
The temples are decked; the song swelleth
From the hearts of the fratricides, voicing
Praise and thanks that are hateful to God.
Meantime from the Alps where he dwelleth
The stranger turns hither his vision,
And numbers with cruel derision
The brave that have bitten the sod.

Leave your games, leave your songs and exulting;
Fill again your battalions, and rally
Again to your banner! Insulting
The stranger descends, he is come!

Are ye feeble and few in your sally,
Ye victors? For this he descendeth!
'Tis for this that his challenge he sendeth
From the fields where your brothers lie dumb!

Thou that strait to thy children appearedst,
Thou that knew'st not in peace how to tend them,
Fatal land! now the stranger thou fearedst
Receive, with the judgment he brings!
A foe unprovoked to offend them
At thy board sitteth down and derideth,
The spoil of thy foolish divideth,
Strips the sword from the hand of thy kings.

Foolish he, too! What people was ever
For the bloodshedding blest, or oppression?
To the vanquished alone comes harm never;
To tears turns the wrong-doer's joy!
Though he 'scape through the years' long progression,
Yet the vengeance eternal o'ertaketh
Him surely; it waiteth and waketh;
It seizes him at the last sigh!

We are all made in one likeness holy,
Ransomed all by one only redemption
Near or far, rich or poor, high or lowly,
Wherever we breathe in life's air;
We are brothers by one great pre-emption
Bound all; and accursed be its wronger,
Who would ruin by right of the stronger,
Wring the hearts of the weak with despair.

Translation of William D. Howells.

THE FIFTH OF MAY

From 'Modern Italian Poets,' by W. D. Howells. Copyright 1887, by Harper & Brothers

HE PASSED: and as immovable
As, with the last sigh given,
Lay his own clay, oblivious,
From that great spirit riven,
So the world stricken and wondering
Stands at the tidings dread;

Mutely pondering the ultimate
Hour of that fateful being,
And in the vast futurity
No peer of his foreseeing
Among the countless myriads
Her blood-stained dust that tread.

Him on his throne and glorious
Silent saw I, that never —
When with awful vicissitude
He sank, rose, fell forever —
Mixed my voice with the numberless
Voices that pealed on high;
Guiltless of servile flattery
And of the scorn of coward,
Come I when darkness suddenly
On so great light hath lowered,
And offer a song at his sepulchre
That haply shall not die.

From the Alps unto the Pyramids,
From Rhine to Manzanares,
Unfailingly the thunderstroke
His lightning purpose carries;
Bursts from Scylla to Tanais,—
From one to the other sea.
Was it true glory?—Posterity,
Thine be the hard decision;
Bow we before the mightiest,
Who willed in him the vision
Of his creative majesty
Most grandly traced should be.

The eager and tempestuous
Joy of the great plan's hour,
The throe of the heart that controllessly
Burns with a dream of power,
And wins it, and seizes victory
It had seemed folly to hope,
All he hath known: the infinite
Rapture after the danger,
The flight, the throne of sovereignty,
The salt bread of the stranger;
Twice 'neath the feet of the worshipers,
Twice 'neath the altar's cope.

He spoke his name; two centuries,
Armèd and threatening either,
Turned unto him submissively,
As waiting fate together;
He made a silence, and arbiter
He sat between the two.
He vanished; his days in the idleness
Of his island prison spending,
Mark of immense malignity,
And of a pity unending,
Of hatred inappeasable,
Of deathless love and true.

As on the head of the mariner,
Its weight some billow heaping,
Falls, even while the castaway,
With strainèd sight far sweeping,
Scanneth the empty distances
For some dim sail in vain:
So over his soul the memories
Billowed and gathered ever;
How oft to tell posterity
Himself he did endeavor,
And on the pages helplessly
Fell his weary hand again.

How many times, when listlessly
In the long dull day's declining —
Downcast those glances fulminant,
His arms on his breast entwining —
He stood assailed by the memories
Of days that were passed away;
He thought of the camps, the arduous
Assaults, the shock of forces,
The lightning-flash of the infantry,
The billowy rush of horses,
The thrill in his supremacy,
The eagerness to obey.

Ah, haply in so great agony
His panting soul had ended
Despairing, but that potently
A hand, from heaven extended,
Into a clearer atmosphere
In mercy lifted him.

And led him on by blossoming
Pathways of hope ascending
To deathless fields, to happiness
All earthly dreams transcending,
Where in the glory celestial
Earth's fame is dumb and dim.

Beautiful, deathless, beneficent
Faith! used to triumphs, even
This also write exultantly:
No loftier pride 'neath Heaven
Unto the shame of Calvary
Stooped ever yet its crest.
Thou from his weary mortality
Disperse all bitter passions:
The God that humbleth and hearteneth,
That comforts and that chastens,
Upon the pillow else desolate
To his pale lips lay pressed!

Translation of William D. Howells.

MARGUERITE D'ANGOULÊME

(1492–1549)

MARGUERITE D'ANGOULÊME, or as she is often styled, Marguerite de Navarre, or Marguerite de Valois, is chiefly known as a writer by the collection of stories entitled the 'Heptameron,' (in imitation of the 'Decameron' of Boccaccio,) her only prose work. But a considerable number of poetic writings of hers remain: "moralities," pastorals, sad "comedies" and serious "farces," — in Polonius's phrase, "scenes individable and poems unlimited," with epistles in verse, and many dixains, chansons, and rondeaux. There are also two volumes of her Letters.

MARGARET OF NAVARRE

In all this literary production, there is but little that can now or could ever win much applause; but it wins the better meed of sympathy. Marguerite was no artist; she had no sense of form, she had no high aims in literature, she wrote with extraordinary carelessness and prolixity. It is only at moments that her style has grace and color, and still more rarely that it has force. But the feeling that moves her to write is always sincere. Her thoughts always spring from her own intelligence: and therefore while her writings have no touch of egotism, they reveal to a remarkable extent her inner life; and it is a life of peculiar interest. Her reader *listens* rather than reads as he turns her pages, and what he hears comes not merely from the printed word.

She made constant use of the dramatic form,— of dialogue,— and evidently from the same motive that Montaigne ascribes to Plato: "to utter with more decorum, through diverse mouths, the diversity and variations of her own thoughts." There is great interest in discovering "her own thoughts" amid these diverse expressions, and this can only be done by becoming familiar with her life. The events in which she was concerned throw an important and touching light on her writings,— the only light by which they can be read intelligently. In this light her famous book 'Heptameron' completely changes its

character, and instead of being a collection of somewhat coarse and somewhat tedious stories set in a mere frame of dialogues, it becomes a series of interesting and suggestive conversations circling about historic tales.

A sketch of her life is therefore the proper introduction to her writings.

She must be distinguished from her great-niece, the daughter of Henri Deux, with whom she is sometimes confused,—another Marguerite de Valois, and a later Queen of Navarre,—who also was a writer of some importance. The first Marguerite was the sister of Francis the First. In this fact lies the key to the intimacies of her nature. All the affections the human heart is capable of centred for her in Francis. He was not only her brother and her friend, but he was respected by her like a father, and cared for by her like a son; he was (with a weight of meaning difficult of conception by modern minds) supremely her King; he was at moments almost her God. He repaid this fervor of devotion with a brotherly regard that satisfied her; but her content was a proof of her generosity.

Their youth was passed together in the pleasant Château d'Amboise; and their careful education—the education of the Renaissance—happily fostered in them inherited tastes for literature and art.

Marguerite was married at seventeen (in 1509) to the Duke d'Alençon, the first prince of the blood; and when, six years later, Francis became king, she was in a position and of an age to be conspicuous at court, where her intellectual vivacity and social grace made her eminent. Free and gay in speech, eager and joyous in spirit, she amused herself with the brilliant life and with her would-be lovers; and at other hours occupied herself with her books,—books often of divinity,—studies that were molding her character. "Elle s'adonna fort aux lettres en son jeune aage," says one who knew her; and her interest also in the men who wrote the books of her day was great even then. From the first, she discerned and divined and recognized the most remarkable of the men who surrounded her.

But the startling contrasts that marked the career of King Francis all found their reverberating echo in the heart of Margaret, and made her something very different from a merely intellectual woman. In 1520 came the Field of the Cloth of Gold; in 1525 the battle of Pavia and Francis's imprisonment and illness at Madrid. Again, 1520 brought the appearance of Luther, and the next year the beginning of persecutions in France; but it was not till the King had gone to Italy that heretics were burned at the stake. That this comparative leniency was greatly due to Margaret's personal influence with the King is as unquestionable as that it is an error to consider her as

herself belonging to the party of the Reformers. Her generous nature could protect the Protestants all her life long, and sympathize with them so keenly as to cause her personal anguish, without sharing their beliefs. This exceptional largeness and liberality has caused Margaret's relation to the Reformation to be constantly and greatly misunderstood. Her personal character — her own nature — was less akin to the spirit of the Reformation than to that of the Renaissance.

The year 1524 was marked by domestic sorrows. Queen Claude died, truly lamented by her husband and his mother and sister; and two months later one of her little motherless girls died in Margaret's arms. It was probably the first time she had seen death: she had been summoned to the Queen's death-bed, and had hurriedly traveled thither, but had arrived too late. The death of little eight-year old Madame Charlotte after weeks of weary illness, spent by her aunt in tender watching, made a profound impression upon Margaret, and was the occasion of a poetical composition — the earliest in date of her extant writings — a dialogue «en forme de vision nocturne» between herself and «l'âme saincte de defuncte Madame Charlotte de France» concerning the happiness of the blessed dead.

In her somewhat mystical mind death was always a subject of meditation; and it is told of her that she once sat long by the bedside of one of her waiting-women whom she loved, who was near death; and she gazed upon her fixedly till the last breath was drawn. And when asked why she had thus eagerly watched, it appeared that she had longed to catch some sight, some sound, of the departing soul; «and she added,» says the contemporary account, «that if her faith were not very firm, she should not know what to think of this separation of the soul from the body; but that she would believe what God and his Church commanded without indulging in vain curiosity. And indeed she was a woman as devout as could be found, and who often spoke of God and truly feared him.»

Within three months of the death of the Queen and Madame Charlotte, the King was a prisoner. Margaret's religious faith, put to the utmost test, supported her through days of measureless misery, of which there are very touching outbreaks and outpourings among her poems. Again two months, and her husband, the Duke d'Alençon, died. Many years later she wrote a touching and affectionate narrative in verse of the scenes she then witnessed.

The agony of her suffering at the King's defeat and imprisonment was in some measure lightened by being sent officially to him at Madrid, and empowered to enter into negotiations with Charles the Fifth for his release. Again we find the reflection of these events in her verses. Her position attracted wide interest, and a letter written to her by Erasmus expresses the general feeling:—

«I have been encouraged,» he says (in effect), «to address some condolences to you in the midst of the tempest of misfortune which now assails you. . . . Long have I admired the many excellent gifts that God has endowed you with. He has given you prudence, chastity, modesty, piety, invincible strength of mind, and a marvelous contempt for temporal things. . . . Therefore I am inspired with the desire to congratulate you rather than offer you consolation. Your misfortune is great, I acknowledge; but no event is terrible enough to overthrow a courage founded upon the rock of belief in Jesus Christ.»

This letter, written in Latin, did not need to be translated to Margaret. And not only did she read Latin easily, but she was familiar with the Greek dramatists and with Plato in the original.

Another period of Margaret's life opened in 1527, when her second marriage took place, with Henri d'Albret, the young King of Navarre (the nominal King), eleven years younger than herself. It was a marriage of passionate affection on her side, inspired in part, one may be sure, by the misfortunes of this valiant youth, who, taken captive with her brother, had been a prisoner like him for many months, and who had then presented himself at the French court, poor and friendless, but famed for his kindness and justice to his Béarnais subjects. He cannot but have been easily moved to ardent admiration for the sweet, attractive widow of thirty-five, whose recent remarkable sojourn at Madrid had made her famous; still more, she was the sister of the King of France, his liege lord, and recognized as the King's constant counselor. No question his wooing was vigorous. How strong Margaret's wishes must have been is shown by her withstanding the opposition of her brother for the only time in her life.

From the moment of this union date the unspeakable sorrows of Margaret's heart. The position she henceforth occupied as the queen of an outcast and mendicant king, and also as the wife of a soon alienated husband, was one burdened with tragic perplexities public and private. It involved among other bitter trials that of an enforced separation from her only child, Jeanne d'Albret.

The court Marguerite created at Pau and at Nérac, in the impoverished princedom of Béarn, was the meeting-ground of scholars and of poets, of charming women and light-hearted men. Even more, it was the refuge of men persecuted. She possessed the supreme womanly power that when herself in pain, she could comfort; when weak, she could protect; when poor, she could enrich. Her benevolence was one with beneficence. She was the great Consoler of her fellow countrymen,—and not of them alone. Her heart-beats sent vital force to all the numberless unknown suppliants whose eyes were turned toward her, as well as to her oppressed friends who safely put their trust in her.

This exceptional womanliness is to be felt in her writings; and of them as of her life it may be said:—

> «If her heart at high flood swamped her brain now and then
> 'Twas but richer for that when the tide ebbed agen.»

She died in 1549, killed by her brother's death two years before. It was in those last years that Rabelais addressed her as—

> «Abstracted spirit, rapt in ecstasies,
> Seeking thy birthplace, the familiar skies;»

but in the same breath he solicited her to listen to «the joyous deeds of good Pantagruel.» Nothing could more vividly note than this the various qualities that met in Margaret,—of sad mysticism and gay humor, of constant withdrawal from the world's vanities and unfailing interest in the world's intellectual achievements.

She has never been so well known, so intelligently understood, so carefully judged, and never so highly honored, as in our own generation. The French scholars of to-day have assigned to her her true place in history, and it is a noble one. But in her lifetime she was loved even more than she was honored: and still and always she will be loved by those who shall know her.

A FRAGMENT

Grief has given me such a wound
By an unbearable sorrow,
That almost my body dies
From the pain it feels in secret.
My spirit is in torment,
But it leans
On Him who gives the pain;
Who, causing the pain, comforts it.
My heart, which lived on love alone,
Is by sorrow wasted.
It resisted not since the fatal day
That it felt the stroke of death;
For of its life
From it was ravished,
The more than half
Joined to it in perfect friendship. . . .
Lord, who knowest me,
I have no voice to cry to Thee,

Nor can find words
Worthy to pray Thee with.
Thyself, O Lord,
May it please Thee Thyself to say
To Thyself what I would say.
Speak Thou, pray Thou,
And answer Thou for me.

DIXAINS

Or near, so near that in one bed our bodies lie,
And our wills become as one,
And our two hearts, if may be, touch,
And all is common to us both;
Or far, so far that importuning Love
May never tidings of you tell to me,
Who see you not, nor hear your voice, nor write,
So that for you my heart may cease to ache;
Thus it is that my desire is toward you,
For between these two, save dead, I cannot be.

[Ou près, si près que en un lict nos corps couchent,
Et nos vouloirs soyent uniz en un,
Et nos deux cœurs, si possible est, se touchent,
Et nostre tout soit à nous deux commun;
Ou loing, si loing que amour tant importun
De vos nouvelles à moy ne puisse dire,
Povre de veoir, de parler, et d'escrire,
Tant que de vous soit mon cœur insensible;
Voilà comment vivre avecq vous desire,
Car entre deux, sans mort, m'est impossible.]

II

Not near, so near that you could lie
Within my bed, shall ever be,
Or by love my heart or body touch,
Nor weight my honor by a whit.
If far, very far you go, I promise you
To hinder nowise your long wandering;
For neither near nor far have I the heart to love
Save with that love we all are fain to feel.

To be so near or far is no desire of a sage:
Please you, be loved between the two.

[Ne près, si près que vous puissiez coucher
Dedans mon lict, il n'adviendra jamais,
Ou par amour mon corps ou cœur toucher,
Ny adjouster à mon honneur un mais.
Si loing, bien loing allez, je vous prometz
De n'empescher en rien vostre voyaige,
Car près ne loing d'aymer je n'ay couraige
Fors d'un amour dont chascun aymer veulx.
Soit près ou loing n'est desir d'homme saige:
Contentez vous d'estre aymé entre deux.]

FROM THE 'HEPTAMERON'

I

A LITTLE company of five ladies and five noble gentlemen have been interrupted in their travels by heavy rains and great floods, and find themselves together in a hospitable abbey. They while away the time as best they can, and the second day Parlemente says to the old Lady Oisille, "Madame, I wonder that you who have so much experience . . . do not think of some pastime to sweeten the gloom that our long delay here causes us." The other ladies echo her wishes, and all the gentlemen agree with them, and beg the Lady Oisille to be pleased to direct how they shall amuse themselves. She answers them:—

"MY CHILDREN, you ask of me something that I find very difficult,—to teach you a pastime that can deliver you from your sadness; for having sought some such remedy all my life I have never found but one—the reading of Holy Writ; in which is found the true and perfect joy of the mind, from which proceed the comfort and health of the body. And if you ask me what keeps me so joyous and so healthy in my old age, it is that as soon as I rise I take and read the Holy Scriptures, seeing and contemplating the will of God, who for our sakes sent his Son on earth to announce this holy word and good news, by which he promises remission of sins, satisfaction for all duties by the gift he makes us of his love, Passion and merits. This consideration gives me so much joy that I take my Psalter and as humbly as

I can I sing with my heart and pronounce with my tongue the beautiful psalms and canticles that the Holy Spirit wrote in the heart of David and of other authors. And this contentment that I have in them does me so much good that the ills that every day may happen to me seem to me to be blessings, seeing that I have in my heart, by faith, Him who has borne them for me. Likewise, before supper, I retire, to pasture my soul in reading; and then, in the evening, I call to mind what I have done in the past day, in order to ask pardon for my faults, and to thank Him for his kindnesses, and in His love, fear and peace I repose, assured against all ills. Wherefore, my children, this is the pastime in which I have long stayed my steps, after having searched all things, where I found no content for my spirit. It seems to me that if every morning you will give an hour to reading, and then, during mass, devoutly say your prayers, you will find in this desert the same beauty as in cities; for he who knows God, sees all beautiful things in him, and without him all is ugliness."

Her nine companions are not quite of this pious mind, and pray her to remember that when they are at home the men have hunting and hawking, and the ladies have their household affairs and needlework, and sometimes dancing; and that they need something to take the place of all these things. At last it is decided that in the morning the Lady Oisille should read to them of the life led by Our Lord Jesus Christ; and in the afternoon, from after dinner to vespers, they should tell tales like those of Boccaccio.

II

One of the tales opens thus:—

"In the city of Saragossa there was a rich merchant who, seeing his death draw nigh, and that he could no longer retain his possessions, which perhaps he had acquired with bad faith, thought that by making some little present to God he might satisfy in part for his sins, after his death,—as if God gave his grace for money."

So he ordered his wife to sell a fine Spanish horse he had, as soon as he was gone, and give its price to the poor. But when the burial was over, the wife, "who was as little of a simpleton as Spanish women are wont to be," told her man-servant to sell the horse indeed, but to sell him for a ducat, while the purchaser must at

the same time buy her cat, and for the cat must be paid ninety-nine ducats. So said, so done; and the Mendicant Friars received one ducat, and she and her children ninety-and-nine.

« In your opinion, » asks Namerfide in conclusion, « was not this woman much wiser than her husband? and should she have cared as much for his conscience as for the good of her household? »—« I think, » said Parlamente, « that she loved her husband well, but seeing that most men are not of sound mind on their death-beds, she, who knew his intention, chose to interpret it for the profit of his children, which I think very wise. »—« But, » said Gebaron, « don't you think it a great fault to fail to carry out the wills of dead friends? »—« Indeed I do, » said Parlamente, provided the testator is of good sense and of sound mind. »—« Do you call it not being of sound mind to give our goods to the Church and the Mendicant Friars? »—« I don't call it wanting in sound-mindedness, » said Parlamente, « when a man distributes among the poor what God has put in his power; but to give alms with what belongs to others I do not consider high wisdom, for you will see constantly the greatest usurers there are, build the most beautiful and sumptuous chapels that can be seen, wishing to appease God for a hundred thousand ducats' worth of robbery by ten thousand ducats' worth of buildings, as if God did not know how to count. »

« Truly I have often marveled at this, » said Oisille; « how do they think to appease God by the things that he himself, when on earth, reprobated, such as great buildings, gildings, decorations, and paintings? But, if they rightly understood what God has said in one passage, that for all sacrifice he asks of us a contrite and humble heart, and in another St. Paul says we are the temple of God in which he desires to dwell, they would have taken pains to adorn their consciences while they were alive; not waiting for the hour when a man can no longer do either well or ill, and even what is worse, burdening those who survive them with giving their alms to those they would not have deigned to look at while they were alive. But He who knows the heart cannot be deceived, and will judge them, not only according to their works, but according to the faith and charity they have had in Him. » « Why is it then, » said Gebaron, « that these Gray Friars and Mendicant Friars sing no other song to us on our death-beds save that we should give much wealth to their monasteries,

assuring us that that will carry us to Paradise, willy-nilly?" "Ah! Gebaron," said Hircan, "have you forgotten the wickedness that you yourself have related to us of the Gray Friars, that you ask how it is possible for such people to lie? I declare to you that I do not think that there can be in the world greater lies than theirs. And yet those men cannot be blamed who speak for the good of the whole community, but there are those who forget their vow of poverty to satisfy their avarice." "It seems to me, Hircan," said Nomerfide, "that you know something about such a one; I pray you, if it be worthy of this company, that you will be pleased to tell it to us." "I am willing," said Hircan, "although I dislike to speak of this sort of people, for it seems to me that they are of the same kind as those of whom Virgil said to Dante, 'Pass on, and heed them not' ('Passe oultre et n'en tiens compte')."

III

THE following conversation contains the comments on a tale told of the virtuous young wife of an unfaithful husband, who by dint of patience and discretion regained his affection; so that "they lived together in such great friendship that even his just faults by the good they had brought about increased their contentment."

"I BEG you, ladies," continues the narrator, "if God give you such husbands, not to despair till you have long tried every means to reclaim them; for there are twenty-four hours in a day in which a man may change his way of thinking, and a woman should deem herself happier to have won her husband by patience and long effort than if fortune and her parents had given her a more perfect one." "Yes," said Oisille, "this is an example for all married women."—"Let her follow this example who will," said Parlamente: "but as for me, it would not be possible for me to have such long patience; for, however true it may be that in all estates patience is a fine virtue, it's my opinion that in marriage it brings about at last unfriendliness; because, suffering unkindness from a fellow being, one is forced to separate from him as far as possible, and from this separation arises a contempt for the fault of the disloyal one, and in this contempt little by little love diminishes; for it is what is valued that is loved."—"But there is danger," said Ennarsuite, "that the impatient wife may find a furious husband, who would give her pain in lieu of

patience."—"But what could a husband do," said Parlamente, "save what has been recounted in this story?" "What could he do?" said Ennarsuite: "he could beat his wife." . . .

"I think," said Parlamente, "that a good woman would not be so grieved in being beaten out of anger, as in being contemptuously treated by a man who does not care for her, and after having endured the suffering of the loss of his friendship, nothing the husband might do would cause her much concern. And besides, the story says that the trouble she took to draw him back to her was because of her love for her children, and I believe it."—"And do you think it was so very patient of her," said Nomerfide, "to set fire to the bed in which her husband was sleeping?"—"Yes," said Longarine, "for when she saw the smoke she awoke him; and that was just the thing where she was most in fault, for of such husbands as those the ashes are good to make lye for the washtub."—"You are cruel, Longarine," said Oisille, "and you did not live in such fashion with your husband."—No," said Longarine, "for, God be thanked, he never gave me such occasion, but reason to regret him all my life, instead of to complain of him."—"And if he had treated you in this way," said Nomerfide, "what would you have done?"—"I loved him so much," said Longarine, "that I think I should have killed him and then killed myself; for to die after such vengeance would be pleasanter to me than to live faithfully with a faithless husband."

"As far as I see," said Hircan, "you love your husbands only for yourselves. If they are good after your own heart, you love them well; if they commit towards you the least fault in the world, they have lost their week's work by a Saturday. The long and the short is that you want to be mistresses; for my part I am of your mind, provided all the husbands also agree to it."—"It is reasonable," said Parlamente, "that the man rule us as our head, but not that he desert us or ill-treat us."—"God," said Oisille, "has set in such due order the man and the woman that if the marriage estate is not abused, I hold it to be one of the most beautiful and stable conditions in the world; and I am sure that all those here present, whatever air they assume, think no less highly of it. And forasmuch as men say they are wiser than women, they should be more sharply punished when the fault is on their side. But we have talked enough on this subject."

IV

"It seems to me, since the passage from one life to another is inevitable, that the shortest death is the best. I consider fortunate those who do not dwell in the suburbs of death, and who from that felicity which alone in this world can be called felicity pass suddenly to that which is eternal."—"What do you call the suburbs of death?" said Simortault.—"I mean that those who have many tribulations, and those also who have long been sick, those who by extremity of bodily or mental pain, have come to hold death in contempt and to find its hour too tardy,—all these have wandered in the suburbs of death, and will tell you the hostelries where they have more wept than slept."

V

"Do you count as nothing the shame she underwent, and her imprisonment?"

"I think that one who loves perfectly, with a love in harmony with the commands of God, knows neither shame nor dishonor save when the perfection of her love fails or is diminished; for the glory of true loves knows not shame: and as to the imprisonment of her body, I believe that through the freedom of her heart which was united with God and with her husband, she did not feel it, but considered its solitude very great liberty; for to one who cannot see the beloved, there is no greater good than to think incessantly of him, and the prison is never narrow where the thought can range at will."

VI

"In good faith I am astonished at the diversity in the nature of women's love: and I see clearly that those who have most love have most virtue; but those who have less love, dissimulate, wishing to feign virtue."

"It is true," said Parlamente, "that a heart pure towards God and man, loves more strongly than one that is vicious, and it fears not to have its very thoughts known."

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

(1564–1593)

Two months before the birth of William Shakespeare, on February 26th, 1564, John Marlowe, shoemaker in the ancient town of Canterbury, carried a baby boy, his first son, to be baptized in the Church of St. George the Martyr. John Marlowe was a "clarke of Saint Marie's church," and member of the Shoemakers' and Tanners' Guild. He may have been a man of sufficient means to give his son a liberal education; or some rich gentleman, Sir John Manwood perhaps, may have interested himself in the gifted lad. At any rate Christopher went to the King's School, Canterbury, where fifty pupils were taught gratuitously and allowed £4 a year each; and there he was a diligent scholar, for it is recorded that in 1579 he received an allowance of £1 for each of the first three terms. From school he was sent to Benet — now Corpus Christi — College, Cambridge; where he obtained the degree of B. A. in 1583, and that of M. A. in 1587. His translations of Ovid's elegies were probably begun, if not completed, during his years at the university. There are slight indications in his poems that he may have been a soldier for a time, and served during the Netherlands campaign. Probably, however, he went at once to London from Cambridge,—"a boy in years, a man in genius, a god in ambition," as Swinburne says,—and began his struggle for fame and fortune. Like many another young poet, he may have gone on the stage; but it is said that he was soon after incapacitated for acting, by an accident which lamed him. He attached himself as playwright to a prominent dramatic company,—that of the Earl of Nottingham, the Lord Admiral.

He was a dashing fellow, witty and daring, "the darling of the town," and with a gift for making friends. He was a protégé of Thomas Walsingham, and gallant Sir Walter Raleigh found him a congenial spirit. He knew Kyd, Nash, Greene, Chapman, and very likely Shakespeare too. Of all the brilliant group that glorify Elizabethan literature, there is no more striking or typical figure than Marlowe's own. He was the very embodiment of the Renascence spirit, with energies all vitalized and athirst for both spiritual and sensual satisfactions. His gay-hearted, passionate, undisciplined nature was too exorbitant in demand to find content. To his pagan soul beauty and pleasure were ultimate aims, orthodox faith and observances impossible. So for a few mad years he dreamed and wrote,

loved and feasted, starved sometimes, perhaps; and then at twenty-nine, when he had tried all possible experiences, his wild, brilliant young life suddenly ended. His irreligious scoffing, doubtless exaggerated from mouth to mouth, led finally to a warrant for his arrest. Evading this, he had gone to the small town of Deptford, and there, June 1593, while at the tavern, he became engaged in a drunken scuffle in which he was fatally stabbed.

Marlowe's first play, 'Tamburlaine,' must have been written before he was twenty-four. Like many of his contemporaries, he always borrowed his plots; and this one he took from 'Foreste,' a translation from the Spanish made by Thomas Fortescue. His treatment of it was a conscious effort to revolutionize dramatic poetry; for "jiggling veins of rhyming mother wits" to substitute "high astounding terms"; and it is his great distinction that with 'Tamburlaine' he established blank verse in the English drama. From the appearance of 'Gorboduc' in 1562 there had been blank or rimeless verse; but the customary form of dramatic expression was in tediously monotonous heroic couplets, whether they suited the subject or not. Marlowe was the first of the English dramatists to understand that thought and expression should be in harmony. His original spirit refused dictation; and he developed a rich sonorous line, the beauty of which was recognized at once. His musical ear and poetic instinct guided him to hitherto forbidden licenses,—variety in the management of the cæsura, feminine rhymes, run-on lines, the introduction of other than iambic measures; and thus he secured an elasticity of metre which permanently enriched English poetry. His creative daring stifled a cold and formal classicism, inaugurated our romantic drama, and served as guiding indication to Shakespeare himself. But although certain verses of 'Tamburlaine' cling to the reader's memory as perfect in poetic feeling and harmony, the greater part of it is mere "bombast" to modern taste. Even in Marlowe's day his exaggerations excited ridicule, and quotations from his dramas became town catchwords. But the spontaneous passion of his impossible conceptions gave them a force which impressed the public. 'Tamburlaine' was immensely popular, and the sequel or Part Second was enthusiastically received. Many critics since Ben Jonson have discussed "Marlowe's mighty line" and honored its influence; and his fellow writers were quick to follow his example.

The Faust legend, traceable back to the sixth century, finally drifted over to England, where in ballad form, founded upon the 'Volksbuch' by Spiess, it appeared in 1587, and probably soon caught Marlowe's attention. His play of 'Dr. Faustus' was given in 1588, and was very highly praised. It is said that Goethe, who thought of translating it, exclaimed admiringly, "How greatly it is all planned!"

Compared with the harmonic unity of form and matter in Goethe's 'Faust,' Marlowe's work seems childish in construction, uneven and faulty in expression. But there are certain passages—for example, the thrilling passion of the invocation to Helen, and the final despair of Faustus—of positive poetic splendor.

In the 'Jew of Malta' there are fine passages which show Marlowe's increasing mastery of his line. But in spite of its descriptive color and force, and keen touches of characterization, it was less successful than 'Tamburlaine,' and is perhaps most noteworthy now for the obvious parallelism of certain scenes with those of the later 'Merchant of Venice.'

'Edward II.,' founded upon Robert Fabyan's 'Chronicle' or 'Concordance of Histories,' is structurally the best of Marlowe's plays, and contains finely pathetic verse which bears comparison with that of Shakespeare's historical dramas. The poet as he grows older seems to take a broader, more sympathetic view of life; and therefore he begins to understand feelings more normal than the infinite ambitions of Faustus and Tamburlaine, and becomes more skillful in the portrayal of character. There is little of his earlier exaggeration.

The two shorter dramas—'The Massacre of Paris,' and 'Dido, Queen of Carthage'—were written in collaboration with other playwrights.

No one can read Marlowe carefully without feeling that the social influences of his time made him a dramatist, and that he was by nature a lyric poet. He was intensely subjective, and incapable of taking an impersonal and comprehensive point of view. He always expresses his own aspiration for fame, or joy, or satisfaction, transcending anything earth can offer. «That like I best that flies beyond my reach.» This preoccupation with imaginative ideals made it impossible for him to understand every-day human nature. Hence no touch of humor vitalizes his work; and hence his efforts to depict women are always vague and unsatisfactory. He is at his best when expressing his own passions,—his adoration of light and color, of gold and sparkling gems, of milk-white beauties with rippling brilliant hair. Like the other men of his time, he loved nature: delighted in tinkling waters, wide skies, gay velvety blossoms. He is a thorough sensualist; frankly, ardently so in 'Hero and Leander,'—that beautiful love poem, a paraphrase of Musach's poem, of which he wrote the first two sestiads, and which after his death was finished by Chapman. Every one knows the lines, written in much the same spirit, of 'The Passionate Shepherd to his Love'; «that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe,» as Izaak Walton says. It had many imitations, and a charming response from the pen of Sir Walter Raleigh.

It has been suggested that Shakespeare in his early days may have looked enviously at the successful young Marlowe. This erring idealist aimed high, and left a lasting imprint upon English literature. He reached fame very quickly; made more friends than enemies; and his early death called out many tributes of love and admiration. Michael Drayton wrote of him:—

> "Next Marlowe, bathèd in the Thespian Springs,
> Had in him those brave translunary things
> That the first poets had: his raptures were
> All air and fire, which made his verses clear;
> For that fine madness still he did retain,
> Which rightly should possess a poet's brain."

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, and hills, and fields,
Woods or steepy mountains yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair linèd slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

FROM 'TAMBURLAINE'

Alarms of battle within. Enter Cosroe, *wounded, and* Tamburlaine

COSROE — Barbarous and bloody Tamburlaine,
Thus to deprive me of my crown and life!
Treacherous and false Theridamas,
Even at the morning of my happy state,
Scarce being seated in my royal throne,
To work my downfall and untimely end!
An uncouth pain torments my grievèd soul,
And death arrests the organ of my voice,
Who, entering at the breach thy sword hath made,
Sacks every vein and artier of my heart. —
Bloody and insatiate Tamburlaine!

Tamburlaine —
The thirst of reign and sweetness of a crown
That caused the eldest son of heavenly Ops
To thrust his doting father from his chair,
And place himself in the empyreal heaven,
Moved me to manage arms against thy state.
What better precedent than mighty Jove?
Nature that framed us of four elements,
Warring within our breasts for regiment,
Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds.
Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous architecture of the world,
And measure every wandering planet's course,
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
And always moving as the restless spheres,
Will us to wear ourselves, and never rest,
Until we reach the ripest fruit of all,—
That perfect bliss and sole delicity,
The sweet fruition of an earthly crown.

FROM 'TAMBURLAINE'

AH, FAIR Zenocrate! — divine Zenocrate! —
Fair is too foul an epithet for thee,
That in thy passion for thy country's love,
And fear to see thy kingly father's harm,
With hair disheveled wip'st thy watery cheeks;
And like to Flora in her morning pride,
Shaking her silver tresses in the air,

Rain'st on the earth resolvèd pearl in showers,
And sprinklest sapphires on thy shining face,
Where Beauty, mother to the Muses, sits
And comments volumes with her ivory pen,
Taking instructions from thy flowing eyes;
Eyes that, when Ebena steps to heaven,
In silence of thy solemn evening's walk,
Make, in the mantle of the richest night,
The moon, the planets, and the meteors, light.
There angels in their crystal armors fight
A doubtful battle with my tempted thoughts,
For Egypt's freedom and the Soldan's life;
His life that so consumes Zenocrate,
Whose sorrows lay more siege unto my soul,
Than all my army to Damascus's walls:
And neither Persia's sovereign, nor the Turk,
Troubled my senses with conceit of foil
So much by much as doth Zenocrate.
What is beauty, saith my sufferings, then?
If all the pens that ever poets held
Had fed the feeling of their masters' thoughts,
And every sweetness that inspired their hearts,
Their minds, and muses on admirèd themes;
If all the heavenly quintessence they still
From their immortal flowers of poesy,
Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive
The highest reaches of a human wit;
If these had made one poem's period,
And all combined in beauty's worthiness,
Yet should there hover in their restless heads
One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the least,
Which into words no virtue can digest.
But how unseemly is it for my sex,
My discipline of arms and chivalry,
My nature, and the terror of my name,
To harbor thoughts effeminate and faint!
Save only that in beauty's just applause,
With whose instinct the soul of man is touched;
And every warrior that is wrapt with love
Of fame, of valor, and of victory,
Must needs have beauty beat on his conceits:
I thus conceiving and subduing both
That which hath stooped the chiefest of the gods,
Even from the fiery-spangled veil of heaven,

To feel the lowly warmth of shepherds' flames,
And mask in cottages of strowèd reeds,
Shall give the world to note for all my birth,
That virtue solely is the sum of glory,
And fashions men with true nobility.

FROM 'TAMBURLAINE'

TAMBURLAINE — But now, my boys, leave off and list to me,
That mean to teach you rudiments of war:
I'll have you learn to sleep upon the ground,
March in your armor thorough watery fens,
Sustain the scorching heat and freezing cold,
Hunger and thirst, right adjuncts of the war,
And after this to scale a castle wall,
Besiege a fort, to undermine a town,
And make whole cities caper in the air.
Then next the way to fortify your men:
In champion grounds, what figure serves you best,
For which the quinque-angle form is meet,
Because the corners there may fall more flat
Whereas the fort may fittest be assailed,
And sharpest where the assault is desperate.
The ditches must be deep; the counterscarps
Narrow and steep; the walls made high and broad;
The bulwarks and the rampires large and strong,
With cavalieros and thick counterforts,
And room within to lodge six thousand men.
It must have privy ditches, countermines,
And secret issuings to defend the ditch;
It must have high argins and covered ways,
To keep the bulwark fronts from battery,
And parapets to hide the musketers;
Casemates to place the great artillery;
And store of ordnance, that from every flank
May scour the outward curtains of the fort,
Dismount the cannon of the adverse part,
Murder the foe, and save the walls from breach.
When this is learned for service on the land,
By plain and easy demonstration
I'll teach you how to make the water mount,
That you may dry-foot march through lakes and pools,

Deep rivers, havens, creeks, and little seas,
And make a fortress in the raging waves,
Fencèd with the concave of monstrous rock,
Invincible by nature of the place.
When this is done then are ye soldiers,
And worthy sons of Tamburlaine the Great.

Calyphas— My lord, but this is dangerous to be done:
We may be slain or wounded ere we learn.

Tamburlaine—

Villain! Art thou the son of Tamburlaine,
And fear'st to die, or with a curtle-axe
To hew thy flesh, and make a gaping wound?
Hast thou beheld a peal of ordnance strike
A ring of pikes, mingled with shot and horse,
Whose shattered limbs, being tossed as high as Heaven,
Hang in the air as thick as sunny motes,
And canst thou, coward, stand in fear of death?
Hast thou not seen my horsemen charge the foe,
Shot through the arms, cut overthwart the hands,
Dyeing their lances with their streaming blood,
And yet at night carouse within my tent,
Filling their empty veins with airy wine,
That, being concocted, turns to crimson blood,—
And wilt thou shun the field for fear of wounds?
View me, thy father, that hath conquered kings,
And with his horse marched round about the earth
Quite void of scars and clear from any wound,
That by the wars lost not a drop of blood,—
And see him lance his flesh to teach you all.

[*He cuts his arm.*

A wound is nothing, be it ne'er so deep;
Blood is the god of war's rich livery.
Now look I like a soldier, and this wound
As great a grace and majesty to me,
As if a chain of gold, enamelèd,
Enchased with diamonds, sapphires, rubies,
And fairest pearl of wealthy India,
Were mounted here under a canopy,
And I sate down clothed with a massy robe,
That late adorned the Afric potentate,
Whom I brought bound unto Damascus's walls.
Come, boys, and with your fingers search my wound,
And in my blood wash all your hands at once,

While I sit smiling to behold the sight.
Now, my boys, what think ye of a wound?

Calyphas— I know not what I should think of it; methinks it is a pitiful sight.

Celebinus— 'Tis nothing: give me a wound, father.

Amyras— And me another, my lord.

Tamburlaine—
Come, sirrah, give me your arm.

Celebinus— Here, father, cut it bravely, as you did your own.

Tamburlaine—
It shall suffice thou darest abide a wound:
My boy, thou shalt not lose a drop of blood
Before we meet the army of the Turk;
But then run desperate through the thickest throngs,
Dreadless of blows, of bloody wounds, and death;
And let the burning of Larissa-walls,
My speech of war, and this my wound you see,
Teach you, my boys, to bear courageous minds,
Fit for the followers of great Tamburlaine!

INVOCATION TO HELEN

From 'Doctor Faustus'

FAUSTUS—Was this the face that launched a thousand ships
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.
[*Kisses her.*
Her lips suck forth my soul; see where it flies!—
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for Heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy, shall Wertenberg be sacked;
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
And wear thy colors on my plumèd crest;
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appeared to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky

In wanton Arethusa's azured arms:
And none but thou shalt be my paramour.

Ah, Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damned perpetually!
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come;
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!
O lente, lente, currite noctis equi!
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The Devil will come, and Faustus must be damned.
Oh, I'll leap up to my God! Who pulls me down?
See, see, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!
One drop would save my soul!—half a drop; ah, my Christ!
Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!
Yet will I call on him: O spare me, Lucifer!—
Where is it now? 'tis gone; and see where God
Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his ireful brows!
Mountain and hills come, come and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!
No! No!
Then will I headlong run into the earth;
Earth gape! Oh, no, it will not harbor me!
You stars that reigned at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist
Into the entrails of yon laboring clouds,
That when they vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from their smoky mouths,
So that my soul may but ascend to heaven.

[*The clock strikes the half-hour.*]

Ah, half the hour is past! 'twill all be past anon!
O God!
If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
Yet for Christ's sake whose blood hath ransomed me,
Impose some end to my incessant pain;
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years—
A hundred thousand, and—at last—be saved!

Oh, no end is limited to damnèd souls!
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
Ah, Pythagoras's metempsychosis! were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be changed
Unto some brutish beast! all beasts are happy,
For, when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolved in elements;
But mine must live, still to be plagued in hell.
Curst be the parents that engendered me!
No, Faustus: curse thyself; curse Lucifer
That hath deprived thee of the joys of heaven.

[*The clock strikes twelve.*]

Oh, it strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.

[*Thunder and lightning.*]

O soul, be changed into little water-drops,
And fall into the ocean — ne'er be found.

Enter Devils

My God! my God! look not so fierce on me!
Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile!
Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!
I'll burn my books! — Ah, Mephistophilis!

[*Exeunt Devils with Faustus.*]

Enter Chorus

Chorus — Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burnèd is Apollo's laurel bough,
That sometime grew within this learnèd man.
Faustus is gone: regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise
Only to wonder at unlawful things,
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
To practice more than heavenly power permits. [*Exit.*

FROM 'EDWARD THE SECOND'

KING EDWARD—
Who's there? what light is that? wherefore com'st thou?
Lightborn—To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.
King Edward—
Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks.
Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.
Lightborn— To murder you, my most gracious lord!
Far is it from my heart to do you harm.
The Queen sent me to see how you were used,
For she relents at this your misery;
And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,
To see a king in this most piteous state?
King Edward—
Weep'st thou already? List awhile to me:
And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,
Or as Matrevis's, hewn from the Caucasus,
Yet will it melt, ere I have done my tale.
This dungeon where they keep me is the sink
Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.
Lightborn— O villains!
King Edward—
And there in mire and puddle have I stood
This ten days' space; and lest that I should sleep,
One plays continually upon a drum;
They give me bread and water, being a king:
So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,
My mind's distempered, and my body's numbed;
And whether I have limbs or no I know not.
Oh, would my blood dropped out from every vein,
As doth this water from my tattered robes.
Tell Isabel, the queen, I looked not thus
When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
And there unhorsed the Duke of Cleremont.
Lightborn— Oh, speak no more, my lord! This breaks my heart.
Lie on this bed, and rest yourself awhile.
King Edward—
These looks of thine can harbor naught but death:
I see my tragedy written in thy brows.
Yet stay: awhile forbear thy bloody hand,
And let me see the stroke before it comes;
That even then, when I shall lose my life,
My mind may be more steadfast on my God.

Lightborn — What means your Highness to mistrust me thus?
King Edward —
What mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus?
Lightborn — These hands were never stained with innocent blood,
Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.
King Edward —
Forgive my thought for having such a thought.
One jewel have I left; receive thou this. [*Giving jewel.*]
Still fear I, and I know not what's the cause,
But every joint shakes as I give it thee.
Oh, if thou harborest murder in thy heart,
Let this gift change thy mind, and save thy soul.
Know that I am a king — oh, at that name
I feel a hell of grief! Where is my crown?
Gone, gone! and do I still remain alive?
Lightborn — You're overwatched, my lord: lie down and rest.
King Edward —
But that grief keeps me waking, I should sleep;
For not these ten days have these eyelids closed.
Now as I speak they fall; and yet with fear
Open again. Oh, wherefore sitt'st thou here?
Lightborn — If you mistrust me, I'll begone, my lord.
King Edward —
No, no: for if thou mean'st to murder me,
Thou wilt return again; and therefore stay. [*Sleeps.*]
Lightborn — He sleeps.
King Edward [*waking*] —
Oh, let me not die yet! Oh, stay a while!
Lightborn — How now, my lord?
King Edward —
Something still buzzeth in mine ears,
And tells me if I sleep I never wake;
This fear is that which makes me tremble thus.
And therefore tell me, Wherefore art thou come?
Lightborn — To rid thee of thy life. — Matrevis, come!

Enter Matrevis *and* Gurney

King Edward —
I am too weak and feeble to resist:
Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul!
Lightborn — Run for the table.
King Edward —
Oh, spare me, or dispatch me in a trice.

[*Matrevis brings in a table.*]

Lightborn— So, lay the table down, and stamp on it,
But not too hard, lest that you bruise his body.

[*King Edward is murdered.*]

Matrevis— I fear me that this cry will raise the town,
And therefore, let us take horse and away.
Lightborn— Tell me, sirs, was it not bravely done?
Gurney— Excellent well: take this for thy reward.

[*Gurney stabs Lightborn, who dies.*]

Come, let us cast the body in the moat,
And bear the King's to Mortimer our lord!
Away! [*Exeunt with the bodies.*

FROM 'THE JEW OF MALTA'

BARABAS— So that of thus much that return was made;
And of the third part of the Persian ships,
There was the venture summed and satisfied.
As for those Sabans, and the men of Uz,
That bought my Spanish oils and wines of Greece,
Here have I purst their paltry silverlings.
Fie; what a trouble 'tis to count this trash!
Well fare the Arabians, who so richly pay
The things they traffic for with wedge of gold,
Whereof a man may easily in a day
Tell that which may maintain him all his life.
The needy groom that never fingered groat
Would make a miracle of thus much coin;
But he whose steel-barred coffers are crammed full,
And all his lifetime hath been tired,
Wearying his fingers' ends with telling it,
Would in his age be loth to labor so,
And for a pound to sweat himself to death.
Give me the merchants of the Indian mines,
That trade in metal of the purest mold;
The wealthy Moor, that in the eastern rocks
Without control can pick his riches up,
And in his house heap pearls like pebble-stones,
Receive them free, and sell them by the weight;
Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,
Jacinths, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds,

Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
And seld-seen costly stones of so great price,
As one of them indifferently rated,
And of a carat of this quantity,
May serve in peril of calamity
To ransom great kings from captivity.
This is the ware wherein consists my wealth;
And thus methinks should men of judgment frame
Their means of traffic from the vulgar trade,
And as their wealth increaseth, so inclose
Infinite riches in a little room. . . .

These are the blessings promised to the Jews,
And herein was old Abram's happiness:
What more may Heaven do for earthly man
Than thus to pour out plenty in their laps,
Ripping the bowels of the earth for them,
Making the seas their servants, and the winds
To drive their substance with successful blasts?
Who hateth me but for my happiness?
Or who is honored now but for his wealth?
Rather had I a Jew be hated thus,
Than pitied in a Christian poverty:
For I can see no fruits in all their faith,
But malice, falsehood, and excessive pride,
Which methinks fits not their profession.
Haply some hapless man hath conscience,
And for his conscience lives in beggary.
They say we are a scattered nation;
I cannot tell, but we have scambled up
More wealth by far than those that brag of faith.
There's Kirriah Jairim, the great Jew of Greece,
Obed in Bairseth, Nones in Portugal,
Myself in Malta, some in Italy,
Many in France, and wealthy every one;
Ay, wealthier far than any Christian.
I must confess we come not to be kings:
That's not our fault; alas, our number's few,
And crowns come either by succession,
Or urged by force; and nothing violent,
Oft have I heard tell, can be permanent.
Give us a peaceful rule; make Christians kings,
That thirst so much for principality.

CLÉMENT MAROT

(1497–1544)

THE quality that gives a peculiar charm to the verses of Marot is the blending of gayety and gravity. With light touches he expresses serious feeling, and the sincerity of his sentiment suffers no wrong from the fantastic dress of the period. His Muse wears a particolored robe; not that of Folly, but a garment of rich and noble patches, in which velvets and brocades oddly harmonize with the homespun they strengthen and adorn. It is because they are the velvets and brocades of the Renaissance, any scrap or shred of which had a decorative value. And still another material is to be observed: the strong linen of the Reformation, whose whiteness endues with the more picturesqueness the brilliant colors.

CLÉMENT MAROT

The poetic life of Clément Marot opened on the plane of pedantry, and closed on that of preaching; but between these two conditions — each of them the consequence of the influences of the time — his own individuality asserted itself in countless humorous, delicate, charming, exquisite "epistles" and "elegies," "epitaphs" and "étrennes" and "ballades," "dizains," "rondeaux," and "chansons," and in "epigrammes,"— some of them coarse and cynical, and some to be counted among his best and most original work. He wrote also "eclogues"; and one on the death of the queen mother, Luise of Savoie, is considered a masterpiece. Two other kinds of composition in which he also excelled had in the sixteenth century a great vogue: the "blazon" and the "coq à l'âne." The "blazons" were eulogistic or satirical descriptions of different parts of an object; they were devoted by the gallantry of the day to the description of a woman's eyebrow or eyes, or hand, or more intimate parts of the body. The two "blazons" of Marot ('Du Beau Tetin' and 'Du Layd Tetin') inspired a whole series of productions of the same kind from contemporary versifiers. The pieces called "coq à l'âne" were, before Marot, a *jeu d'esprit* of incoherent verses. Marot gave them a new character by making able use of this apparent incoherency to veil satirical attacks on formidable enemies.

It has been prettily said that he was as the bee among poets,—delicately winged, honey-making, and with a sting for self-defense.

Born in 1497, the son of a secretary of Queen Anne of Brittany, in 1515 the youthful poet presented to the youthful King (Francis the First) a poetical composition, the longest he ever wrote, entitled 'Le Temple de Cupido.' In 1519 he—"Le Despourveu," as he styled himself—was attached to the court of Marguerite (the sister of Francis), then the Duchesse d'Alençon. Five years later he became one of her pensioners, and through all his after life he was cared for and protected by her. In 1528 he was made one of the King's household, and at this moment his powers attained their highest point. The court, as he himself says, was his true "schoolmistress." In 1532 appeared the first collection of his verses.

But for some years previously his half-heretical opinions had drawn trouble upon him, protest as he might

> "Point ne suis Lutheriste,
> Ne Zuinglien, et moins Anabaptiste;
> Je suis de Dieu par son fils Jesuchrist."

In 1526 he suffered imprisonment for a few weeks, and this imprisonment was the occasion of a long poem entitled 'Hell,'—a satire on the tribunal and prison of the Châtelet. This "si gentil œuvre" was first printed at Antwerp, and was reprinted some years later by Estienne Dolet, "in the most beautiful form," he says, "and with the most ornament possible to me, . . . because in reading it I have found it free from anything scandalous respecting God and religion, and not containing anything against the majesty of princes." It was of such crimes that Marot had been accused.

In 1531 he was again brought before the Parliament, and once more he was summoned in 1535. The matter now looked so serious that he thought it best to fly to Ferrara, to the court of Renée of France, where he found himself in company with Calvin. The personal unhappiness of the Princess Renée made a profound impression on Marot. He saw this ardent protectress of the Protestants to be sadly in need herself of protection; and more than once, at this time and later, he addressed to her, and to others regarding her, strains of heartfelt compassion. Her ducal husband Ercole d'Este—the enemy of her friends—swept out of the city as with a besom all her protégés as often as he could; and Marot was soon obliged to make his way to Venice. Within the year, however, he received permission to return to France, and was once more high in the King's favor.

But the immense, wide-spread success of a translation of some of the Psalms he now made again roused the Sorbonne; and he was forced to take refuge at Turin, where he died in 1544. Two years later his friend Estienne Dolet was burned at the stake.

Such was the outward career of this vivid, eager poet. He was perhaps, in his relations to the world, audacious rather than bold; in his relations to the other world, a lover of novelty rather than of truth; as a man, somewhat vain and boastful, somewhat licentious in a licentious age,—but he wrote verses that disarm criticism. In reading the best of them, one is persuaded for the moment that nothing is so enchanting as spontaneity, gayety, grace, quickness, keenness, unimpassioned sentiment and natural courtesy, and the philosophy that jests at personal misfortunes, flowing from a heart of tenderness. Admiration of another kind also is excited in remembering that this poet, whose epistles to «the great»—to the King and his sister—are almost in the tone of equal addressing equal, was after all, nominally their servant, actually their dependent. A foolish legend has prevailed that the relations between Marot and the Queen of Navarre were of extreme intimacy. There is absolutely nothing to justify such a belief. The attachment between them—respectful on both sides—was only one of the illustrations of the relations brought about by the Renaissance between crowned heads and men of letters.

The long Epistles of Marot are his most interesting productions. He was the creator of the «épître-badine,» and he has never been surpassed in this kind of writing. The Epistle to Lyon Jamet, containing the fable of the rat and the lion, is the most famous; but its length and the exquisite quality of its style forbid any attempt at its reproduction here. In his Epistles, as elsewhere in his work, the best and most characteristic and the gayest verses of Marot are of extreme difficulty to translate. Their form is their very substance: change even the mere sound of a word, and its meaning is gone. He, like La Fontaine,—there are many similarities between the two,—can be known only by those who can read him in the original. The following translations can scarcely do more than show the subjects of the verses selected, and the general tone.

Marot exercised no durable influence, though his style was so marked that it became a generic designation—«le style Marotique.» But «le style Marotique» means different things according to the person using the phrase. Marmontel defines it as «a medley of phrases vulgar and noble, old-fashioned and modern.» La Harpe said «a 'style Marotique' is one that has the gay, agreeable, simple, natural manner peculiar to Marot.» La Harpe's definition is the truer, that of Marmontel the one most generally accepted.

OLD-TIME LOVE

In good old days such sort of love held sway
As artlessly and simply made its way,
And a few flowers, the gift of love sincere,
Than all the round earth's riches were more dear:

For to the heart alone did they address their lay.
And if they chanced to love each other, pray
Take heed how well they then knew how to stay
For ages faithful — twenty, thirty year —
In good old days.

But now is lost Love's rule they used t' obey;
Only false tears and changes fill the day.
Who would have me a lover now appear
Must love make over in the olden way,
And let it rule as once it held its sway
In good old days.

EPIGRAM

No longer am I what I have been,
Nor again can ever be;
My bright Springtime and my Summer
Through the window flew from me.
Love, thou hast ever been my master,
I've served no other God so well; —
Oh, were I born a second time, Love,
Then my service none could tell.

TO A LADY WHO WISHED TO BEHOLD MAROT

Before she saw me, reading in my book,
She loved me; then she wished to see my face:
Now she has seen me, gray, and swart of look,
Yet none the less remain I in her grace.
O gentle heart, maiden of worthy race,
You do not err: for this my body frail,
It is not I; naught is it but my jail:
And in the writings that you once did read,
Your lovely eyes — so may the truth avail —
Saw me more truly than just now, indeed.

THE LAUGH OF MADAME D'ALBRET

She has indeed a throat of lovely whiteness,
The sweetest speech, and fairest cheeks and eyes;
But in good sooth her little laugh of lightness
Is where her chiefest charm, to my thought, lies.
With its gay note she can make pleasure rise,
Where'er she hap to be, withouten fail;
And should a bitter grief me e'er assail,
So that my life by death may threatened be,
To bring me back to health will then avail
To hear this laugh with which she slayeth me.

FROM AN «ELEGY»

Thy lofty place, thy gentle heart,
Thy wisdom true in every part,
Thy gracious mien, thy noble air,
Thy singing sweet, and speech so fair,
Thy robe that does so well conform
To the nature of thy lovely form:
In short, these gifts and charms whose grace
Invests thy soul and thee embrace,
Are not what has constrainèd me
To give my heart's true love to thee.
'Twas thy sweet smile which me perturbed,
And from thy lips a gracious word
Which from afar made me to see
Thou'd not refuse to hear my plea.
. . . . . .
Come, let us make one heart of two!
Better work we cannot do;
For 'tis plain our starry guides,
The accord of our lives besides,
Bid this be done. For of us each
Is like the other in thought and speech:
We both love men of courtesy,
We both love honor and purity,
We both love never to speak evil,
We both love pleasant talk that's civil,
We both love being in those places
Where rarely venture saddened faces,
We both love merry music's measure,
We both in books find frequent pleasure.

What more is there? Just this to sing
I'll dare: in almost everything
Alike we are, save hearts;—for thine
Is much more hard, alas! than mine.
Beseech thee now this rock demolish,
Yet not thy sweeter parts abolish.

THE DUCHESS D'ALENÇON

SUCH lofty worth has she, my great mistress,
That her fair body's upright, pure, and fine;
Her steadfast heart, when Fortune's star doth shine,
Is ne'er too light, nor elsetimes in distress.
Her spirit rare than angels is no less,
The subtlest sure that e'er the heavens bred.
O marvel great! Now can it clear be seen
That I the slave am of a wonder dread.—
Wonder, I say, for sooth she has, I ween,
A woman's form, man's heart, and angel's head.

TO THE QUEEN OF NAVARRE

MOURN for the dead, let who will for them mourn;—
But while I live, my heart is most forlorn
For those whose night of sorrow sees no dawn
On this earth.

O Flower of France whom at the first I served,
Those thou hast freed from pain that them unnerved
Have given pain to thee, ah! undeserved,
I'll attest.

Of ingrates thou hast sadly made full test;
But since I left thee (bound by stern behest),—
Not leaving thee,—full humbly I've addrest
A princess

Who has a heart that does not sorrow less
Than thine. Ah God! shall I ne'er know mistress,
Before I die, whose eye on sad distress
Is not bent?

Is not my Muse as fit and apt to invent
A song of peace that would bring full content
As chant the bitterness of this torment
Exceeding?

Ah! listen, Margaret, to the suffering
That in the heart of Renée plants its sting;
Then, sister-like, than hope more comforting,
Console her. . . .

FROM A LETTER TO THE KING; AFTER BEING ROBBED

. . . . . .

I HAD of late a Gascon serving-man:
A monstrous liar, glutton, drunkard, both,
A trickster, thief, and every word an oath,—
The rope almost around his neck, you see,—
But otherwise the best of fellows he.

This very estimable youngster knew
Of certain money given me by you:
A mighty swelling in my purse he spied;
Rose earlier than usual, and hied
To take it deftly, giving no alarm,
And tucked it snugly underneath his arm,—
Money and all, of course,—and it is plain
'Twas not to give it back to me again,
For never have I seen it, to this day.

But still the rascal would not run away
For such a trifling bagatelle as that,
So also took cloak, trousers, cape, and hat,—
In short, of all my clothes the very best,—
And then himself so finely in them dressed
That to behold him, e'en by light of day,
It was his master surely, you would say.

He left my chamber finally, and flew
Straight to the stable, where were horses two;
Left me the worst, and mounted on the best,
His charger spurred, and bolted; for the rest,
You may be sure that nothing he omitted,
Save bidding me good-by, before he quitted.

So—ticklish round the throat, to say the truth,
But looking like St. George—this hopeful youth
Rode off, and left his master sleeping sound,
Who waking, not a blessed penny found.
This master was myself,—the very one,—
And quite dumbfounded to be thus undone;
To find myself without a decent suit,
And vexed enough to lose my horse, to boot.

But for the money you had given me,
The losing it ought no surprise to be;
For, as your gracious Highness understands,
Your money, Sire, is ever changing hands.

FROM A RHYMED LETTER TO THE KING

At the Time of his Exile at Ferrara — 1535

I think it may be that your Majesty, Sovereign King, may believe that my absence is occasioned by my feeling the prick of some ill deed; but it is not so, for I do not feel myself to be of the number of the guilty: but I know of many corruptible judges in Paris, who, for pecuniary gain, or for friends, or for their own ends, or in tender grace and charity to some fair humble petitioner, will save the foul and guilty life of the most wicked criminal in the world; while on the other hand, for lack of bribing or protection, or from rancor, they are to the innocent so inhuman that I am loth to fall into their hands. . . .

They are much my enemies because of their hell, which I have set in a writing, wherein some few of their wicked wiles I lay bare. They wish great harm to me for a small work. . . .

As much as they, and with no good cause, wishes ill to me the ignorant Sorbonne. Very ignorant she shows herself in being the enemy of the noble trilingual academy [Collège de France] your Majesty has created. It is clearly manifest that within her precincts, against your Majesty's will is prohibited all teaching of Hebrew or Greek or Latin, she declaring it heretical. O poor creatures, all denuded of learning, you make true the familiar proverb, "Knowledge has no such haters as the ignorant." . . .

They have given me the name of Lutheran. I answer them that it is not so. Luther for me has not descended from heaven. Luther for my sins has not hung upon the cross; and I am quite sure that in his name I have not been baptized: I have been baptized in that Name at whose naming the Eternal Father gives that which is asked for, the sole Name in and by which this wicked world can find salvation. . . .

O Lord God . . . grant that whilst I live, my pen may be employed in thy honor; and if this my body be predestined by thee one day to be destroyed by fire, grant that it be for no light cause, but for thee and for thy Word. And I pray thee, Father, that the torture may not be so intense that my soul may be sunk in forgetfulness of thee, in whom is all my trust.

FREDERICK MARRYAT

(1792–1848)

THOUGH it is nearly half a century since Captain Frederick Marryat passed away, he still lives in his sea stories. The circulating-library copies are dog's-eared with constant use, and an occasional new edition testifies to the favor of a younger generation. His most ardent admirers, however, do not rank him among the great novelists. He had no theories of fiction; he had little culture, and of philosophy or psychology he did not dream. But there is life, energy, directness in his tales, coupled with lively narrative and spontaneous humor which keep them fresh and interesting. He is a born story-teller; and the talent of the story-teller commands attention and enchains an audience, whatever the defects of manner.

FREDERICK MARRYAT

Marryat was descended from a Huguenot family that fled from France at the end of the sixteenth century and settled in England. On his mother's side he was of a German stock, transplanted to Boston, and there etherealized, perhaps, by east winds and Yankee cultivation. He boasted indeed of the blood of four different peoples. He was the second son of Joseph Marryat of Wimbledon, Member of Parliament for Sandwich, and was born in London. Educated at private schools, he was noted from his early boyhood for his boisterous and refractory though not unamiable temper, which often involved him in passionate quarrels with his teachers, and resulted in his running away. After he had run away repeatedly, and always with the intention of going to sea, his father, yielding to his determined bent, got him at the age of fourteen on board the frigate Impérieuse as midshipman. His ship was engaged as part of the squadron which supported the Catalonians against the French. His service there was active and brilliant: he took part in some fifty engagements, in one of which he was severely wounded and left for dead. His pugnacity saved him; for the contemptuous kick of a fellow midshipman, whom he hated, roused a fury in him that overcame his speechless and

apparently lifeless condition. The work of his division was cutting out privateers, storming batteries, and destroying marine signal telegraph stations. Long afterwards he portrayed the daring and judgment of his commander, Lord Cochrane, in the characters of Captain Savage in 'Peter Simple,' and Captain M—— in 'The King's Own.'

Marryat was a man of a personal daring as reckless as that of his favorite heroes. Again and again he risked his life to save drowning men or to protect his superiors. More than once he received the medal of the Humane Society, and King Louis Philippe decorated him with the cross of the Legion of Honor. A life of great exposure, constant danger, and severe exertion ruined his health; and before he was forty he resolved to leave the sea and devote himself to story-writing. He took many of his characters and incidents from real life, copying them closely in the main, but exaggerating and coloring them to meet the purposes of fiction. While not without imagination, he depended so greatly on his observation and experience that many of his novels may be said to be almost autobiographic. To this fact they owe much of their naturalness, vividness, and verisimilitude. His ample fund of rough humor and his extraordinary fondness for spinning yarns — a characteristic which belongs to the nautical temperament — contributed their best qualities to his books; giving them not only the hue and quality, but the very sound and odor of the sea. One of his old shipmates, who lived hale and hearty to be an octogenarian, used to say that to read 'Midshipman Easy' or 'Jacob Faithful' was exactly like spending half a day in the Captain's company in his best mood. There is very little art in his thirty-five or forty volumes. They are the narratives of a bluff, bold, thorough-going, somewhat coarse sailor, who has a strong dramatic sense and an intense relish for fun. Hardly any of his novels have what deserves to be called a plot,— the 'King's Own' and one or two others, perhaps, being exceptions,— nor are they generally finished, or even carefully studied. Frequently they read like half-considered, uncorrected manuscripts that have been dictated. The principal events are graphically recorded, the minor circumstances and their connections loosely woven. But with all their defects, the stories seem to the ordinary reader more as if they had actually happened than as if they had been invented. They are entirely realistic,— the characters being perfectly vitalized, acting, breathing human beings.

Among Marryat's best known novels, besides those already mentioned, are 'Adventures of a Naval Officer; or, Frank Mildmay,' his first work, published at twenty-eight; 'Newton Forster,' 'The Pacha of Many Tales,' 'The Pirate and the Three Cutters,' 'Japhet in Search of a Father,' 'Peter Simple,' 'Percival Keene,' 'Snarley-Yow,' 'The

Phantom Ship,' 'Poor Jack,' and 'The Privateersman One Hundred Years Ago,' all of which had a large sale. He served in the Mediterranean, in the East and West Indies, and off the coast of North America; participating during the war of 1812 in a gunboat fight on Lake Pontchartrain, just before the battle of New Orleans. In the same year he was made lieutenant, and after a few months commander. At twenty-seven he married a daughter of Sir Stephen Shairp, and became the father of eleven children. In 1837 he visited this country; and two years later published 'A Diary in America,' in which he ridiculed the republic,—as Mrs. Trollope had done in her 'Domestic Manners,' as Dickens is still believed (by those who have not read the book) to have done not long after in his 'American Notes,' and as he did most viciously in 'Martin Chuzzlewit' to revenge himself for the uproar over the 'American Notes.' Americans of the present generation are so much less sensitive than their predecessors, however, that they are perhaps more inclined to ask whether these adverse criticisms were not well founded than to resent their severity.

After this journey he produced divers miscellaneous books; among which 'Masterman Ready' and 'The Settlers in Canada' delighted the boys of two generations, and are still popular. 'Masterman Ready' was primarily written because his children wished him to write a sequel to the 'Swiss Family Robinson,' which was structurally not feasible; but was also designed to ridicule that priggish story, and was meant as a protest of naturalness against artificiality. Fortunate indeed is the owner of an early illustrated edition of 'Masterman,' portraying that excellent father of a family, Mr. Seagrave, walking about his fortuitous island, turning over turtles, building stockades, or gathering cocoanuts, attired in a swallow-tailed coat, voluminous cravat, trousers severely strapped down under high-heeled boots, and a tall silk hat which he seemed never to remove.

In his later life Marryat retired to Norfolk, and undertook amateur farming, with the usual result of heavy losses. He died in 1848 at Langham; comparatively poor, through carelessness, mismanagement, and extravagance, although for many years he had earned a large income. In England 'Peter Simple' and 'Mr. Midshipman Easy' take rank with Smollett's 'Peregrine Pickle' and 'Roderick Random.' Not a few of his characters are as individual and as often cited as 'Tom Bowling' and 'Jack Hatchway.' And if he is somewhat out of fashion in manner, it is still probable that his naturalness, his racy dialogue, and his comical incidents, will make him a welcome companion for years to come.

PERILS OF THE SEA

From 'Peter Simple'

We continued our cruise along the coast until we had run down into the Bay of Arcason, where we captured two or three vessels and obliged many more to run on shore. And here we had an instance showing how very important it is that a captain of a man-of-war should be a good sailor, and have his ship in such discipline as to be strictly obeyed by his ship's company. I heard the officers unanimously assert, after the danger was over, that nothing but the presence of mind which was shown by Captain Savage could have saved the ship and her crew. We had chased a convoy of vessels to the bottom of the bay: the wind was very fresh when we hauled off, after running them on shore; and the surf on the beach even at that time was so great, that they were certain to go to pieces before they could be got afloat again. We were obliged to double-reef the topsails as soon as we hauled to the wind, and the weather looked very threatening. In an hour afterwards the whole sky was covered with one black cloud, which sank so low as nearly to touch our mast-heads; and a tremendous sea, which appeared to have risen up almost by magic, rolled in upon us, setting the vessel on a dead lee shore. As the night closed in, it blew a dreadful gale, and the ship was nearly buried with the press of canvas which she was obliged to carry: for had we sea-room, we should have been lying-to under storm staysails; but we were forced to carry on at all risks, that we might claw off shore. The sea broke over us as we lay in the trough, deluging us with water from the forecastle aft to the binnacles; and very often, as the ship descended with a plunge, it was with such force that I really thought she would divide in half with the violence of the shock. Double breechings were rove on the guns, and they were further secured with tackles; and strong cleats nailed behind the trunnions; for we heeled over so much when we lurched, that the guns were wholly supported by the breechings and tackles, and had one of them broken loose it must have burst right through the lee side of the ship, and she must have foundered. The captain, first lieutenant, and most of the officers remained on deck during the whole of the night: and really, what with the howling of the wind, the violence of the rain, the washing of the water

about the decks, the working of the chain pumps, and the creaking and groaning of the timbers, I thought that we must inevitably have been lost; and I said my prayers at least a dozen times during the night, for I felt it impossible to go to bed. I had often wished, out of curiosity, that I might be in a gale of wind; but I little thought it was to have been a scene of this description, or anything half so dreadful. What made it more appalling was, that we were on a lee shore; and the consultations of the captain and officers, and the eagerness with which they looked out for daylight, told us that we had other dangers to encounter besides the storm. At last the morning broke, and the lookout man upon the gangway called out, "Land on the lee beam!" I perceived the master dash his feet against the hammock rails as if with vexation, and walk away without saying a word, and looking very grave.

"Up there, Mr. Wilson," said the captain to the second lieutenant, "and see how far the land trends forward, and whether you can distinguish the point." The second lieutenant went up the main rigging, and pointed with his hand to about two points before the beam.

"Do you see two hillocks inland?"

"Yes, sir," replied the second lieutenant.

"Then it is so," observed the captain to the master; "and if we weather it we shall have more sea-room. Keep her full, and let her go through the water: do you hear, quartermaster?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Thus, and no nearer, my man. Ease her with a spoke or two when she sends; but be careful, or she'll take the wheel out of your hands."

It really was a very awful sight. When the ship was in the trough of the sea, you could distinguish nothing but a waste of tumultuous water; but when she was borne up on the summit of the enormous waves, you then looked down, as it were, upon a low, sandy coast, close to you, and covered with foam and breakers. "She behaves nobly," observed the captain, stepping aft to the binnacle and looking at the compass: "if the wind does not baffle us, we shall weather." The captain had scarcely time to make the observation when the sails shivered and flapped like thunder. "Up with the helm: what are you about, quartermaster?"

"The wind has headed us, sir," replied the quartermaster coolly.

The captain and master remained at the binnacle watching the compass; and when the sails were again full, she had broken off two points, and the point of land was only a little on the lee bow.

"We must wear her round, Mr. Falcon. Hands, wear ship—ready, oh, ready."

"She has come up again," cried the master, who was at the binnacle.

"Hold fast there a minute. How's her head now?"

"N. N. E., as she was before she broke off, sir."

"Pipe belay," said the captain. "Falcon," continued he, "if she breaks off again we may have no room to wear; indeed there is so little room now that I must run the risk. Which cable was ranged last night—the best bower?"

"Yes, sir."

"Jump down, then, and see it double-bitted and stoppered at thirty fathoms. See it well done—our lives may depend upon it."

The ship continued to hold her course good; and we were within half a mile of the point, and fully expected to weather it, when again the wet and heavy sails flapped in the wind, and the ship broke off two points as before. The officers and seamen were aghast, for the ship's head was right on to the breakers. "Luff now, all you can, quartermaster," cried the captain. "Send the men aft directly.—My lads, there is no room for words—I am going to *club-haul* the ship, for there is no time to wear. The only chance you have of safety is to be cool, watch my eye, and execute my orders with precision. Away to your stations for tacking ship. Hands by the best bower anchor. Mr. Wilson, attend below with the carpenter and his mates ready to cut away the cable at the moment that I give the order. Silence, there, fore and aft. Quartermaster, keep her full again for stays. Mind you, ease the helm down when I tell you." About a minute passed before the captain gave any further orders. The ship had closed-to within a quarter of a mile of the beach, and the waves curled and topped around us, bearing us down upon the shore, which presented one continued surface of foam, extending to within half a cable's length of our position, at which distance the enormous waves culminated and fell with the report of thunder. The captain waved his hand in silence to the quartermaster at the wheel, and the helm was put down. The ship turned slowly to the wind, pitching and chopping as the sails

were spilling. When she had lost her way, the captain gave the order, "Let go the anchor. We will haul all at once, Mr. Falcon," said the captain. Not a word was spoken; the men went to the fore-brace, which had not been manned; most of them knew, although I did not, that if the ship's head did not go round the other way, we should be on shore and among the breakers in half a minute. I thought at the time that the captain had said that he would haul all the yards at once: there appeared to be doubt or dissent on the countenance of Mr. Falcon, and I was afterwards told that he had not agreed with the captain; but he was too good an officer (and knew that there was no time for discussion) to make any remark: and the event proved that the captain was right. At last the ship was head to wind, and the captain gave the signal. The yards flew round with such a creaking noise that I thought the masts had gone over the side; and the next moment the wind had caught the sails, and the ship, which for a moment or two had been on an even keel, careened over to her gunnel with its force. The captain, who stood upon the weather hammock-rails, holding by the main-rigging, ordered the helm amidships, looked full at the sails and then at the cable, which grew broad upon the weather bow and held the ship from nearing the shore. At last he cried, "Cut away the cable!" A few strokes of the axes were heard, and then the cable flew out of the hawse-hole in a blaze of fire, from the violence of the friction, and disappeared under a huge wave which struck us on the chess-tree and deluged us with water fore and aft. But we were now on the other tack, and the ship regained her way, and we had evidently increased our distance from the land.

"My lads," said the captain to the ship's company, "you have behaved well, and I thank you; but I must tell you honestly that we have more difficulties to get through. We have to weather a point of the bay on this tack. Mr. Falcon, splice the mainbrace and call the watch. How's her head, quartermaster?"

"S. W. by S. Southerly, sir."

"Very well, let her go through the water;" and the captain, beckoning to the master to follow him, went down into the cabin. As our immediate danger was over, I went down into the berth to see if I could get anything for breakfast, where I found O'Brien and two or three more.

"By the powers, it was as nate a thing as ever I saw done," observed O'Brien: "the slightest mistake as to time or management, and at this moment the flatfish would have been dubbing at our ugly carcasses. Peter, you're not fond of flatfish, are you, my boy? We may thank heaven and the captain, I can tell you that, my lads; but now where's the chart, Robinson? Hand me down the parallel rules and compasses, Peter; they are in the corner of the shelf. Here we are now, a devilish sight too near this infernal point. Who knows how her head is?"

"I do, O'Brien: I heard the quartermaster tell the captain S. W. by S. Southerly."

"Let me see," continued O'Brien, "variation $2\frac{1}{4}$ — leeway — rather too large an allowance of that, I'm afraid: but however, we'll give her $2\frac{1}{2}$ points; the Diomede would blush to make any more, under any circumstances. Here — the compass — now we'll see;" and O'Brien advanced the parallel rule from the compass to the spot where the ship was placed on the chart. "Bother! you see it's as much as she'll do to weather the other point now, on this tack, and that's what the captain meant when he told us we had more difficulty. I could have taken my Bible oath that we were clear of everything, if the wind held."

"See what the distance is, O'Brien," said Robinson. It was measured, and proved to be thirteen miles. "Only thirteen miles; and if we do weather, we shall do very well, for the bay is deep beyond. It's a rocky point, you see, just by way of variety. Well, my lads, I've a piece of comfort for you, anyhow. It's not long that you'll be kept in suspense; for by one o'clock this day, you'll either be congratulating each other upon your good luck or you'll be past praying for. Come, put up the chart, for I hate to look at melancholy prospects; and steward, see what you can find in the way of comfort." Some bread and cheese, with the remains of yesterday's boiled pork, were put on the table, with a bottle of rum, procured at the time they "spliced the mainbrace"; but we were all too anxious to eat much, and one by one returned on deck, to see how the weather was, and if the wind at all favored us. On deck the superior officers were in conversation with the captain, who had expressed the same fear that O'Brien had in our berth. The men, who knew what they had to expect,— for this sort of intelligence is soon communicated through a ship,— were assembled in knots, looking very grave, but at the same time not wanting in confidence. They knew that they could

trust to the captain, as far as skill or courage could avail them; and sailors are too sanguine to despair, even at the last moment. As for myself, I felt such admiration for the captain, after what I had witnessed that morning, that whenever the idea came over me that in all probability I should be lost in a few hours, I could not help acknowledging how much more serious it was that such a man should be lost to his country. I do not intend to say that it consoled me; but it certainly made me still more regret the chances with which we were threatened.

Before twelve o'clock the rocky point which we so much dreaded was in sight, broad on the lee bow; and if the low sandy coast appeared terrible, how much more did this, even at a distance! the black masses of rock covered with foam, which each minute dashed up in the air higher than our lower mast-heads. The captain eyed it for some minutes in silence, as if in calculation.

"Mr. Falcon," said he at last, "we must put the mainsail on her."

"She never can bear it, sir."

"She *must* bear it," was the reply. "Send the men aft to the mainsheet. See that careful men attend the buntlines."

The mainsail was set; and the effect of it upon the ship was tremendous. She careened over so that her lee channels were under the water; and when pressed by a sea, the lee side of the quarter-deck and gangway were afloat. She now reminded me of a goaded and fiery horse, mad with the stimulus applied; not rising as before, but forcing herself through whole seas, and dividing the waves, which poured in one continual torrent from the forecastle down upon the decks below. Four men were secured to the wheel; the sailors were obliged to cling, to prevent being washed away; the ropes were thrown in confusion to leeward; the shot rolled out of the lockers, and every eye was fixed aloft, watching the masts, which were expected every moment to go over the side. A heavy sea struck us on the broadside, and it was some moments before the ship appeared to recover herself; she reeled, trembled, and stopped her way, as if it had stupefied her. The first lieutenant looked at the captain, as if to say, "This will not do." "It is our only chance," answered the captain to the appeal. That the ship went faster through the water and held a better wind, was certain; but just before we arrived at the point, the gale increased in force.

"If anything starts, we are lost, sir," observed the first lieutenant again.

"I am perfectly aware of it," replied the captain in a calm tone; "but as I said before, and you must now be aware, it is our only chance. The consequence of any carelessness or neglect in the fitting and securing of the rigging will be felt now; and this danger, if we escape it, ought to remind us how much we have to answer for if we neglect our duty. The lives of a whole ship's company may be sacrificed by the neglect or incompetence of an officer when in harbor. I will pay you the compliment, Falcon, to say that I feel convinced that the masts of the ship are as secure as knowledge and attention can make them."

The first lieutenant thanked the captain for his good opinion, and hoped it would not be the last compliment which he paid him.

"I hope not too; but a few minutes will decide the point."

The ship was now within two cables' lengths of the rocky point; some few of the men I observed to clasp their hands, but most of them were silently taking off their jackets and kicking off their shoes, that they might not lose a chance of escape provided the ship struck.

"'Twill be touch and go indeed, Falcon," observed the captain (for I had clung to the belaying pins, close to them, for the last half-hour that the mainsail had been set). "Come aft; you and I must take the helm. We shall want *nerve* there, and only there, now."

The captain and first lieutenant went aft and took the forespokes of the wheel; and O'Brien, at a sign made by the captain, laid hold of the spokes behind them. An old quartermaster kept his station at the fourth. The roaring of the seas on the rocks, with the howling of the winds, was dreadful; but the sight was more dreadful than the noise. For a few moments I shut my eyes, but anxiety forced me to open them again. As near as I could judge, we were not twenty yards from the rocks at the time that the ship passed abreast of them. We were in the midst of the foam, which boiled around us; and as the ship was driven nearer to them, and careened with the wave, I thought that our main yard-arm would have touched the rock; and at this moment a gust of wind came on which laid the ship on her beam-ends and checked her progress through the water, while the accumulated noise was deafening. A few moments more the

ship dragged on; another wave dashed over her and spent itself upon the rocks, while the spray was dashed back from them and returned upon the decks. The main rock was within ten yards of her counter, when another gust of wind laid us on our beam-ends; the foresail and mainsail split and were blown clean out of the bolt-ropes — the ship righted, trembling fore and aft. I looked astern; the rocks were to windward on our quarter, and we were safe. I thought at the time that the ship, relieved of her courses, and again lifting over the waves, was not a bad similitude of the relief felt by us all at that moment; and like her we trembled as we panted with the sudden reaction, and felt the removal of the intense anxiety which oppressed our breasts.

The captain resigned the helm, and walked aft to look at the point, which was now broad on the weather quarter. In a minute or two he desired Mr. Falcon to get new sails up and bend them, and then went below to his cabin. I am sure it was to thank God for our deliverance; I did most fervently, not only then, but when I went to my hammock at night. We were now comparatively safe — in a few hours completely so, for, strange to say, immediately after we had weathered the rocks the gale abated; and before morning we had a reef out of the topsails.

MRS. EASY HAS HER OWN WAY

From 'Mr. Midshipman Easy'

It was the fourth day after Mrs. Easy's confinement that Mr. Easy, who was sitting by her bedside in an easy-chair, commenced as follows: "I have been thinking, my dear Mrs. Easy, about the name I shall give this child."

"Name, Mr. Easy? why, what name should you give it but your own?"

"Not so, my dear," replied Mr. Easy: "they call all names proper names, but I think that mine is not. It is the very worst name in the calendar."

"Why, what's the matter with it, Mr. Easy?"

"The matter affects me as well as the boy. Nicodemus is a long name to write at full length, and Nick is vulgar. Besides, as there will be two Nicks, they will naturally call my boy Young Nick, and of course I shall be styled Old Nick, which will be diabolical."

"Well, Mr. Easy, at all events then let me choose the name."

"That you shall, my dear; and it was with this view that I have mentioned the subject so early."

"I think, Mr. Easy, I will call the boy after my poor father: his name shall be Robert."

"Very well, my dear: if you wish it, it shall be Robert. You shall have your own way. But I think, my dear, upon a little consideration, you will acknowledge that there is a decided objection."

"An objection, Mr. Easy?"

"Yes, my dear: Robert may be very well, but you must reflect upon the consequences; he is certain to be called Bob."

"Well, my dear, and suppose they do call him Bob?"

"I cannot bear even the supposition, my dear. You forget the county in which you are residing, the downs covered with sheep."

"Why, Mr. Easy, what can sheep have to do with a Christian name?"

"There it is: women never look to consequences. My dear, they have a great deal to do with the name of Bob. I will appeal to any farmer in the country if ninety-nine shepherds' dogs out of one hundred are not called Bob. Now observe: your child is out of doors somewhere in the fields or plantations; you want and you call him. Instead of your child, what do you find? Why, a dozen curs, at least, who come running up to you, all answering to the name of Bob, and wagging their stumps of tails. You see, Mrs. Easy, it is a dilemma not to be got over. You level your only son to the brute creation by giving him a Christian name which, from its peculiar brevity, has been monopolized by all the dogs in the county. Any other name you please, my dear; but in this one instance you must allow me to lay my positive veto."

"Well, then, let me see — but I'll think of it, Mr. Easy: my head aches very much just now."

"I will think for you, my dear. What do you say to John?"

"Oh no, Mr. Easy, — such a common name!"

"A proof of its popularity, my dear. It is Scriptural — we have the Apostle and the Baptist, we have a dozen popes who were all Johns. It is royal — we have plenty of kings who were Johns — and moreover, it is short, and sounds honest and manly."

"Yes, very true, my dear; but they will call him Jack."

"Well, we have had several celebrated characters who were Jacks. There was — let me see — Jack the Giant-Killer, and Jack of the Bean-Stalk — and Jack — Jack — "

"Jack Sprat."

"And Jack Cade, Mrs. Easy, the great rebel — and Three-fingered Jack, Mrs. Easy, the celebrated negro — and above all, Jack Falstaff, ma'am, Jack Falstaff — honest Jack Falstaff — witty Jack Falstaff — "

"I thought, Mr. Easy, that I was to be permitted to choose the name."

"Well, so you shall, my dear; I give it up to you. Do just as you please; but depend upon it that John is the right name. Is it not, now, my dear?"

"It's the way you always treat me, Mr. Easy: you say that you give it up, and that I shall have my own way, but I never do have it. I am sure that the child will be christened John."

"Nay, my dear, it shall be just what you please. Now I recollect it, there were several Greek emperors who were Johns; but decide for yourself, my dear."

"No, no," replied Mrs. Easy, who was ill, and unable to contend any longer, "I give it up, Mr. Easy. I know how it will be, as it always is: you give me my own way as people give pieces of gold to children; it's their own money, but they must not spend it. Pray call him John."

"There, my dear, did not I tell you you would be of my opinion upon reflection? I knew you would. I have given you your own way, and you tell me to call him John; so now we're both of the same mind, and that point is settled."

"I should like to go to sleep, Mr. Easy: I feel far from well."

"You shall always do just as you like, my dear," replied the husband, "and have your own way in everything. It is the greatest pleasure I have when I yield to your wishes. I will walk in the garden. Good-by, my dear."

Mrs. Easy made no reply, and the philosopher quitted the room. As may easily be imagined, on the following day the boy was christened John.

MARTIAL

(MARCUS VALERIUS MARTIALIS)

(50?–102? A. D.)

BY CASKIE HARRISON

MARTIAL (Marcus Valerius Martialis), the world's epigrammatist, was, like Seneca and Quintilian, a Spanish Latin. Born at Bilbilis about A. D. 40, he probably came to Rome in 63; but we first individualize him about 79. He lived in Rome for nearly thirty-five years, publishing epigrams, book after book and edition after edition, doing hack-work in his own line for those who had the money to buy but not the wit to produce, and plagiarized by those who lacked both the wit and the money; reading his last good thing to his own circle, from which he could not always exclude poachers on his preserves, and lending a courteous or a politic patience to the long-winded recitations of new aspirants; patronized in various more or less substantial ways by the Emperor and sundry men of wealth, influence, and position, on whom he pulled all the strings of fulsome flattery and importunate appeal; adjusting himself to the privileges and expectancies of Rome's miscellaneous "upper ten" in private and public resorts: solacing his better nature with the contact and esteem of the best authors of the day. Bored with the "fuss and feathers" of town life, and yearning for the lost or imagined happiness of his native place, he would from time to time fly to his Nomentane cottage or make trips into the provinces, only to be disenchanted by rustic monotony and depressed by the lack of urban occupations and diversions. His works, and his life as there sketched, expose the times and their representative men at their best and at their worst. This delineation gives to his writings an importance even greater than that due to his general pre-eminence as the one poet of his age, or to the special supremacy of his epigrams as such. His rating as a poet has indeed been questioned, and his restriction of the epigram deplored; but no

MARTIAL

one can question his portraiture of the Roman Empire at the turn of its troubled tide.

Returning to Spain early in Trajan's reign, he died there about 102; and his death is noted with sincere feeling by the younger Pliny, whose recognition must to a certain degree offset our repugnance to some of Martial's acknowledged characteristics. Martial was a man of many personal attractions: he was essentially sympathetic and true, loving nature and children; his manners were genial, and his education was finished; his acute observation was matched by his versatile wit; in an age of artifice, his style was as natural as his disposition was fair and generous. All these qualities are detected in his works, although his time demanded the general repression or the prudent display of such qualities by one whose livelihood must depend on patronage,—an inevitable professionalism that perhaps fully explains, not only his obsequiousness, but also his obscenity. Martial was a predestined gentleman and scholar, forced by his profession into a trimmer and a dependent: a man of stronger character might have refused to live such a life even at the cost of his vocation and its aptitudes; but Martial was a man of his own world.

Whether Martial was married, and how many times, it is hard to determine: he is his only witness, and his testimony is too indirect to be unquestionable; at any rate, he seems to have had no children. His pecuniary condition is equally doubtful: he credits himself with possessions adequate to comfort only as a basis for protestations of discomfort; but we know how time and circumstances alter one's standards of worldly contentment. Even when Martial speaks in the first person, we cannot be sure it is not the "professional," instead of the individual, first person,—the vicarious and anonymous first person of the myriad public whose hints he worked up into effective mottoes, valentines, and lampoons, and for whose holiday gifts he devised appropriate companion pieces of verse.

Martial's poems—fifteen books, containing about sixteen hundred numbers in several measures—are epigrams of different kinds. The 'Liber Spectaculorum' (The Show Book) merely depicts the marvels of the "greatest shows on earth," while eulogizing the generosity of the emperors who provided them. The 'Xenia' ("friendly gifts") and 'Apophoreta' ("things to take away with you") are couplets to label or convoy presents, whose enumeration includes an inventory of Flavian dietetics, costume, furniture, and bric-à-brac. The other twelve books are epigrams of the standard type; a kind illustrated indeed by the Greeks, but developed and fixed by the Romans from Catullus down, Martial being the perpetual exemplar of its possibilities.

Besides some lapses of taste, whereby the fatal facility of oversmartness sometimes leads to contaminating tender or lofty sentiments

by untimely pleasantry, Martial is justly condemned by the modern world for the two blemishes which have been already specified. How far he really felt his obsequiousness and his obscenity to be compromises of his dignity, and how far his life was cleaner than his page, we cannot tell: he was a client of Domitian's day, but he had enjoyed the countenance of Pliny. In justice to Martial's memory, it must be said that only about one-fifth of his epigrams are really offensive.

The reign of Domitian was a reaction within a reaction, characterized by the power and the impotence of wealth and its cheap imitations. It was an age of fads and nostrums: sincere, as the galvanizing of dead philosophies; affected, as the vicarious intellectualism or the vicarious athleticism of hired thinkers and hired gladiators. It was an age of forgotten fundamentals, with no enthusiasm except for practical advantage, with public spirit aped only in mutual admiration. Its art and literature had no creativeness and no responsibility; form and copy being ideals, and point demanding the highest season for its pungency, while the stage and the arena were scenes of filth or brutality. Its religion was either agnostic paganism or various novel sentimentalities. Its social functions were chiefly heterogeneous gatherings of a flotsam and jetsam assemblage of parvenus, where acquaintance was accidental and multitudinous isolation was the rule. The incongruities of the day afforded matchless targets for our poet's wit, many of them unfortunately not suited to modern light. Yet other ages of the world have indisputably exhibited in their own forms one or another of the features familiarized to us by Martial.

Martial divides with Juvenal the right to represent this period; but the division is not equal. The serious purpose of the satirist, even more than the purely impersonal attitude of the historian, leads him to emphasize unduly circumstances of perhaps great momentary importance, but of no ultimate or typical pertinence. On the other hand, the satirist and the historian are apt to neglect or overlook many aspects of contemporary life because these seem insignificant as regards any particular aim or tendency; whereas trifles are often the best exhibits of the actual offhand life, as distinguished from the professed principles and practice of the time. Hence Martial's epigrams have been well called by Merivale "the quintessence of the Flavian epoch." The epigrammatist has no mission to fulfill; and the form as well as the volume of his works enables him to touch every aspect of life into the boldest relief. Especially interesting is the modernness of these touches; and it would startle a stranger to see how slight an adaptation or perversion of an epigram or a line or a word produces anticipatory echoes of present-day experiences, in their extremest or most peculiar features.

Generally speaking, the Romans were humorous after the dry kind, while the Greeks were witty; but Greek comedy and epigram are as humorous as those of any nation, and Martial vindicates the Roman capacity for triumphant wit — a wit that shows all the colors of all the nationalities. The wit of America, of France, of Ireland, cross and blend with each other in Martial's epigrams; and even travesties like the American mockery of Hebrew or negro idiosyncrasies find illustration. Puns, parodies, paradoxes, refrains, antitheses, alliterations, echoes and surprises of all sorts are there, with some curious antetypes of modern slang, of present provincial or proverbial usages, and even of some points of recent comic songs. In the versions here appended, literalness has been sacrificed to spirit; the characteristic features of the original have been preserved in a modern countenance and expression. In the small space at command, preference has been given to our poet's wit rather than his other qualities, as being the special characteristic of himself and of the epigram; though the omission of other specimens is a sacrifice of his dues.

The only notable edition of Martial is Friedländer's with German notes, the school manuals being inadequate and unsympathetic. There is no great translation, the French renderings in prose and verse being the best complete reproduction; there are admirable versions of individual epigrams in all the modern languages. Sellar's monographs in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' and his 'Selections from Martial' give perhaps the best brief estimate of the poet in our tongue.

Caroline Harrison.

THE UNKINDEST CUT

Last night as we boozed at our wine,
After having three bottles apiece,
You recall that I asked you to dine,
And you've come, you absurdest of geese!
I was maudlin, you should have been mellow,
All thought of the morrow away:
Well, he's but a sorry good fellow
Whose mind's not a blank the next day!

EVOLUTION

A SURGEON once — a sexton now — twin personages:
Identical professions, only different stages!

VALE OF TEARS

ALONE she never weeps her father's death;
When friends are by, her tears time every breath.
Who weeps for credit, never grief hath known;
He truly weeps alone, who weeps alone!

SIC VOS NON VOBIS

IF THAT the gods should grant these brothers twain
Such shares of life as Leda's Spartans led,
A noble strife affection would constrain,
For each would long to die in brother's stead;
And he would say who first reached death's confine,
"Live, brother, thine own days, and then live mine!"

SILENCE IS GOLDEN

YOU'RE pretty, I know it; and young, that is true;
And wealthy — there's none but confesses that too:
But you trumpet your praises with so loud a tongue
That you cease to be wealthy or pretty or young!

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR

YES, New and I both here reside:
Our stoops you see are side by side;
And people think I'm puffed with pride,
And envy me serenely blessed,
With such a man for host and guest.
The fact is this — he's just as far
As folks in Borrioboola Gha.
What! booze with him? or see his face,
Or hear his voice? In all the place
There's none so far, there's none so near!
We'll never meet if both stay here!
To keep from knowing New at all,
Just lodge with him across the hall!

THE LEAST OF EVILS

WHILE some with kisses Julia smothers,
Reluctant hand she gives to others:
Give me thy merest finger-tips,
Or anything—but not thy lips!

THOU REASON'ST WELL

THE atheist swears there is no God
And no eternal bliss:
For him to own no world above
Doth make a heaven of this.

NEVER IS, BUT ALWAYS TO BE

YOU always say "to-morrow," "to-morrow" you will live;
But that "to-morrow," prithee, say when will it arrive?
How far is't off? Where is it now? Where shall I go to find it?
In Afric's jungles lies it hid? Do polar icebergs bind it?
It's ever coming, never here; its years beat Nestor's hollow!
This wondrous thing, to call it mine, I'll give my every dollar!
Why, man, to-day's too late to live—the wise is who begun
To live his life with yesterday, e'en with its rising sun!

LEARNING BY DOING

AS MITHRADATES used to drink the deadly serpent's venom,
That thus all noxious things might have for him no mischief in 'em,—
So Skinner feeds but once a day with scanty preparation,
To teach his folks to smile unfed nor suffer from starvation.

TERTIUM QUID

WHEN poets, croaking hoarse with cold,
To spout their verses seek,
They show at once they cannot hold
Their tongues, yet cannot speak.

SIMILIA SIMILIBUS

I WONDER not that this sweetheart of thine
Abstains from wine;
I only wonder that her father's daughter
Can stick to water.

CANNIBALISM

WITHOUT roast pig he never takes his seat:
Always a boor — a boar — companions meet!

EQUALS ADDED TO EQUALS

YOU ask why I refuse to wed a woman famed for riches:
Because I will not take the veil and give my wife the breeches.
The dame, my friend, unto her spouse must be subservient quite:
No other way can man and wife maintain their equal right.

THE COOK WELL DONE

WHY call me a bloodthirsty, gluttonous sinner
For pounding my chef when my peace he subverts?
If I can't thrash my cook when he gets a poor dinner,
Pray how shall the scamp ever get his deserts?

A DIVERTING SCRAPE

MY SHAVER, barber eke and boy,—
One such as emperors employ
Their hirsute foliage to destroy,—
I lent a friend as per request
To make his features look their best.
By test of testy looking-glass
He mowed and raked the hairy grass,
Forgetful how the long hours pass;
He left my friend a perfect skin,
But grew a beard on his own chin!

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND

You'd marry Crichton, Miss Jemima:
Smart for you!
But somehow he won't come to time. Ah!
He's smart too!

THE COBBLER'S LAST

Predestined for patching and soling,
For fragrance of grease, wax, and thread,
You find yourself squire by cajoling,
When with pigs you should hobnob instead;
And midst your lord's vertu you're rolling,
With liquor and love in your head!
How foolish to send me to college,
To soak up unpractical views!
How slow is the progress of knowledge
By the march of your three-dollar shoes!

BUT LITTLE HERE BELOW

His grave must be shallow,—the earth on him light,—
Or else you will smother the poor little mite.

E PLURIBUS UNUS

When hundreds to your parlors rush,
You wonder I evade the crush?
Well, frankly, sir, I'm not imbued
With love of social solitude.

FINE FRENZY

Long and Short will furnish verse
To market any fake:
Do poets any longer dream,
Or are they wide-awake?

LIVE WITHOUT DINING

Now, if you have an axe to grind, or if you mean to spout,
If your invite is to a spread, then you must count me out:
I do not like that dark-brown flask, I dread the thought of gout,
I'm restless at the gorgeous gorge that ostentation dares.
My friend must offer me pot-luck on wash-days unawares;
I like my feed when his menu with my own larder squares.

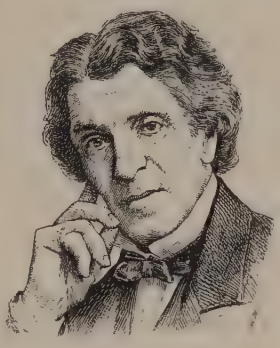
THE TWO THINGS NEEDFUL

How grand your gorgeous mansion shows
Through various trees in stately rows!
Yet two defects its splendors spite:
No charmed recess for tedious night—
No cheerful spot where friends may dine—
Well, your non-residence is fine!

JAMES MARTINEAU

(1805–)

Two names overtop all others in the history of English Unitarian thought and leadership,—Joseph Priestley and James Martineau. Priestley died in 1804, and Martineau was born the following year, April 21st, coming of a Huguenot family which had been long settled in England. From his father he inherited the gentleness and refinement of his nature, from his mother that intellectual strength in which his celebrated sister Harriet so fully shared. His education began at the "Grammar School" in Norwich, where his father was a manufacturer and wine merchant; and was continued at Bristol with Dr. Lant Carpenter, then a prominent Unitarian minister, but now best known as the father of the scientist W. B. Carpenter and Mary the philanthropist. The next step was to the workshop, with a view to making himself a civil engineer. This phase of his experience enriched his mind with the materials for many a brilliant metaphor in his writings, wonderful to his readers until they know his early history. But his heart was not in his work; and at length his father yielded to his solicitations, and assuring him that he was "courting poverty," sent him to Manchester New College, which was then at York,—a lineal descendant of that Warrenton Academy in which Priestley taught and Malthus was educated, but already, in 1824, a Unitarian theological school. Here Martineau was graduated in 1827, and soon after became junior pastor of a church in Dublin, nominally Presbyterian like most of the early Unitarian churches in England and Ireland. Already distinguished as a preacher of great eloquence and fervor, upon the death of his senior he refused to take that senior's place because it entailed the *regium donum:* a gift of the Crown to Protestant ministers, which he thought discriminated unfairly against Roman Catholics. His next charge was in Liverpool, whither he went in 1832, and in 1836 published his first book, 'Rationale of Religious Enquiry,' which was strikingly in advance of the current



James Martineau

Unitarian thinking. In 1839 he made himself a great reputation in the famous «Liverpool Controversy»; accepting, with the Unitarians Thom and Giles, the challenge of thirteen clergymen of the Established Church to a public debate. Martineau's contribution was the most brilliant and effective ever made to Unitarian controversial writing. This success may have done something to set the habit of his life; for it is certain that it has ever since been stoutly controversial,—his numerous essays and reviews, and even his most important books, being cast for the most part in a controversial mold, while his sermons frequently take on a controversial character without any of the personalities which the other things involve.

In 1840 he was made professor of mental and moral philosophy in Manchester New College; which, following its peripatetic habit, in 1841 returned from York to Manchester, went to London in 1847, and to Oxford in 1889. Martineau was connected with it as professor, and for many years as its head, until 1885. In the mean time he had removed from Liverpool to London, in 1857, after ten years of journeying there to his lectures and back to his pastoral work. The substance of his college work is embodied in his 'Types of Ethical Theory' (1885), 'A Study of Religion' (1888), and 'The Seat of Authority in Religion' (1890).

The critical radicalism of the last of these volumes did much to alienate the sympathies of those whose religious conservatism had attracted them to the two others, and to the general working of his mind as opposed to the materialistic tendencies which were dominant and aggressive in the third quarter of the century. But as a critic of the New Testament and Christian origins there was nothing in 'The Seat of Authority' to astonish or surprise any one acquainted with the course of his development. In this respect he had been consistently radical from first to last. Some of the most radical positions in the book will be found, germinal if not developed, in his reviews and studies of a much earlier date. The result of his criticisms was, for himself, a conception of Jesus and his work in history which, ethically and spiritually, transcended any that he found in the traditional presentation, but was strictly within the limits of a humanitarian view.

If Martineau's theological and philosophical position was conservative as compared with his criticism, it was so only from the accident of a temporary swaying of the pendulum of thought towards materialism — a tendency which has already reached its term, and which no English writer has done so much to counteract as he. But an intuitive philosophy, anti-materialistic, anti-necessarian, anti-utilitarian, was not a conservative but a radical philosophy from 1840 until 1860; and this was the philosophy of Martineau in those years of earnest thought

and active change. He had begun as an ardent disciple of Locke and Hartley and Priestley; serving out his captivity with them more patiently because of the idealization of their doctrine by the younger Mill, who as early as 1841 noticed in a syllabus of Martineau's lectures that he was falling away from his allegiance to the empirical school, and begged to have the lectures printed lest he should "be studying them in another state of existence" were their publication long delayed. In a little while Martineau found himself bound "to concede to the self-conscious mind itself, both as knowing and willing, an autonomous function distinct from each and all of the phenomena known, and changes willed, — a self-identity as unlike as possible to any growing aggregate of miscellaneous and dissimilar experiences." This involved a surrender of determinism and a revision of the doctrine of causation. In 1848–9 he spent fifteen months in Germany, studying with Trendelenburg, and was soon brought into the same plight with reference to the cognitive and æsthetic side of life that had already befallen him in regard to the moral. He had become a metaphysician,—the possible as real for him as the actual, *noumena* as real as phenomena, mind central to the universe, and God a righteous will.

It would be difficult to find a more brilliant series of writings—culminating in the elaborate treatises of 1885, 1887, 1890 —than those in which Martineau defended his new-found philosophic faith. He had many foemen worthy of his pen. In the persons of Mansel and Spencer he opposed himself to Agnosticism before Huxley had named the terrible child, and while it was provisionally called Nescience. Against Tyndall and others as the prophets of Materialism, he put forth his utmost strength. In the great battle with Determinism and Utilitarianism he met all those who came up against him with a dialectic supple and keen as a Damascus sword. On these several fields he was a recognized captain of the host, and obtained the admiration and the gratitude of many who could not abide his Unitarian faith. His scientific knowledge was so large that it enabled him to cope with noble confidence with scientists venturing across his lines. He has lived to see many of the bolder of them retreating from positions too rashly taken up; but that his own are final is not to be supposed. One may greatly admire him, and yet conceive that he has been far more apt in finding what is weakest in the philosophical and religious implications of a transitional science, than in appropriating those scientific elements which make for a more satisfactory solution of the universal mystery than any yet obtained.

But if Martineau had not been a master in philosophy and ethics, he would still have been one of the most distinguished preachers of his sect and time. His most helpful books have been his volumes

of sermons, especially the two volumes (1843–7) 'Endeavors after a Christian Life.' The published sermons of his later life are too much overcrowded by the fear that the materialists be upon us. They have not the joyous march and song of the 'Endeavors.' A penetrating spirituality is the dominant note of all his works; a passion for ideal truth and purity. The beauty of holiness shines from every page as from the preacher's face. His style, though marvelously brilliant, has undoubtedly been a deduction from his influence. It is so rich with metaphor that it dazzles the reader more than it illuminates the theme. Moreover, we are arrested by the beauty of the expression as by a painted window that conceals what is beyond. Nevertheless, for those straining after an ideal perfection, his sermons are as music to their feet. He has won the unbounded love and reverence of his own household of faith; and in his ninety-third year (1897) is, with Gladstone, one of the most impressive figures on the century's narrowing verge. All the great universities of Great Britain, America, and Continental Europe long since accorded him their highest honors.

THE TRANSIENT AND THE REAL IN LIFE

From 'Hours of Thought on Sacred Things'

Job xii. 22: "*He discovereth deep things out of darkness; and bringeth out to light the shadow of Death.*"

IT IS the oldest, as it is the newest, reproach of the cynic against the devout, that they construe the universe by themselves; attribute it to a will like their own; tracing in it imaginary vestiges of a moral plan, and expecting from it the fulfillment of their brilliant but arbitrary dreams. Instead of humbly sitting at the feet of Nature, copying her order into the mind, and shaping all desire and belief into the form of her usages and laws, they turn out their own inward life into the spaces of the world, and impose their longings and admirations on the courses and issues of Time. With childish self-exaggeration, it is said, we fancy creation governed like a great human life,—peopled with motives, preferences, and affections parallel to ours,—its light and heat, its winds and tides, its seasons and its skies, administered by choice of good or ill, transparent with the flush of an infinite love, or suffused with the shadow of an infinite displeasure. We set at the helm of things a glorified humanity; and that is our God. We think away from society the cries of wrong

and the elements of sin, leaving only what is calm and holy; and that is our Kingdom of Heaven. We picture to ourselves youth that never wastes, thought that never tires, and friendship without the last adieu; and that is our immortality. Religion, we are assured, is thus born of misery: it is the soul's protest against disappointment and refusal to accept it, the pity which our nature takes upon its own infirmities, and is secured only on the pathos of the human heart.

Be it so. Are you sure that the security is not good? Are we so made as to learn everything from the external world, and nothing out of ourselves? Grant the allegation. Let our diviner visions be the native instinct, the home inspiration, of our thought and love: are they therefore false because *we* think them? illusory, because beautiful relatively to us? Am I to believe the register of my senses, and to contradict the divinations of conscience and the trusts of pure affection? Is it a sign of highest reason to deny God until I see him, and blind myself to the life eternal till I am born into its surprise? Nothing more arbitrary, nothing narrower, can well be conceived, than to lay down the rule that our lowest endowment — the perceptive powers which introduce us to material things — has the monopoly of knowledge; and that the surmises of the moral sense have nothing true, and the vaticinations of devoted love only a light that leads astray. The wiser position surely is, that the mind is a balanced organ of truth all round,— that each faculty sees aright on its own side of things, and can measure what the others miss: the hand, the palpable; the eye, the visible; the imagination, the beautiful; the spirit, the spiritual; and the will, the good. How else indeed could God and Heaven, if really there, enter our field of knowledge, but by standing thus in relation to some apprehensive gift in us, and emerging as the very condition of its exercise and the attendant shadow of its movements?

And in truth, if we are not strangely self-ignorant, we must be conscious of two natures blended in us, each carrying a separate order of beliefs and trusts, which may assert themselves with the least possible notice of the other. There is the nature which lies open to the play of the finite world, gathers its experience, measures everything by its standard, adapts itself to its rules, and discharges as fictitious whatever its appearances fail to show. And underlying this, in strata far below, there is the

nature which stands related to things infinite, and heaves and stirs beneath their solemn pressure, and is so engaged with them as hardly to feel above it the sway and ripple of the transitory tides. Living by the one, we find our place in nature; by the other, we lose ourselves in God. By the first, we have our science, our skill, our prudence; by the second, our philosophy, our poetry, our reverence for duty. The one computes its way by foresight; the other is self-luminous for insight. In short, the one puts us into communication with the order of appearances; the other with eternal realities. It is a shallow mind which can see to the bottom of its own beliefs, and is conscious of nothing but what it can measure in evidence and state in words; which feels in its own guilt no depth it cannot fathom, and in another's holiness no beauty it can only pine to seize; which reads on the face of things — on the glory of the earth and sky, on human joy and grief, on birth and death, in pity and heroic sacrifice, in the eyes of a trusting child and the composure of a saintly countenance — no meanings that cannot be printed; and which is never drawn, alone and in silence, into prayer exceeding speech. Things infinite and divine lie too near to our own centre, and mingle in too close communion, to be looked at as if they were there instead of here: they are given not so much for definition as for trust; are less the objects we think of than the very tone and color of our thought, the tension of our love, the unappeasable thirst of grief and reverence. Till we surrender ourselves not less freely to the implicit faiths folded up in the interior reason, conscience, and affection, than to the explicit beliefs which embody in words the laws of the outward world, we shall be but one-eyed children of Nature, and utterly blind prophets of God.

No doubt these two sides of our humanity, supplying the temporal and the spiritual estimates of things, are at ceaseless variance; they reckon by incommensurable standards, and the answers can never be the same. The natural world, with the part of us that belongs to it, is so framed as to make nothing of importance to us except the rules by which it goes, and to bid us ask no questions about its origin; since we have equally to fall in with its ways, be they fatal or be they divine. But to our reason in its noblest exercise, it makes a difference simply infinite, whether the universe it scans is in the hands of dead necessity or of the living God. This, which our science ignores,

is precisely the problem which our intellect is made to ponder. Again, our social system of rights and obligations is constructed on the assumption that with the springs of action we have no concern: they fulfill all conditions, if we ask nothing and give nothing beyond the conduct happiest in its results. But the natural conscience flies straight to the inner springs of action as its sole interest and object; it is there simply as an organ for interpreting them, and finding in them the very soul of righteousness: that which the outward observer shuns is the inward spirit's holy place. And once more, Nature, as the mere mother of us all, takes small account in this thronged and historic world of the single human life: repeating it so often as to render it cheap; short as it is, often cutting its brief thread; and making each one look so like the other that you would say it could not matter who should go. But will our private love, which surely has the nearer insight, accept this estimate? Do we, when its treasure has fallen from our arms, say of the term of human years, "It has been enough"?—that the possibilities are spent; that the cycle of the soul is complete; and that with larger time and renovated opportunity, it could learn and love and serve no more? Ah no! to deep and reverent affection there is an aspect under which death must ever appear unnatural; and its cloud, after lingering awhile till the perishable elements are hid, grows transparent as we gaze, and half shows, half veils, a glorious image in the depth beyond. Tell me not that affection is blind, and magnifies its object in the dark. Affection blind! I say there is nothing else that can see; that can find its way through the windings of the soul it loves, and know how its graces lie. The cynic thinks that all the fair look of our humanity is on the outside, inasmuch as each mind will put on its best dress for company; and if *there* he detects some littleness and weakness, which perhaps his own cold eye brings to the surface, there can be only what is worse within. Dupe that he is of his own wit! he has not found out that all the evil spirits of human nature flock to him; that his presence brings them to the surface from their recesses in every heart, and drives the blessed angels to hide themselves away: for who would own a reverence, who tell a tender grief, before that hard ungenial gaze? Wherever he moves, he empties the space around him of its purest elements: with his low thought he roofs it from the heavenly light and the sweet air; and then complains of the world as a close-breathed and

stifling place. It is not the critic, but the lover, who can know the real contents and scale of a human life; and that interior estimate, as it is the truer, is always the higher: the closest look becomes the gentlest too; and domestic faith, struck by bereavement, easily transfigures the daily familiar into an image congenial with a brighter world.

Our faculties and affections are graduated then to objects greater, better, fairer, and more enduring, than the order of nature gives us here. They demand a scale and depth of being which outwardly they do not meet, yet inwardly they are the organ for apprehending. Hence a certain glorious sorrow must ever mingle with our life: all our actual is transcended by our possible; our visionary faculty is an overmatch for our experience; like the caged bird, we break ourselves against the bars of the finite, with a wing that quivers for the infinite. To stifle this struggle, to give up the higher aspiration, and be content with making our small lodgings snug, is to cut off the summit of our nature, and live upon the flat of a mutilated humanity. To let the struggle be, however it may sadden us, to trust the pressure of the soul towards diviner objects and more holy life, and measure by it the invisible ends to which we tend,—this is true faith; the unfading crown of an ideal and progressive nature. It is indeed, and ever must be, notwithstanding the light that circles it, a crown of thorns; and the brow that wears it can never wholly cease to bleed. A nature which reaches forth to the perfect from a station in the imperfect must always have a pathetic tinge in its experience. Think not to escape it by any change of scene, though from the noisy streets to the eternal City of God. There is but One for whom there is no interval between what he thinks and what he is; in whom therefore is "light, and no darkness at all." For us, vain is the dream of a shadowless world, with no interruption of brilliancy, no remission of joy. Were our heaven never overcast, yet we meet the brightest morning only in escape from recent night; and the atmosphere of our souls, never passing from ebb and flow of love into a motionless constancy, must always break the white eternal beams into a colored and a tearful glory. Whence is that tincture of sanctity which Christ has given to sorrow, and which makes his form at once the divinest and most pathetic in the world? It is that he has wakened by his touch the illimitable aspirations of our bounded nature, and flung at once into

our thought and affection a holy beauty, a divine Sonship, into which we can only slowly grow. And this is a condition which can never cease to be. Among the true children of the Highest, who would wish to be free from it? Let the glorious burden lie! How can we be angry at a sorrow which is the birth-pang of a diviner life?

From this strife, of infinite capacity with finite conditions, spring all the ideal elements which mingle with the matter of our being. Nor is it our conscience only that betrays the secret of this double life. Our very memory too, though it seems but to photograph the actual, proves to have the artist's true selecting power, and knows how to let the transient fall away, and leave the imperishable undimmed and clear. As time removes us from each immediate experience, some freshening dew, some wave of regeneration, brightens all the colors and washes off the dust; so that often we discover the essence only when the accidents are gone, and the present must die from us ere it can truly live. The work of yesterday, with its place and hour, has but a dull look when we recall it. But the scene of our childish years,—the homestead, it may be, with its quaint garden and its orchard grass; the bridge across the brook from which we dropped the pebbles and watched the circling waves; the schoolhouse in the field, whose bell broke up the game and quickened every lingerer's feet; the yew-tree path where we crossed the church-yard, with arm round the neck of a companion now beneath the sod,—how soft the light, how tender the shadows, in which that picture lies! how musical across the silence are the tones it flings! The glare, the heat, the noise, the care, are gone; and the sunshine sleeps, and the waters ripple, and the lawns are green, as if it were in Paradise. But in these minor religions of life, it is the personal images of companions loved and lost that chiefly keep their watch with us, and sweeten and solemnize the hours. The very child that misses the mother's appreciating love is introduced, by his first tears, to that thirst of the heart which is the early movement of piety, ere yet it has got its wings. And I have known the youth who through long years of harsh temptation, and then short years of wasting decline, has, from like memory, never lost the sense as of a guardian angel near, and lived in the enthusiasm, and died into the embrace, of the everlasting holiness. In the heat and struggle of mid-life, it is a severe but often a purifying retreat to be lifted into the

lonely observatory of memory, above the fretful illusions of the moment, and in presence once more of the beauty and the sanctity of life. The voiceless counsels that look through the visionary eyes of our departed steal into us behind our will, and sweep the clouds away, and direct us on a wiser path than we should know to choose. If age ever gains any higher wisdom, it is chiefly that it sits in a longer gallery of the dead, and sees the noble and saintly faces in further perspective and more various throng. The dim abstracted look that often settles on the features of the old,— what means it? Is it a mere fading of the life? an absence, begun already, from the drama of humanity? a deafness to the cry of its woes and the music of its affections? Not always so: the seeming forgetfulness may be but brightened memory; and if the mists lie on the outward present, and make it as a gathering night, the more brilliant is the lamp within that illuminates the figures of the past, and shows again, by their flitting shadows, the plot in which they moved and fell.

It is through such natural experiences — the treasured sanctities of every true life — that God "discovereth to us deep things out of darkness, and turneth into light the shadow of death." They constitute the *lesser religions* of the soul; and say what you will, they come and go with the *greater*, and put forth leaf and blossom from the same root. We are so constituted throughout — in memory, in affection, in conscience, in intellect — that we cannot rest in the literal aspect of things as they materially come to us. No sooner are they in our possession, than we turn them into some crucible of thought, which saves their essence and precipitates their dross; and their pure idea emerges as our lasting treasure, to be remembered, loved, willed, and believed. What we thus gain, then,— is it a falsification? or a revelation? What we discard,— is it the sole constant, which alone we ought to keep? or the truly perishable, which we deservedly let slip? If the vision which remains with us is fictitious, then is there a fatal misadjustment between the actual universe and the powers given us for interpreting it; so that precisely what we recognize as highest in us — the human distinctions of art, of love, of duty, of faith — must be treated as palming off upon us a system of intellectual frauds. But if the idealizing analysis be true, it is only that our faculties have not merely passive receptivity, but discriminative insight, are related to the permanent as well as to the transient, and are at once prophetic and retrospective; and

thus are qualified to report to us, not only what is, but what ought to be and is to be. Did we apply the transforming imagination only *to the present*, so as to discern in it a better possibility beyond, it might be regarded as simply a provision for the progressive improvement of this world,— an explanation still carrying in itself the thought of a beneficent Provider. But we glorify no less what *has been* than what *now is;* and see it in a light in which it never appeared beneath the sun: and this is either an illusion or a prevision.

The problem whether the transfiguring powers of the mind serve upon us an imposture or open to us a divine vision, carries in its answer the whole future of society, the whole peace and nobleness of individual character. High art, high morals, high faith, are impossible among those who do not believe their own inspirations, but only court and copy them for pleasure or profit. And for great lives, and stainless purity, and holy sorrow, and surrendering trust, the souls of men must pass through all vain semblances, and touch the reality of an eternal Righteousness and a never-wearied Love.

ANDREW MARVELL

(1621–1678)

ANDREW MARVELL has been described as of medium height, sturdy and thick-set, with bright dark eyes, and pleasing, rather reserved expression.

He was born in 1621, at Winestead, near Hull, in Yorkshire. His father was master of the grammar school, and there Andrew was prepared for Trinity College, Cambridge. But a boyish escapade led to his expulsion before the completion of his university course, and for several years he lived abroad; visiting France, Holland, Spain, and Italy, and improving his mind "to very good purpose," as his friend John Milton said admiringly. He returned to become tutor to Lord Fairfax's young daughter, and lived at Nun Appleton near Hull. He was an ardent lover of nature, finding rest and refreshment in its color and beauty, noting the lilt of a bird or the texture of a blossom with a happy zest which recalls the songs of the Elizabethans. Much of his pastoral verse was written at this period. But his energetic nature soon tired of country calm. His connection with Lord Fairfax had made him known in Roundhead circles, and he left Nun Appleton, appointed by Cromwell tutor to his young ward Mr. Dutton, and afterwards engaged in politics. His native Hull elected him to Parliament three times; and he is said to have been the last member to receive wages — two shillings a day — for his services. So well did he satisfy his constituents that they continued him a pension until his death in 1678. His public career was distinguished for fearless integrity; and an often quoted instance of this describes Lord Treasurer Danby sent by Charles II. to seek out the poet in his poverty-stricken lodgings off the Strand, with enticing offers to join the court party. These Marvell stoutly declined; although the story adds that as soon as his flattering visitor had gone he was forced to send out for the loan of a guinea.

ANDREW MARVELL

Marvell's satiric prose was too bitter and too personal not to arouse great animosity, and he was often forced to circulate it in

manuscript or have it secretly printed. The vigorous style suggests Swift; and mingled with coarse invective and frequent brutalities there is sledge-hammer force of wit,—much of which, however, is lost to the modern reader from the fact that the issues involved are now forgotten.

The great objects of Marvell's veneration were Cromwell and Milton. He knew them personally, was the associate of Milton at the latter's request, and these master minds inspired some of his finest verse. He has been called "the poet of the Protectorate"; and perhaps no one has spoken more eloquently upon Cromwell than he in his 'Horatian Ode' and 'Death of Cromwell.' It is interesting to note that Milton and Cromwell admired and respected Marvell's talents, and that the former suggested in all sincerity that he himself might find matter for envy in the achievement of the lesser poet.

Marvell "was eminently afflicted with the gift of wit or ingenuity much prized in his time," says Goldwin Smith. His fanciful artificialities, reflecting the contemporary spirit of Waller and Cowley, are sometimes tedious to modern taste. But in sincerer moods he could write poems whose genuine feeling, descriptive charm, and artistic skill are still as effective as ever.

THE GARDEN

How vainly men themselves amaze,
To win the palm, the oak, or bays:
And their incessant labors see
Crowned from some single herb, or tree,
Whose short and narrow-vergèd shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid;
While all the flowers and trees do close,
To weave the garlands of repose.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow;
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.

Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress's name.
Little, alas! they know or heed,
How far these beauties her exceed!
Fair trees! where'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The gods, who mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race.
Apollo hunted Daphne so,
Only that she might laurel grow;
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Insnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less
Withdraws into its happiness—
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find:
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds and other seas;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide:
There like a bird it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings;
And till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was the happy garden state,
While man there walked without a mate;
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet?

But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there:
Two paradises are in one,
To live in paradise alone.

How well the skillful gardener drew
Of flowers and herbs, this dial new!
Where from above the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run;
And as it works, th' industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned, but with herbs and flowers?

THE EMIGRANTS IN BERMUDAS

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride
In th' ocean's bosom, unespied—
From a small boat that rowed along,
The listening winds received this song:—

What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
Where he the huge sea monsters wracks
That lift the deep upon their backs,
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms and prelate's rage.
He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels everything,
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows;
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet;
But apples,—plants of such a price
No tree could ever bear them twice,—
With cedars, chosen by his hand
From Lebanon, he stores the land;
And makes the hollow seas that roar
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.

He cast (of which we rather boast)
The gospel's pearl upon our coast;
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound his name.
Oh, let our voice his praise exalt
Till it arrive at heaven's vault;
Which then, perhaps, rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay.

Thus they sang, in the English boat,
A holy and a cheerful note;
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

THE MOWER TO THE GLOW-WORMS

YE LIVING lamps, by whose dear light
The nightingale does sit so late,
And studying all the summer night,
Her matchless songs does meditate!

Ye country comets, that portend
No war, nor prince's funeral,
Shining unto no other end
Than to presage the grass's fall!

Ye glow-worms, whose officious flame
To wandering mowers shows the way,
That in the night have lost their aim,
And after foolish fires do stray!

Your courteous lights in vain you waste,
Since Juliana here is come;
For she my mind hath so displaced,
That I shall never find my home.

THE MOWER'S SONG

MY MIND was once the true survey
Of all these meadows fresh and gay;
And in the greenness of the grass
Did see its hopes as in a glass:
When Juliana came, and she,
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.

But these, while I with sorrow pine,
Grew more luxuriant still and fine;
That not one blade of grass you spied
But had a flower on either side:
When Juliana came, and she,
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.

Unthankful meadows, could you so
A fellowship so true forego,
And in your gaudy May-games meet,
While I lay trodden under feet?
When Juliana came, and she,
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.

But what you in compassion ought,
Shall now by my revenge be wrought;
And flowers, and grass, and I, and all,
Will in one common ruin fall:
For Juliana comes, and she,
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.

And thus ye meadows, which have been
Companions of my thoughts more green,
Shall now the heraldry become
With which I shall adorn my tomb:
For Juliana comes, and she,
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.

THE PICTURE OF T. C.

In a Prospect of Flowers

See with what simplicity
This nymph begins her golden days!
In the green grass she loves to lie,
And there with her fair aspect tames
The wilder flowers, and gives them names;
But only with the roses plays,
And them does tell
What color best becomes them, and what smell.

Who can foretell for what high cause
This darling of the gods was born?

See! this is she whose chaster laws
The wanton Love shall one day fear,
And under her command severe,
See his bow broke and ensigns torn.
Happy who can
Appease this virtuous enemy of man!

Oh, then let me in time compound
And parley with those conquering eyes,
Ere they have tried their force to wound,—
Ere with their glancing wheels they drive
In triumph over hearts that strive,
And them that yield but more despise:
Let me be laid
Where I may see the glory from some shade.

Meanwhile, whilst every verdant thing
Itself does at thy beauty charm,
Reform the errors of the spring:
Make that the tulips may have share
Of sweetness, seeing they are fair;
And roses of their thorns disarm;
But most procure
That violets may a longer age endure.

But oh, young beauty of the woods,
Whom Nature courts with fruit and flowers,
Gather the flowers, but spare the buds,
Lest Flora, angry at thy crime
To kill her infants in their prime,
Should quickly make the example yours;
And ere we see,
Nip in the blossom all our hopes in thee.

MASQUES

BY ERNEST RHYS

SOME of the prettiest things in all literature lie hidden and half forgotten in the "masques" and "triumphs" to be found in the old quartos and dusty folios of the early seventeenth century. Lord Bacon unbent to praise them; Milton and Ben Jonson wrote them; Campion used both his music and his poetry upon them; Inigo Jones lent them his art. These are famous names, and in a brief account one must keep to the great craftsmen who worked in that way; but it is fair to remember too the number of less known writers who left things of the kind, imperfect as whole performances, but full of such effects and pleasant passages as well reward the students and lovers of old poetry.

Among the poets who have not come popularly into the first or second rank, Samuel Daniel — "the well-languaged Daniel," as he has been called — has written exquisitely parts and passages in this kind. Daniel, it may be recalled, besides writing plays on a classical Senecan model, very remarkable and exceptional in the literature of the time, wrote a very convincing retort in his 'Defence of Rhyme' to Campion's attack on its use in English poetry. The prose 'Defence' had its verse counterpart in 'Musophilus'; in whose terse lines may be found some that may grow proverbial, as *e. g.*:—

> "While timorous knowledge stands considering,
> Audacious ignorance hath done the deed."

Something of the same idiomatic force of expression may be found in his masques and in his plays. In his masque of 'Tethys's Festival, or the Queen's Wake,' which was celebrated at Whitehall in 1610, and which like so many of Ben Jonson's masques owed a moiety at least of their effect to the genius of Inigo Jones,—as becomes a play devoted to Tethys, Queen of Ocean, and her nymphs, we find that—

> "The Scene it selfe was a Port or Haven, with Bulworkes at the entrance, and the figure of a Castle commaunding a fortified towne: within this Port were many Ships, small and great, seeming to lie at anchor, some neerer, and some further off, according to perspective: beyond all appeared the Horizon or termination of the Sea, which seemed to moove with a gentle gale, and many Sayles lying, some to come into the Port, and others passing out. From this Scene issued Zephyrus, with eight Naydes, Nymphs of fountaines, and two Tritons sent from Tethys."

Then followed songs and dances, and a change of scene accomplished during a wonderful circular dance of mirrors and lights, devised by Inigo Jones.

«After this, Tethys rises, and with her Nymphes performes her second daunce, and then reposes her againe upon the Mount, entertained with another song:—

«Are they shadowes that we see?
And can shadowes pleasure give?
Pleasures onely shadowes bee
Cast by bodies we conceive;
And are made the things we deeme,
In those figures which they seeme.

«But these pleasures vanish fast,
Which by shadowes are exprest:
Pleasures are not, if they last;
In their passing is their best.
Glory is most bright and gay
In a flash, and so away.»

Another poet and playwright of a distinctly lower rank than Daniel, and yet a better writer perhaps than we now usually deem him, — Sir William Davenant, — also wrote masques in conjunction with Inigo Jones. Whether it was that Inigo had a good and inspiring influence on the Oxford vintner's son, whom old report has associated now and again with Shakespeare himself, certainly Davenant is found quite at his most interesting pitch in such masques as 'The Temple of Love,' written some twenty-four years after Daniel's 'Tethys's Festival,' and presented by the «Queenes Majesty and her Ladies at Whitehall, on Shrove Tuesday 1634.» The Queen was Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I. There is a certain quaintness in the conception of this masque, in which «Divine Poesie,» who is called «the Secretary of Nature» in the Argument, plays a prominent part. She appears in the masque itself as «a beautiful woman, her garment sky-color, set all with stars of gold, her head crowned with laurel, a spangled veil hanging down behind,» a swan at her side, attended by the Greek poets. For high-priest she has Orpheus, who is seen most picturesquely in the following scene:—

«Out of a Creeke came waving forth a Barque of a gracious Antique designe, adorned with Sculpture finishing in Scrowles, that on the poope had for Ornament a great Masque head of a Sea-god; and all the rest enriched with embost worke touched with silver and gold. In the midst of this Barque sate Orpheus with his Harpe; he wore a white robe girt, on his shoulders was a mantle of carnation, and his head crowned with a laurell garland; with him, other persons in habits of Sea-men as pilots and guiders of the Barque; he playing one straine was answered with the voyces and instruments.

THE SONG

HEARKE! Orpheus is a Sea-man growne;
No winds of late have rudely blowne,
Nor waves their troubled heads advance!
His Harpe hath made the winds so mild,
They whisper now as reconciled;
The waves are soothed into a dance.»

Obviously much of the picturesqueness of such scenes was due to the fine art of Inigo Jones. But we have to remember that music too was an essential part; and this brings us to the conclusion that in the masque, the arts all meet and combine in close accord. Painting and poetry, music and dancing,— nay, even architecture and sculpture, have their allotted uses in it. For, to take sculpture, not only does the devising and posing of the masquers and their draperies seem as much a sculptor's as a painter's prerogative, but in the old masques the device of living statues was a common one. Take for example the 'Masque of the Gentlemen of Gray's Inn,' by Francis Beaumont:—

«The statues were attired in cases of gold and silver close to their bodies, faces, hands, and feet,— nothing seen but gold and silver, as if they had been solid images of metal; tresses of hair, . . . girdles and small aprons of oaken leaves, as if they had been carved or molded out of the metal. At their coming, the music changed from violins to hautboys, cornets, etc.; and the air of the music was utterly turned into a soft time, with drawing notes, excellently expressing their natures, . . . and the statues placed in such several postures . . . as was very graceful, besides the novelty.»

This is enough to give an idea of the charm, in daintily mingled effects of color and music, which exists in this realm of masques and pageants; which is wide enough to include such pure poetry as Milton's 'Comus,' and such splendid scenes of State as the Field of the Cloth of Gold. A pleasant realm to wander in, which leaves one haunted indeed by such sights and sounds as those of the Dance of the Stars, so frequently introduced, and the song that attended its progress:—

«Shake off your heavy trance,
And leap into a dance,
Such as no mortals use to tread;
Fit only for Apollo
To play to, for the moon to lead,
And all the stars to follow.»

Ernest Rhys

JEAN BAPTISTE MASSILLON

(1663–1742)

BY J. F. BINGHAM

THE subject of this sketch, the celebrated Bishop of Clermont, was the last of the three greatest preachers of the great age of pulpit eloquence in France — the age, as Voltaire has observed, probably the greatest in pulpit oratory of all time. Massillon, by the consensus of the world, has been adjudged the greatest of the great three, in the region of the pathetic, or persuasion by the resource of emotion, or in still other words, as a preacher; that is, in the power of stirring the hearts and moving the passions of multitudes of men towards that which all men know to be the noblest and best, whatever the practice of their lives may be.

J. B. MASSILLON

Bossuet, the monarch of the pulpit, moved on with a magnificent and thundering tread, trampling down all opposition; in a dignified and elegant fury, subduing all things to his imperial will. Bourdaloue, the Jesuit and incomparable logician, a combatant by far more skillful than even Bossuet, with no flourish of trumpets, brought up the irresistible battalions of arguments, marshaled with matchless skill, swiftly succeeding one another with an unerring aim, all in fighting undress, without waving plumes or the clank of glittering trappings or the frippery of gilded lace and pompous orders, but with victory written on every banner; and when the hour of conflict was over, stood on a field strewed with the wrecks of every adversary.

Massillon, coming immediately after these giants of a world-wide renown, while yet the air was ringing of their hitherto unequaled achievements, — with the great advantage, indeed, of being offered the opportunity of learning much from their skill, — yet struck out a wholly new method for himself. Each of the three evinced enormous native oratorical talent. Each had acquired and mastered whatever the schools can furnish of rhetorical skill and finish; and this is much. But Massillon evinced an enormous superiority in that which

was a peculiarity of his own — and it was a peculiarity of measureless consequence. He evinced a moral constitution more subtle and more refined than either; a knowledge of the secret depths of the human heart more profound; and a certain sympathetic power, indescribable in words, but infinitely effective in stirring the emotions and rousing the passions of the hearer into an irresistible conflict in his soul with his own perverse inclinations: while at the same moment he was enchanting him with the purest and most perfect graces of style; and was sweetly, almost unconsciously, leading him along, not able, not wishing, to resist; or even affrighting him by a sudden cry of alarm, as sincere and tender as that of a mother frightening her infant away from the wrong way into the right.

In respect of purity and beauty of style, Fénelon, and Fénelon alone of all preachers, might come into competition with him; but Fénelon having ordered his sermons to be burned, we have little or nothing of his in this line.

It is a happy consequence of this extreme elegance, this matchless purity and beauty of style,—and it is one of the rarest in the world, in the case of the great preachers,—that after deducting the necessary and unspeakable loss of his majestic presence, his impressive manner, his wonderfully lovely voice, his perfect and bewitching elocution, his printed sermons were read by the most refined of his contemporaries in the closet, and for nearly two hundred years have been and are still read (in the original), with unabated delight. The young King Louis XV., we are told, "learned them by heart, the magistrate had them in his office, the fine lady on her toilet table." Unfortunately there are not, perhaps there cannot be, any translation of his masterpieces which in respect of style would be judged, by those most competent to judge, to be worthy of him. From the smoothness and harmonious flow of his sentences, Voltaire named him the Racine of the pulpit; and tells us that the 'Athalie' of Racine and the 'Grand Carême' of Massillon (the forty-two sermons preached at Versailles before Louis XIV. during the Lent of 1704) are always lying on his table side by side.

This remarkable man was the son of a minor officer of the law; born in the little city of Hyères,—an ancient watering-place on the French Riviera, some fifty miles east of Marseilles,—and educated at the College of the Oratorians at Marseilles, of which liberal order he became in due time a priest. He was a true child of the fervid south. The warm blood of Provence galloped through his veins, and the hot passions of human nature were strong in his soul. His infant rambles were among orange groves, olives, and palms. The soft breezes of the Mediterranean fanned the cheeks of his youth; and from infancy up his ears were daily saluted by the gay

and amorous melodies of the Troubadours. He was rusticated from his college for some *faux pas* with the sex. It was nothing very serious, we imagine (he was only eighteen), and he was restored to his classes within the year. After his great sermon on the Prodigal Son, in which he so profoundly analyzes the workings of the voluptuous passions, he was asked "where, being a recluse, he could have obtained such a profound knowledge of the voluptuous life?" He replied, "In my own heart."

He was not only born in the land of love and song, he was born an orator. It is related of him that in early childhood he was accustomed, on Sundays and holy days, to gather his comrades around him, then mount a rock, a box, or a chair, and declaim to them the substance of the sermon he had heard at mass. In college he pursued the humanities with the greatest zeal, and was greatly distinguished in all the rhetorical exercises; yet after becoming a priest and furnished with such a magnificent equipment, he grew shy of this great talent, made repeated attempts to escape the pulpit, and finally began the exercise of his remarkable gifts only on the absolute command of the superior of his order. From the first moment a brilliant career was assured. Success swiftly followed success. He passed rapidly up the ladder of promotion. The great capital was already whispering his fame, when in his thirty-third year he found himself actually planted in that wicked Babylon, and summoned to preach in its most prominent pulpits. Improving his opportunity to hear the greatest preachers there (including of course Bossuet and Bourdaloue, and probably Fléchier and Mascaron), he said on one occasion to a brother priest who accompanied him: "I feel their intellectual force, I recognize their great talents; but if I preach, I shall not preach like them." And surely he did not.

From this moment, to hear a sermon of Massillon was a new experience to Paris. Many stories have come down to us of the effects of this new method in the hands of this unparalleled master. We can cite but a specimen. To illustrate how widely his influence pervaded the lowest as well as the highest classes of society, it is related that when Massillon was to preach in Notre Dame, the crush at the entrance was something extraordinary even for a Paris crowd. On one occasion a rather powerful woman of the town, bent on hearing him, roughly elbowing her way through the mass, whispered aloud, "Eh! wherever this devil of a Massillon preaches, he makes such a row!" Baron, the comic author and actor, at that time the leading star of the French stage, soon went to hear him. Struck by the simplicity of his manner and the impressive truthfulness of his elocution, he said to a brother actor who accompanied him, "There, my friend, is an orator: we are but players." Laharpe relates that a courtier,

going to a new opera, found his carriage blocked in a double file of carriages, the one bound for the opera, the other for the Quinze-vingts. The church was near where Massillon was preaching. In his impatience he dismounted from the carriage, and out of curiosity for a sight of the famous preacher, he entered the church. The sermon was already begun. It was the celebrated discourse 'On the Word of God.' At that moment Massillon raised his usually downcast look, and sweeping the congregation with his wonderful eye, uttered the apostrophe — *Tu es ille vir!* [Thou art the man.] The gentleman was struck as by an arrow. He remained till the end of the sermon, fixed in his place as by a charm. At the close he did not go to the opera, but returned to his home a changed man. Bourdaloue, after hearing him, being asked by a distinguished brother of his own order how he ranked the new orator, is said to have replied in the words of the Forerunner concerning the just appearing Messiah: "He must increase, but I must decrease." The celebrated compliment of Louis XIV. at the close of the 'Grand Carême,' though threadbare and possibly intended to be equivocal, must not be omitted, because it was unquestionably as true as it was elegant, when he said to him: "Father, I have heard several great orators in my chapel; I have been mightily pleased with them: as for you, every time I have heard you, I have been very much displeased — with myself." He presently added: "And I wish to hear you, father, hereafter every two years." Yet for this or some other now unknown reason, Massillon was never again invited by Louis XIV. to preach before him. Bourdaloue, than whom there could be no abler or severer judge, after reading his printed discourses declared: "The progress one has made in eloquence must be judged of by the relish he finds in reading Massillon's works." In 1717 he was appointed by Louis XV. Bishop of Clermont, and in 1719 he was elected one of the French Academy. He died at the age of eighty, of apoplexy, in his country house a few miles outside his see-city.

Now what were the great and distinguishing features of this "new method," which resulted in such enormous contemporary as well as lasting success? Setting aside, as having been sufficiently noticed, the extraordinary witchery of his person, of his voice, of his manner, of even his delicious language and perfect literary form, what particulars can we discover, in the printed pages of his sermons, as we have them in our hands to-day, to account for the prodigious strength and unrelaxing permanence of his grip on the minds and hearts of men? This we shall try to show in the selections we now offer the reader from his most famous discourses.

There are two observations to be made in a general way toward answering this question, before descending to more definite particulars.

One strikes us, on the first notice of the subjects he has chosen to discourse on. He had observed, he once said, that there was too much dwelling on external manners and a general and vague morality. If we examine, we find that his subject-matter is always something definite and personal, something that comes home to "the business and bosom" of every one of his auditory. This is too evident in every one of his discourses to need any citations.

Then it is conspicuous how little space he gives to establishing accepted truths and general propositions universally adopted. He assumes these, or at most confirms them in a paragraph or two. Then he sets himself to search out in the bottom of the hearts of his hearers — in their criminal attachments, in their earthly interests — the reasons why each one in particular, without contesting the existence of the law or the necessity of obeying it, pretends that he can give himself a dispensation from submitting himself to it. This too, as we shall see, appears in every sermon.

Another characteristic which pervades his whole method, and is found in every discourse, and in which Buffon in his treatise on 'Eloquence' gives it as his judgment that Massillon surpasses all the orators ancient and modern, is called in the schools Amplification. It consists in the difficult but effective art of developing a principal thought in one long composite sentence, which occupies an entire paragraph, and is made up of an expanding series of intensifying clauses, flowing in one indivisible stream of multiplying minor thoughts, which roll the fundamental sentiment along, exhibiting continually new relations, new colors, new charms, with ever increasing force. As he thus revolved his thought through every application and under every light, not only did the gathering force bear on all before it, but each individual for himself, sooner or later, found his own moral picture flashed into his soul; and these individual convictions, melting into one mighty sentiment, set the whole auditory in commotion as if it were but a single soul. For an example of the pathetic thus amplified, take the famous

Picture of the Death-Bed of a Sinner

THEN the dying sinner, finding no longer in the remembrance of the past, anything but regrets which overwhelm him; in all which is passing from his sight, but images which afflict him; in the thought of the future, but horrors which affright him; — knowing no longer to whom he should have recourse: neither to the creatures, which are escaping from him, nor to the world, which is vanishing; nor to men, who do not know how

to deliver him from death; nor to the just God, whom he regards as his declared enemy, whose indulgence he must no longer expect; — he revolves his horrors in his soul; he torments himself, he tosses himself hither and thither, to flee from death which is seizing him, or at least to flee from himself; from his dying eyes issues a gloomy wildness which bespeaks the furiousness of his soul; from the depths of his dejection he throws out words broken by sobs, which one but half understands, and knows not whether it is despair or repentance which has given them form; he casts on the crucifix affrighted looks, and such as leave us to doubt whether it is fear or hope, hatred or love, which they mean; he goes into convulsions in which one is ignorant whether it is the body dissolving, or the soul perceiving the approach of her judge; he sighs deeply, and one cannot tell whether it is the memory of his crimes which is tearing these sighs from him, or his despair at relinquishing life. Finally, in the midst of his mournful struggles, his eyes become fixed, his features change, his countenance is distorted, his livid mouth falls open; his whole body trembles, and with this last struggle his wretched soul is sorrowfully torn from this body of clay, falls into the hands of God, and finds itself at the foot of the awful tribunal.

New translation by J. F. B.

In his painting of manners to be reproved, while always abiding in the perfection of elegance, he sometimes descended with a frank and bold simplicity to startling details. An example of this stripping luxury naked for chastisement appears in the following exposure of the ways by which it seeks to elude the rigor of the precept, from the opening sermon of the 'Grand Carême,' on —

Fasting

Text: «Cum jejunatis, nolite fieri sicut hypocritæ, tristes.» — Vulgate. [When thou fastest, be not like the hypocrites, sad. — French Translation.]

My brethren, there is more than one kind of sadness. There is a sadness of penitence which works salvation, and the joy of the Holy Spirit is always its sweetest fruit; a sadness of hypocrisy, which observes the letter of the law, wearing an affected exterior, pale and disfigured, in order not to lose before men the merit of its penitence, — and this is rare; finally, there is a sadness of corruption, which opposes to this holy law

a depth of corruption and of sensuality: and one may safely say that this is the most universal impression which is made on us by the precept of the fast and of abstinence. . . .

I ask you whether, if it mortified the body and the passions of the flesh, this ought to be by the length of the abstinence, or by the simplicity of the food one makes use of, or in the frugality which one observes in his repasts. Pardon me this detail: it is here indispensable, and I will make no abuse of it.

Is it the length of the abstinence? But if, for gathering the fruit and merit of the fast, the body must languish and faint in the restriction of its nourishment, in order that the soul, while expiating her profane voluptuousness, may learn in this natural desire what ought to be her hunger and her thirst for the everlasting righteousness, and for that blessed estate in which, established again in the truth, we shall be delivered from all these humiliating necessities,—oh, what of the useless and unfruitful fasts in the Church!

Alas! the first believers, who did not break it till after the sun was set; they whom a thousand holy and laborious exercises had prepared for the hour of the repast: they who during the night which preceded their fasting, had often watched in our temples, and chanted hymns and canticles on the tombs of the martyrs,—these pious believers might safely have referred the whole merit of their fasting to the length of their abstinence, and yet only then could their flesh and their criminal passions be enfeebled. But for us, my brethren, it is no longer there that the merit of our fastings must be sought; for besides that the Church, by consenting that the hour of the repast should be advanced, has spared this rigor to the faithful, what unworthy easements have not been added to her indulgence? It seems that all one's attention is limited to doing in a way that will bring one to the hour of the repast, without one's really perceiving the length and the rigor of the fasting.

And beyond this (since you oblige us to say it here, and to put these indecent details in the place of the great verities of religion), one prolongs the hours of his sleep in order to shorten those of his abstinence; one dreads to feel for a single instant the rigor of the precept, one stifles in the softness of repose the prick of hunger, from which even the fasting of Jesus was not exempt; in the sloth of a bed one nurses a flesh which the Church had purposed to emaciate and afflict by punishment; and

far from taking nourishment as a necessary relief accorded at last to the length of one's abstinence, one brings to it a body still all full of the fumes of the night, and does not find in it even the relish which pleasure alone would have desired for its own satisfaction.

Translation of J. F. B.

A similar heart-searching severity pervades the following chastisement, from the magnificent sermon on Alms-giving:—

Hypocritical Humility in Charity

In truth, there are few of those coarse and open hypocrisies which publish on the house-tops the merit of their holy deeds; the pride is more adroit, and never immediately unmasks: but what in the world, nevertheless, has less of the true zealot of charity, who seeks, like Jesus Christ, solitary and desert places to conceal his charitable prodigality! One hardly sees any of these ostentatious zealots who do not keep their eye out merely for miseries of renown, and piously wish to put the public into their confidence concerning their largesses; a good many means are sometimes taken to cover them, but nobody is sorry that an indiscretion has drawn them out; one will not seek the public eye, but one will be enraptured when the public eye overtakes us; and the liberalities which are unknown are almost regarded as lost.

Alas! with their gifts on every side, were not our temples and our altars the names and the marks of their benefactors, that is to say, the public monuments of the vanity of our fathers and of our own? If one wished only the invisible eye of the heavenly Father for witness, to what good this vain ostentation? Do you fear that the Lord forgets your offerings? Is it necessary that he should not be able to glance from the depth of the sanctuary, where we adore him, without finding again the remembrance of them? If you propose only to please him, why expose your bounties to other eyes than his? Why shall his ministers themselves, in the most awful functions of the priesthood, appear at the altar—where they ought to bring only the sins of the people—loaded and clothed with marks of your vanity? Why these titles and inscriptions which immortalize on sacred walls your gifts and your pride? Was it not enough that these gifts should be written by the hand of the Lord in the Book of Life? Why

engrave, on marble which will perish, the merit of an action which the charity of it was sufficient to render immortal?

Ah! Solomon, after having reared the most stately and magnificent temple that ever was, had engraved on it only the awful name of the Lord, and took care not to mix the marks of the grandeur of his race with those of the eternal majesty of the King of Kings. A pious name is given to this custom; people believe that these public monuments allure the liberality of the faithful. But has the Lord charged your vanity with the care of attracting bounties to his altars? and has he permitted you to be a modest means that your brethren should become more charitable? Alas! the most powerful among the first believers brought simply, like the most obscure, their patrimonies to the feet of the apostles; they saw, with a holy joy, their names and their goods confounded with those of their brethren who had offered less than they; people were not distinguished then in the assemblies of the faithful in proportion to their benefactions; the honors and the precedences there were not yet the price of gifts and offerings; and one did not care to change the eternal recompense which was awaited from the Lord, into this frivolous glory which might be received from men: and to-day the Church has not privileges enough to satisfy the vanity of her benefactors; their places with us are marked in the sanctuary; their tombs with us appear even under the altar, where only the ashes of the martyrs should repose; honors even are rendered to them which ought to be reserved to the glory of the priesthood; and if they do not bring their hand to the censer, they at least wish to share with the Lord the incense which burns on his altars. Custom authorizes this abuse, it is true; but that which it authorizes, custom never justifies.

Charity, my brethren, is that sweet odor of Jesus Christ which evaporates and is lost the moment it is uncovered. It does not cause to abstain from the public duties of benevolence; we owe to our brethren edification and example; it is a good thing for them to see our works, but we should not see them ourselves; and our left hand ought not to know the gifts our right distributes; the achievements even which duty renders the most brilliant, ought always to be secret in the preparations of the heart; we ought to entertain a kind of jealousy for them against others' gaze; and not think their innocence sure, but when they are under the eyes of God alone. Yes, my brethren,

the alms which have almost always rolled along in secret, have arrived much more pure into the bosom of God himself than those which, exposed even against our will to the eyes of men, have been somewhat befouled and disturbed on their course by the unavoidable complaisances of self-love and the praise of the spectators: like those streams which have almost always rolled under the ground, and which carry into the bosom of the sea waters living and pure; while, on the contrary, those which have traversed level and exposed tracts in the open ordinarily carry there only defiled waters, which are always dragging along the rubbish, the corpses, the slime which they have amassed on their route.

Translation of J. F. B.

Massillon was especially noted for the appositeness and beauty of his exordiums; and one of his sermons of great repute owes its enormous fame to that peculiarity of the text and to the action of the first three minutes. Massillon used no gestures, properly so called: but in the words of the Abbé Maury, he had an eloquent eye; which, Sainte-Beuve has added, made for him the most beautiful of gestures. The sermon in question was that which he pronounced in the final obsequies for Louis XIV. He entered the pulpit with lowered eyes, as was his custom. At length, raising them, he swept them in silence over all that magnificent funeral pomp. Then he fixed them on the lofty catafalque, and slowly pronounced the words of his text, taken from the first chapter of Ecclesiastes, in the French version of the Vulgate: "I have become great; I have surpassed in glory all who have preceded me in Jerusalem." After a long silence, and upon the excited expectation of the auditory, he began with the ever since famous words: "My brethren, God alone is great."

Perhaps this bewitching felicity was never more striking than in the exordium of his first sermon before the same Louis XIV., when, knowing that a reputation for austerity had preceded him, he made his début before that glittering earthy crowd in the following way, with the sermon on —

The Blessedness of the Righteous

Text: "Blessed are they that mourn."

Sire: If the world were speaking here instead of Jesus Christ, no doubt it would not offer such language as this to your Majesty.

"Blessed the Prince," it would say to you, "who has never fought but to conquer; who has seen so many powers in arms

against him, only to gain glory in granting them peace; who has always been equally greater than danger and greater than victory!

"Blessed the Prince, who throughout the course of a long and flourishing reign has peacefully enjoyed the emoluments of his glory, the love of his subject peoples, the esteem of his enemies, the admiration of all the world, the advantage of his conquests, the magnificence of his works, the wisdom of his laws, the august hope of a numerous posterity; and who has nothing more to desire than long to preserve that which he possesses!"

Thus the world would speak; but, Sire, Jesus does not speak like the world.

"Blessed," says he to you, "not he who is achieving the admiration of his age, but he who is making the world to come his principal concern, and who lives in contempt of himself, and of all that is passing away; because his is the kingdom of heaven.

"Blessed, not he whose reign and whose acts history is going to immortalize in the remembrance of men, but he whose tears shall have effaced the story of his sins from the remembrance of God himself; because he will be eternally comforted.

"Blessed, not he who shall have extended by new conquests the limits of his empire, but he who shall have confined his inclinations and passions within the limits of the law of God; because he will possess an estate more lasting than the empire of the whole world.

"Blessed, not he who, raised by the acclamations of subject peoples above all the princes who have preceded him, peacefully enjoys his grandeur and his glory, but he who, not finding on the throne even anything worthy of his heart, seeks for perfect happiness here below only in virtue and in righteousness; because he will be satisfied.

"Blessed, not he to whom men shall have given the glorious titles of 'Great' and 'Invincible,' but he to whom the unfortunate shall have given, before Jesus, the title of 'Father' and of 'Merciful'; because he will be treated with mercy.

"Blessed, in fine, not he who, being always arbiter of the destiny of his enemies, has more than once given peace to the earth, but he who has been able to give it to himself, and to banish from his heart the vices and inordinate affections which trouble the tranquillity of it; because he will be called a child of God."

These, Sire, are they whom Jesus calls blessed, and the Gospel does not know any other blessedness on earth than virtue and innocence.

New translation by J. F. B.

Further on in this same discourse, where he feels called upon to defend himself from the charge of preaching on imaginary or at least exaggerated delusions of the world, he draws, as follows,—

One of His Celebrated Pictures of General Society

What is the world for the worldlings themselves who love it, who seem intoxicated with its pleasures, and who are not able to step from it? The world?—It is an everlasting servitude, where no one lives for himself, and where to be blest one must be able to kiss one's fetters and love one's slavery. The world?—It is a daily round of events which awaken in succession, in the hearts of its partisans, the most violent and the most gloomy passions, cruel hatreds, hateful perplexities, bitter fears, devouring jealousies, overwhelming griefs. The world?—It is a territory under a curse, where even its pleasures carry with them their thorns and their bitternesses; its sport tires by its furies and its caprices; its conversations annoy by the oppositions of its moods and the contrariety of its sentiments; its passions and criminal attachments have their disgusts, their derangements, their unpleasant brawls; its shows, hardly finding more in the spectators than souls grossly dissolute, and incapable of being awakened but by the most monstrous excesses of debauchery, become stale, while moving only those delicate passions which only show crime in the distance, and dress out traps for innocence. The world, in fine, is a place where hope, regarded as a passion so sweet, renders everybody unhappy; where those who have nothing to hope for, think themselves still more miserable; where all that pleases, pleases never for long; and where *ennui* is almost the sweetest destiny and the most supportable that one can expect in it.

This, my brethren, is the world: and it is not the obscure world, which knows neither the great pleasures nor the charms of prosperity, of favor, and of wealth,—it is the world at its best; it is the world of the court; it is you yourselves who hear me, my brethren.

This is the world; and it is not, in this aspect, one of those paintings from imagination of which the resemblance is nowhere to be found. I am painting the world only after your own hearts; that is, such as you know it and always feel it yourselves to be.

There, notwithstanding, is the place where all sinners are seeking their felicity. There is their country. It is there that they wish they could eternize themselves. This is the world which they prefer to the eternal joys and to all the promises of faith.

New translation by J. F. B.

An exhaustive, masterly, and tremendous discourse, perhaps without a parallel in all literature for boldness and terrible severity in scoring the sin of unchastity, was that on the 'Prodigal Son,' pronounced before Louis XIV. in the chapel at Versailles during the 'Grand Carême.' His text was: "He went into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living." His exordium consists in repeating minutely the story, dwelling on the willingness to live far from home, with swine and like swine,—the nastiness, the emptiness, the deadliness of such a life,—and closes with this affecting

PRAYER

PURIFY my lips, O my God! and while I shall recount the excess of a voluptuous sinner, furnish me with expressions which will not offend a virtue, the love of which I come to-day to inspire in those who hear me; for the world, which no longer knows any restraint on this vice, exacts much notwithstanding of us in the language which condemns it.

Then he opens upon this sin his clean-sweeping artillery thus:—

The vice the deadly consequences of which I am to-day undertaking to expose—this vice so universally spread abroad on the earth, and which is desolating with such fury the heritage of Jesus; this vice of which the Christian religion had purged the world, and which to-day has prevailed on religion itself—is marked by certain peculiar characteristics, all which I find in the story of the wanderings of the Prodigal Son.

There is never a vice which more separates the sinner from God; there is never a vice which, after it has separated him from God, leaves him less resource for returning to Him; there is never a vice which renders the sinner more insupportable to

himself; finally, there is not one which renders him more contemptible in the eyes even of other men. Observe, I pray, all these characteristics in the story of the sinner of our gospel.

The first characteristic of the vice of which we are speaking is the putting, as it were, an abyss between God and the voluptuous soul, and the leaving him almost no more hope of return. The prodigal of our gospel went off at first into a very far country, which left no longer anything in common between him and his natural father: "He took his journey into a far country."

Indeed, in all the other vices, the sinner seems still to hold upon God by some feeble ties. There are some vices which respect at least the sacredness of the body, and do not strengthen its inordinate inclinations; there are others which do not spread so deep darkness on the mind, and leave at least some use of the light of reason; finally, there are some which do not occupy the heart to such a degree as absolutely to take away from it the relish for all which could lead back to God. But the shameful passion of which I am speaking dishonors the body, extinguishes reason, renders all the things of heaven disagreeable, and raises a wall of separation between God and the sinner which seems to take away all hope of reunion.—"He took his journey into a far country."

I said that it dishonors the body of the Christian; it profanes the temple of God in us; it makes the members of Jesus do an ignominious service: it soils a flesh nourished on his body and his blood, consecrated by the grace of baptism; a flesh which is to attain immortality and be conformable to the glorious likeness of Jesus risen; a flesh which will repose in the holy place, and whose ashes will await, under the altar of the Lamb, the day of revelation, mingled with the ashes of the virgins and the martyrs; a flesh more holy than those august temples where the glory of the Lord reposes; more worthy of being possessed with honor and with reverence than the very vases of the sanctuary, consecrated by the terrible mysteries which they inclose. But what a barrier does not the opprobrium of this vice put to the return of God into us! Can a holy God, in whose sight even the heavenly spirits are unclean, sufficiently separate himself from a flesh covered with shame and ignominy? The creature being but dust and ashes, the holiness of God must suffer by lowering himself down to it: ah, what then can the sinner promise himself who joins to his own nothingness and baseness the indignities of a

body shamefully dishonored? — "He took his journey into a far country."

I said that this vice extinguishes even in the soul all her lights, and that the sinner is no longer capable of those salutary reflections which often lead back an unbelieving soul. The prodigal of our gospel, already blinded by his passion, does not see the wrong he is doing himself in separating himself from his paternal home; the ingratitude of which he is rendering himself culpable towards his natural father; the dangers to which he is exposing himself in wishing to be the sole arbiter of his own destiny; the decencies even which he is violating in setting out for a far country, without the counsel and advice of him to whom he owes at least the sentiments of reverence and deference which mere nature itself inspires. He starts, and no longer sees but by the eyes of his passion. — "He took his journey into a far country."

Such is the characteristic of this ill-fated passion,— it spreads a thick cloud over reason: men wise, shrewd, brilliant, lose here at once all their shrewdness, all their wisdom; all their principles of conduct are instantly effaced; a new manner of thinking is made up, in which all the ordinary ideas are proscribed,— it is no longer light and counsel, it is an impetuous inclination which decides and rules all their proceedings; what one owes to others and what one owes to one's self is forgotten; one is blind to one's fortune, to one's duty, to one's reputation, to one's interests, to the decencies even of which the other passions are so jealous; and while one is giving one's self for a spectacle to the public, it is one's self alone that does not see one. One is made blind to fortune: and Ammon loses his life and crown for not having been able to subdue his unjust feebleness. One is made blind to duty: and the impassioned wife of Potiphar no longer remembers that Joseph is a slave; she forgets her birth, her glory, her pride, and no longer sees in that Hebrew aught but the object of her shameful passion. One is made blind to gratitude: and David has no longer eyes either for Uriah's faithfulness, or for the ingratitude of which he is going to render himself guilty towards a God who had drawn him from the dust to set him on the throne of Judah; from the time that his heart was touched, all his lights were extinguished. . . . Thus it is, O my God! that thou punishest the passions of the flesh by the darkness of the mind; that thy light shines no longer on souls adulterous and

corrupt, and that their foolish heart is darkened. — "He took his journey into a far country."

Finally, this deplorable passion puts into the heart an invincible disgust for the things of heaven. . . . Whatever is not marked by the shameful characteristic of voluptuousness interests no longer. Even the duties of society, the functions of a charge, the decencies of a dignity, domestic cares,—all weary, all become disagreeable, outside of passion. . . . Solomon is more attentive to building profane temples to the gods of his foreign wives than to easing his people of the weight of the public expense. [A thrust of amazing boldness in the face of Louis XIV.!] . . . One employs one s self in occupations all which go to nourish voluptuousness, — profane shows, pernicious reading, lascivious music, obscene pictures. . . . It is the characteristic of this passion to fill the whole heart entirely; one is no longer able to occupy one's self but with it; one is possessed, drunk with it; one finds it everywhere; everything shows the marks of its deadly impress; everything awakens its iniquitous desires; the world, solitude, presence, absence, objects the most indifferent, occupations the most serious, the holy temple itself, the sacred altars, the terrible mysteries, recall the remembrance of it: and everything becomes unclean, as the Apostle says, to him who is already himself unclean. — "He took his journey into a far country."

Look back, unbelieving soul; recall those first sentiments of modesty and virtue with which you were born, and see all the way you have made in the road of iniquity, since the fatal day when this shameful vice soiled your heart; and how much you have since removed yourself away from your God: "He took his journey into a far country."

Translation of J. F. B.

Probably the most visibly effective of all the many extraordinary bursts of Massillon's oratory was the celebrated passage in the peroration of the sermon on the 'Small Number of the Saved,' pronounced before Louis XIV. in the chapel royal at Versailles in the course of the 'Grand Carême'; when, having in a long discourse wrought up and prepared his auditory, he began:—

If Jesus should appear in this temple, in the midst of this assembly, the most august in the whole world, to be our judge, to make the terrible separation between the sheep and the goats,

do you believe that the greater number of us would be set on his right hand?—do you believe that things would be at least equal?—do you believe there would be found here only ten righteous, which the Lord was not able to find formerly in five entire cities? I ask you;—you do not know, I do not know myself. Thou alone, O God, dost know those who belong to thee! But if we do not know who belong to him, we do know at least that sinners do not. But who are the faithful believers here assembled?—Titles and dignities must be counted for nothing; you will be stripped of them before Jesus. Who are they? A mass of sinners who do not wish to be converted; still more who wish to be, but who are putting off their conversion: a good many who were converted, but only always to backslide; finally, a great number who think they have no need of conversion: here is the party of the reprobates. Retrench these four sorts of sinners from this holy assembly; for they will be retrenched in the great day;—appear now, ye righteous: where are you! Remnant of Israel, pass to the right; wheat of Jesus, separate yourselves from this chaff destined to the fire. O God! where are thine elect? and what remains for thy portion?

New translation by J. F. B.

It is a curious and very significant tradition that this tremendous sermon had been pronounced before in St. Eustache in Paris, where the turn in the passage given above was unexpected, and the effect unparalleled. At his call for "the remnant of Israel," it is said that the whole congregation, carried away in sympathy with the orator, rose to their feet in a body, not knowing what they were doing. Stranger still, this was known at Versailles, and the passage was expected and eagerly awaited. Yet hard as it is to credit it, we are told that the effect was not a whit less tremendous. Strangest perhaps of all, it is said that Massillon himself, by his posture, by his look of dejection, by his silence of some seconds (a frequent usage of his to add emphasis), associated himself with and augmented the terror of the audience in the chapel royal at Versailles. But we must suppose that it was an expression of sincere sympathy, as well as a sentiment of refinement and decency.

PHILIP MASSINGER

(1583–1640)

BY ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

THE plays of Philip Massinger embody the prosaic spirit of the period of decline which followed Shakespeare. This spirit is not indicated by the subject-matter of his dramas. The plots of 'The Duke of Milan,' 'The Guardian,' or 'The Fatal Dowry,' admit of great treatment. In Massinger's hands they are at least well woven. His absence of imagination is shown rather by his lack of moral consistency in the depiction of character. His men and women are puppets, moved to action by the will of their artificer, not by the laws of their individuality.

PHILIP MASSINGER

The events of Massinger's life are obscure and elusive. He was born in 1583; he entered St. Albans Hall, Oxford, in 1602. During his four years' residence there "he gave his mind more to poetry and romances than to logic and philosophy." After leaving Oxford he went up to London, to throw in his fortunes with the frequenters of the Mermaid Tavern. The enchanted world of the drama was at that time clothed in the richness and beauty of its prime. The young hearts of Beaumont and Fletcher, of Webster and Tourneur, still throbbed with "the love of love, the hate of hate." The brain of genius was still unchilled by doubt and speculation.

Massinger, though contemporary with these great children of a great age, belongs by his spirit to a duller time. His dramas have the solidity of prose without its freedom. His characters and situations lack the spontaneity of nature. He is melodramatic in the sense that his men and women are personifications of virtue or vice. The broad *via media*, the highway on which the majority of mankind is afoot, has no place in his dramas. He is blind to the half-lights of character,—to the subtle blendings of shade and color in the minds of men.

Camiola and Adorni in 'The Maid of Honour' are exceptions to this rule. Camiola, who loves Bertoldo and is herself hopelessly beloved of Adorni, is "a small but ravishing substance." Her impetuous affection, like Juliet's, goes directly to its goal without subterfuge or deviation. When she learns from the servants that Bertoldo is in prison, abandoned by the King, the impatience of her sorrow leaps to her lips:—

> "Possible! Pray you, stand off.
> If I do mutter treason to myself
> My heart will break; and yet I will not curse him,—
> He is my King. The news you have delivered
> Makes me weary of your company: we'll salute
> When we meet next. I'll bring you to the door.
> Nay, pray you, no more compliments."

Adorni is a noble and convincing figure. When commissioned by Camiola to rescue his rival, she asks of him, "You will do this?" He answers, "Faithfully, madam;" then aside, "but not live long after." Massinger rarely clothes such abundance of meaning in so few words.

'The Fatal Dowry' and 'The Duke of Milan' are generally assigned the first place among the tragedies of Massinger. They are stately plays, but dreary and lifeless. His two comedies 'A New Way to Pay Old Debts' and 'The City Madam' are comedies only in the sense that they do not end in death and disaster. The character of Sir Giles Overreach in the former play has held the stage until the present time. Of Massinger's classical dramas, Arthur Symons assigns the highest place to 'Believe as You List,' though the better known play 'The Roman Actor' was held by the author "to be the most perfect work of my Minerva."

Massinger is farthest from greatness in his depiction of women. With the exception of Camiola, of Lidia in the 'Great Duke of Florence,' of Bellisant in the 'Parliament of Love,' of Matilda in the 'Bashful Lover,' and of one or two others, his women are vulgar and sensual. Their purity and their vice are alike unconvincing. This defect of portrayal is common, however, to the majority of Massinger's characters. They are uninteresting because their qualities are imposed upon them. There is no fidelity to the hidden springs of action.

Massinger wrote a number of plays in conjunction with other dramatists. The best known is 'The Virgin-Martyr.' Dekker's touch is recognizable in such lines as these:—

> "I could weary stars,
> And force the wakeful moon to lose her eyes,
> With my late watching."

Massinger was a prolific writer. Beside the plays already mentioned, he gave to the stage of his day 'The Renegado,' 'The Bondman,' 'A Very Woman,' 'The Emperor of the East,' 'The Picture,' and 'The Unnatural Combat.' Coleridge has recommended the diction of Massinger to the imitation of modern writers, on the ground that it is the nearest approach to the language of real life at all compatible with a fixed metre. It is this very characteristic of it which deprives it of the highest poetical quality.

Anna McClure Scholl

FROM 'THE MAID OF HONOUR'

[Camiola, who is in love with Bertoldo, is told by his friends Antonio and Gasparo that he is a prisoner, and that the King has refused to pay his ransom.]

Enter a Servant

Servant — The signiors, madam, Gasparo and Antonio,
Selected friends of the renowned Bertoldo,
Put ashore this morning.
Camiola — Without him?
Servant — I think so.
Camiola — Never think more, then!
Servant — They have been at court,
Kissed the King's hand, and, their first duties done
To him, appear ambitious to tender
To you their second service.
Camiola — Wait them hither.
Fear, do not rack me! Reason, now if ever
Haste with thy aids, and tell me, such a wonder
As my Bertoldo is, with such care fashioned,
Must not, nay, cannot, in Heaven's providence
So soon miscarry!—

Enter Antonio *and* Gasparo

Pray you, forbear: ere you take
The privilege as strangers to salute me,
(Excuse my manners) make me first understand
How it is with Bertoldo.

Gasparo— The relation
Will not, I fear, deserve your thanks.
Antonio— I wish
Some other should inform you.
Camiola— Is he dead?
You see, though with some fear, I dare inquire it.
Gasparo— Dead! Would that were the worst: a debt were paid then,
Kings in their birth owe nature.
Camiola— Is there aught
More terrible than death?
Antonio— Yes, to a spirit
Like his: cruel imprisonment, and that
Without the hope of freedom.
Camiola— You abuse me:
The royal King cannot, in love to virtue,
(Though all the springs of affection were dried up)
But pay his ransom.
Gasparo— When you know what 'tis,
You will think otherwise: no less will do it
Than fifty thousand crowns.
Camiola— A petty sum,
The price weighed with the purchase: fifty thousand!
To the King 'tis nothing. He that can spare more
To his minion for a masque, cannot but ransom
Such a brother at a million. You wrong
The King's munificence.
Antonio— In your opinion;
But 'tis most certain: he does not alone
In himself refuse to pay it, but forbids
All other men.
Camiola— Are you sure of this?
Gasparo— You may read
The edict to that purpose, published by him.
That will resolve you.
Camiola— Possible! Pray you, stand off.
If I do mutter treason to myself
My heart will break; and yet I will not curse him,—
He is my King. The news you have delivered
Makes me weary of your company: we'll salute
When we meet next. I'll bring you to the door.
Nay, pray you, no more compliments.

FROM 'A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS'

[Sir Giles Overreach, on fire with greed and with ambition to found a great feudal house, treats about marrying his daughter with Lord Lovell.]

OVERREACH — To my wish: we are private.
I come not to make offer with my daughter
A certain portion,—that were poor and trivial:
In one word I pronounce all that is mine,
In lands or leases, ready coin or goods,
With her, my lord, comes to you; nor shall you have
One motive to induce you to believe
I live too long, since every year I'll add
Something unto the heap, which shall be yours too.
Lovell — You are a right kind father.
Overreach — You shall have reason
To think me such. How do you like this seat?
It is well wooded and well watered,—the acres
Fertile and rich: would it not serve for change
To entertain your friends in a summer progress?
What thinks my noble lord?
Lovell — 'Tis a wholesome air,
And well built; and she that is mistress of it
Worthy the large revenues.
Overreach — She the mistress!
It may be so for a time; but let my lord
Say only that he but like it, and would have it,—
I say, ere long 'tis his.
Lovell — Impossible!
Overreach —
You do conclude too fast: not knowing me,
Nor the engines that I work by. 'Tis not alone
The lady Allworth's lands;—but point out any man's
In all the shire, and say they lie convenient
And useful for your Lordship, and once more
I say aloud, they are yours.
Lovell — I dare not own
What's by unjust and cruel means extorted.
My fame and credit are more dear to me,
Than so to expose 'em to be censured by
The public voice.
Overreach — You run, my lord, no hazard:
Your reputation shall stand as fair
In all good men's opinions as now.
Nor can my actions, though condemned for ill,
Cast any foul aspersion upon yours:

For though I do contemn report myself,
As a mere sound, I still will be so tender
Of what concerns you in all points of honor,
That the immaculate whiteness of your fame,
Nor your unquestioned integrity,
Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot
That may take from your innocence and candor.
All my ambition is to have my daughter
Right Honorable, which my lord can make her;
And might I live to dance upon my knee
A young Lord Lovell, born by her unto you,
I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes.
As for possessions and annual rents,
Equivalent to maintain you in the part
Your noble birth and present state require,
I do remove the burden from your shoulders,
And take it on my own; for though I ruin
The country to supply your riotous waste,
The scourge of prodigals (want) shall never find you.

Lovell— Are you not frighted with the imprecations
And curses of whole families, made wretched
By your sinister practices?

Overreach— Yes, as rocks are
When foamy billows split themselves against
Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is moved
When wolves, with hunger pined, howl at her brightness.
I am of a solid temper, and like these,
Steer on a constant course: with mine own sword,
If called into the field, I can make that right
Which fearful enemies murmured at as wrong.
Now, for those other piddling complaints,
Breathed out in bitterness: as when they call me
Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder
On my poor neighbor's rights, or grand incloser
Of what was common to my private use;
Nay, when my ears are pierced with widows' cries,
And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold:
I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
Right Honorable; and 'tis a powerful charm
Makes me insensible of remorse or pity,
Or the least sting of conscience.

Lovell— I admire
The toughness of your nature.

Overreach— 'Tis for you,
My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT

(1850–1893)

BY FIRMIN ROZ

WHEN, after a volume of poetry, 'Des Vers' (Verses: 1880), Guy de Maupassant published in 1881 the famous story 'Boule de Suif' (Tallow-Ball), he was claimed by the naturalists; and Zola, in an enthusiastic article, introduced the author and the work to the public. It learned that the new-comer to the Soirées de Médan was a robust Norman, proud of his strength, skilled in physical exercises. During ten years, Gustave Flaubert, his godfather, had gradually and patiently taught him his profession of observer and writer. According to some, the pupil equaled the master. He certainly excelled a great number of those who claimed to be enrolled in their ranks.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT

The document school was then in all its glory. It was the heroic time of the so-called realistic novel, composed of slices out of life; of the scientific and psychologic novel, in which the study of the passions, the conflicts of reason with instinct,—all the old-time psychology, in short,—was replaced by the organic dissection of the characters, atavism, the influence of environment and circumstances,—all determinism, in a word. In this examination of facts, hearts were neglected; and novels laboriously constructed according to the positivist method set forth by Zola in 'Le Roman Experimental'—novels in which all must be explained and demonstrated, which attempted to reproduce the very movement of life—were sometimes as false and devoid of life as photographs, which exactly reproduce the details of a face without catching its expression.

By temperament, by education, Guy de Maupassant was above all a realist. He had learned from Flaubert that anything is worthy of art when the artist knows how to fashion it. A country pharmacist, pretentious and commonplace (Bournisien in 'Madame Bovary'), is no less interesting than a scholar, a poet, or a prince. The writer

should not accord any preference to one or another of his heroes. His impartiality guarantees the sureness of his observation. His rôle is to express life simply and purely, without seeking its meaning, without choosing this or that form to the exclusion of some other. But if the vulgarity or even coarseness of the characters and environment, the crudeness of scene and language, aroused the curiosity of the public, and assisted the author's success by winning admirations not always addressed perhaps to what was truly admirable,—the learned, the connoisseurs, were not deceived. They greeted him as a master writer, an unequaled story-teller, who in spite of Zola preserved the classic virtues—precision, clearness, art of composition—which are necessary to the novel, indispensable to the short story. This alone was enough to distinguish Maupassant from the Zolaists and the De Goncourtists, who were then swarming: his firm, alert prose is so profoundly French, free from neologisms, strong in verbs, sober in adjectives, every sentence standing out with no apparent effort, no excess, like a muscle in the perfect body of a young athlete.

In less than twelve years Guy de Maupassant published ten collections of short stories and tales: 'Mademoiselle Fifi,' 'Miss Harriett,' 'Au Soleil' (In the Sunshine), 'Les Sœurs Rondoli' (The Sisters Rondoli), 'Contes de la Bécasse,' 'M. Parent,' 'L'Inutile Beauté' (Vain Beauty), etc.; and six novels: 'Une Vie' (A Life: 1883), 'Mont-Oriol,' 'Bel-Ami' (1885), 'Pierre et Jean' (Peter and John: 1888), 'Fort comme la Mort' (Strong as Death: 1889), 'Notre Cœur' (Our Heart: 1893).*

Guy de Maupassant's place, then, is in the first rank of the realists, and nearer to Flaubert than to De Goncourt and Zola. For the purest expression of naturalism, one must seek him and his master. He has that sense of the real which so many naturalists lack, and which the care for exact detail does not replace. Beside the congealed works of that school his work lives, not as a representation of life but as life itself,—interior life expressed by exterior life, life of men and of animals, the complex and multiform life of the universe weighed down by eternal fatalities. And in the least little stories, most often far from gay,—between two phrases of Rachel Rondoli or of M. Parent; through evocation of a sky, a perfume, a landscape,—one experiences the disquiet of physical mysteries, the shudder of love or of death. This living realism is absolutely pure with Guy de Maupassant. There is no longer any trace of that romantic heredity which is still apparent with the author of 'Salammbô' and of 'La Tentation de Saint Antoine.' He was rarely even tempted toward the study and description of what are called the upper classes; or by the luxury which fascinated Balzac. His predilection for ordinary

*Published by V. Havard in nine volumes; by Ollendorff in eight volumes.

scenes and ordinary types is everywhere evident; he uses all kinds of settings,—a café, a furnished room, a farm-yard, seen in their actual character without poetic transfiguration, with all their vulgarity, their poverty, their ugliness. And he uses too all kinds of characters,—clerks, peasants of Normandy, petty bourgeois of Paris and of the country. They live the empty, tragic, or grotesque hours of their lives; are sometimes touching, sometimes odious; and never achieve greatness either in heroism or in wickedness.

They are not gay, these stories; and the kind of amusement they afford is strongly mixed with irony, pity, and contempt. Gayety, whether brutal, frank, mocking, or delicate, never leaves this bitter taste in the heart. How pitiful in its folly, in its vanity, in its weakness, is the humanity which loves, weeps, or agitates in the tales of Maupassant! There, virtue if awkward is never recompensed, nor vice if skillful punished; mothers are not always saints, nor sons always grateful and respectful; the guilty are often ignorant of remorse. Then are these beings immoral? To tell the truth, they are guided by their instincts, by events, submissive to the laws of necessity, and apparently released by the author from all responsibility.

Such is the individual humor of Guy de Maupassant,—a humor rarely joyous, without sparkling shocks of repartee; a humor tinged with bitterness and contempt, arising usually from the seriousness of ridiculous people and from the ridiculousness of serious people, and nearly always from the universal powerlessness to advance beyond mediocrity. And if Maupassant is cruel to his heroes, he would doubtless say that it is because life too is cruel, unjust, sad, deceiving; and that beauty, virtue, and happiness are only exceptions.

Thence the pessimistic tendency of his work. Nothing shows this original pessimism—rough and lucid, emotional without lyricism—better than the novel 'Une Vie.' It is the story of a commonplace existence: the life of a country woman, married to a brutal and avaricious country squire, delivered from him through a neighbor's vengeance, deceived by her son as well as by her husband, and fixing her obstinate hope upon the grandchild, who perhaps, if death does not liberate her in time, will add one supreme deception to all the others. This woman, who believes herself the victim of a special fatality, has against her nothing but the chance of a bad choice, and the weakness of her own tender spirit, incapable of struggle or action. She is good, pure, and perhaps more sympathetic than any other of Maupassant's heroines. Her life is like many other lives, and doubtless the sadness which emanates from it widens to infinity.

In the short stories, this pessimistic tendency grows finer and sharper so as sometimes to find expression in a tragic element. But with Maupassant the tragic is of very special essence, and not

expressed in grand melodramatic effects or catastrophes as in romanticism. Nor does it consist in the classic debate between duty and passion. No, it consists rather in a wholly physical emotion, excited by the wretchedness of certain destinies, and evoking in its turn the mysterious menaces which hover over us. Disease, madness, death, are in ambush behind every door of our house; and no one has expressed better than Maupassant the terror of the being who feels their breath or sees them face to face. No one has felt with deeper sorrow behind this human misery, the frightful solitude of man among men; the black chasm which separates us from those whom we love; the impossibility of uniting two hearts or two thoughts; the slow succession of the little miseries of life; the fatal disorganization of a solitary existence whose dreams have vanished; and the reason of those tragic endings which only nervous, sensitive minds can understand.

This enables us to grasp the very principle of Maupassant's pessimism, and of this disorganization in which his clear and vigorous intellect foundered. Even his first volume, 'Des Vers,' showed this haunting thought of death, this sadness of the supersensitive soul harassed and unsatisfied, powerless to take pleasure in the joys which are scattered through the universe. In the two little poems 'La Venus Rustique' (The Country Venus) and 'Au Bord de l'Eau' (On the Water's Brink), there is as it were an intoxication with life, which at first appears the sane and happy expression of a robust temperament, but which quickly ends in nostalgia and horror of nothingness. And here is the keynote to Maupassant's sensualism: it is the frantic desire to concentrate in the senses of a single man all that the material world contains of delight,—colors, sounds, perfumes, beauty under all its forms; it is the adoration of matter, and it is the despair of a being crushed by the blind, implacable, and eternal divinity which it has chosen. What does feeling become in this pagan joy, this mother of pains and slaveries? It is easy to see: love is as fatal as death. It is a force of nature which we can neither control nor avoid, nor fix according to our wish; and its very nature explains the derangements of hearts, the betrayals, the jealousies, which deck it in fictitious sentimentality. Final conclusion:—our free will, our liberty, are illusions; and morality is suppressed at the same time that remorses, internal conflicts, duties are reduced to mere conventions useful to society.

This is the principle of Maupassant's pessimism. As is evident, it springs directly from his naturalism. His conception of art and his conception of life are closely allied. This pessimism became more and more accentuated from one work to another; from 'Une Vie' (1883) to 'Notre Cœur' (1892). But in the measure of the novelist's

more and more profound investigation of life, he imperceptibly and to a certain degree substituted psychological study for realism according to Flaubert's formula. This evolution of Guy de Maupassant's talent asserts itself in 'Pierre et Jean' (1888), and is still more clearly delineated in 'Fort comme la Mort' and 'Notre Cœur.' We are far away from the 'Boule de Suifs' and the like. His observation has become acuter, his language better shaded. There is a more flexible precision in the study of more delicate sentiments and of more complicated minds. Is not the love of the old painter Bertin for the daughter of the woman he has passionately loved an exceptional sentiment? It was a ticklish subject; and the author presented it very ably, without brutalities. We cannot help pitying the woman who feels herself growing old, the man who cherished in his friend's daughter the young beauty of the mother whom he once loved. But the charming child is ignorant of the harm she is innocently doing. She marries, and the old painter bears his passion with him in death; while Madame de Guilleroy burns the old letters, their love letters, found in a drawer, and Olivier's resigned agony is lighted up by the reflection of their blazing leaves.

This novel was less successful than its predecessors. The ordinary public, who had enjoyed 'Maître Hauchecorne' and 'Mademoiselle Fifi,' thought that its author had been changed. It asserted that the success of the psychologic novel had fascinated Maupassant. Perhaps we should see in this new phase of his talent only a consequence of the modification which years and the events of his intimate life had little by little brought about. 'Notre Cœur' would confirm this view. It resembles an autobiography. It is the eternal misunderstanding between man and woman,—drawing near for an instant, never united, and never giving the same words the same meaning. What an exquisite charming face is that of Michelle de Burne! a costly flower blossoming after centuries of extreme civilization; a positive, gently egoistic being, in whom nothing is left of primitive woman except the need of dazzling others and of being adored. Simple sincere Elizabeth may console André Mariolle; but neither brilliant orchid nor humble daisy can replace or make the other forgotten. That is why André, uniting the two in a single bouquet, renounces the torturing dream of one only love. Thus Guy de Maupassant had been led by the progress of his observation and his analysis to penetrate into the intimate regions of the heart, where our most secret and most diverse sentiments hide, struggle, supplicate, and contend with each other. This progress of the novelist is natural. As his observation grows sharper and finer, it penetrates deeper; proceeds from faces to minds, and from gestures to feelings. Psychological analysis appears, and with it reflection. The mind falls

back upon itself; the man returns to his own thoughts, his dreams, his emotions. He descends into his own heart, and irony becomes pity and tenderness. His art is perhaps more human.

Neither 'Fort comme la Mort' nor 'Notre Cœur,' Guy de Maupassant's last two novels, shows any trace of insanity. Yet when the world learned in 1893 that this terrible disease had seized the famous novelist, those who had read and studied his work were only half surprised. It was then some years since the reading of 'Horla' had made them anxious.

What is 'Horla'?—It is not a spirit, it is not a phantom of the imagination. It is not any kind of a creature either natural or supernatural. It is not even an illusion of sick senses, a hallucination of fever. No; it is something both more real and less real, less disquieting and more so: it is the unknown hostility surrounding one in the invisible. It is everywhere,—in the bed curtains, in the water pitcher, in the fire lighted to drive it from the house. Dream of a madman, whom the wing of insanity had brushed! Already in 1884, in the story entitled 'Lui,' there had been signs of this fear of fears, fear of the spasms of a wandering mind, fear of that horrible sensation of incomprehensible terror:—"I am afraid of the walls, of the furniture, of the familiar objects which seem to me to assume a kind of animal life. Above all I fear the horrible confusion of my thought, of my reason escaping, entangled and scattered by an invisible and mysterious anguish."

Sensuality, pessimism, obsession of nothingness, hallucinations of the strange,—these different states cruelly asserted their logical dependence in the intellectual history of Guy de Maupassant. The mind which had seemed so profoundly sane and free from any morbid germ became disordered, and then shattered entirely. The universe of forms, sounds, colors, and perfumes, to which he had so complaisantly surrendered himself, became uninhabitable. Perhaps it is necessary that in its attitude toward matter the mind should always retain a kind of distrust, and dominate it without yielding completely to its sorceries and enchantments. To this feast Maupassant had opened all his senses. The day came when he felt his ideas flying around him, he said, like butterflies. With his habitual grasp he still sought to seize them while they were already far from his empty brain. Guy de Maupassant died in 1893, when forty-three years old. His robust constitution could not resist the excessive expenditure of all his energies.

Fernin Roz

THE LAST YEARS OF MADAME JEANNE

From 'A Life'

JEANNE did not go out any more. She hardly bestirred herself. Each morning she got up at the same hour; took notice of the weather outside; and then went down and seated herself before the fire in the hall.

She would remain there whole days, immovable, her eyes fixed upon the flame, giving course to lamentable thoughts, following the melancholy retrospect of her sorrows. Little by little darkness would invade the small room as the day closed, without her having made any other movement than to put more wood on the fire. Then Rosalie would bring the lamp, exclaiming to her, "Come, come, Madame Jeanne! You must shake yourself up a bit, or really you won't have any appetite this evening for supper."

Often, too, she was persecuted by fixed ideas, which besieged and tortured her; by insignificant preoccupations,—mere trifles which took in her dim brain a false importance.

More than anything else she took to living over the past,—her past that lay furthest back, haunted by the early days of her life,—by her wedding trip, over there in Corsica. Suddenly there would rise up before her, landscapes of that island so long forgotten, seen now in the embers of the fireplace: she would recall all the details, all the trivial little episodes, every face once met in that time; the fine head of the guide that they had employed—Jean Ravoli—kept coming before her, and she sometimes fancied that she heard his voice.

Then too she would fall into a revery upon the happy years of her son's childhood, when she and Aunt Lison, with Paul, had worked in the salad-bed together, kneeling side by side in the soft ground, the two women rivals in their effort to amuse the child as they toiled among the young plants.

So musing, her lips would murmur, "Poulet, Poulet! my little Poulet,"—as if she were speaking to him; and, her revery broken as she spoke, she would try during whole hours to write the boy's name in the air, shaping with her outstretched finger these letters. She would trace them slowly in space before the fire, sometimes imagining that she really saw them, then believing that her eyes had deceived her; and so she would rewrite the capital *P* again, her old arm trembling with fatigue, but forcing herself to trace

the name to its end; then when she had finished it she would write it over again. At last she could not write it any more. She would confuse everything,—form other words at random, enfeebled almost to idiocy.

All the little manias of those who live solitary took hold of her. The least change in her surroundings irritated her.

Rosalie would often insist upon making her walk about, and even carry her off to the roadside: but Jeanne at the end of twenty minutes would always end up by saying, "No, I am too tired out, my good girl;" and then she would sit down on the edge of the green roadside.

Indeed, movement of any kind was soon distasteful to her, and she would stay in bed in the morning as late as possible. Ever since her infancy one particular habit had remained tenaciously with her,—that of jumping up out of bed just as soon as she had swallowed her morning coffee. She was very much set on that way of breakfasting, and the privation would have been felt more than anything else. Each morning she would await Rosalie's arrival at her bedside with an exaggerated impatience; and just as soon as the cup was put upon the table at her side, she would start up and empty it almost greedily, and then begin to dress herself at once.

But now, little by little, she had grown into the habit of dreamily waiting some seconds after she had put back the cup into the plate; then she would settle herself again in her bed; and then, little by little, would lengthen her idleness from day to day, until Rosalie would come back furious at such delay, and would dress her mistress almost by force.

Besides all this, she did not seem to have now any appearance of a will about matters; and each time that Rosalie would ask her opinion as to whether something was to be one way or another, she would answer, "Do as you think best, my girl."

She fancied herself directly pursued by obstinate misfortune, against which she made herself as fatalistic as an Oriental: the habit of seeing her dreams evaporate, and her hopes come to nothing, put her into the attitude of being afraid to undertake anything; and she hesitated whole days before accomplishing the most simple affair, convinced that she would only set out the wrong way to do it, and that it would turn out badly. She repeated continually, "I have never had any luck in my life." Then it was Rosalie's turn to cry to her, "What would you say

if you had had to work for your bread, — if you were obliged to get up every morning at six o'clock and go out for your day's doings? There are lots of people who are obliged to do that, nevertheless; and when such people become too old, *they* have to die — just of their poverty.»

A little more strength came to her when the air softened into the first days of spring; but she used this new activity only to throw herself more and more into sombre thoughts.

One morning, when she had climbed up into the garret to hunt for something, she happened to open a trunk full of old calendars; somebody had kept them, as certain country people have a habit of doing. It seemed to her that in finding them she found the very years themselves of her past life; and she remained stricken with a strange and confused emotion before that pile of cardboard squares.

She took them up and carried them down-stairs. They were of all shapes, big and little. She began to arrange them year by year, upon the table; and then, all at once, she found the very first one that had belonged to her, — the same one that she had brought to Peuples. She looked at this one a long time, with the dates marked off by her the morning of her departure from Rouen, the day after her going away from the convent. She wept over it. Sadly and slowly the tears fell; the bitter tears of an old woman whose life was spread out before her on that table.

With the calendars came to her an idea that soon became a sort of obsession; terrible, incessant, inexorable. She would try to remember just whatever she had done from day to day during all her life. She pinned the calendars against the walls and on the carpet one after the other — those faded pieces of cardboard; and so she came to pass hours face to face with them, continually asking herself, «Now let me see, — what *was* it happened to me that month?»

She had checked certain memorable days in the course of her life, hence now and then she was able to recall the episodes of an entire month, bringing them up one by one, grouping them together, connecting one by another all those little matters which had preceded or followed some important event. She succeeded by sheer force of attention, by force of memory and of concentrated will, in bringing back to mind almost completely her two first years at Peuples. Far-away souvenirs of her life returned to

her with a singular facility, and with a kind of relief in them; but the later years gradually seemed to lose themselves in a mist,—to become mixed one with another: and so Jeanne would remain now and then an indefinite time, her head bowed toward one of the calendars, her mind spellbound by the past, without being able to remember whether it was in this or that calendar that such or such a remembrance ought to be decided. She ranged them around the room like the religious pictures that point out the Way of the Cross in a church,—these tableaux of days that were no more. Then she would abruptly set down her chair before one of them; and there she would sit until night came, immobile, staring at it, buried in her vague researches.

All at once, when the sap began to awaken in the boughs beneath the warmth of the sun; when the crops began to spring up in the fields, the trees to become verdant; when the apple-trees in the orchard swelled out roundly like rosy balls, and perfumed the plain,—then a great counter-agitation came over her; she could not seem to stay still. She went and came; she left the house and returned to it twenty times a day, and even took now and then a stroll the length of the farming tracts, excited to a sort of fever of regret. The sight of a daisy blossoming in a tuft of grass, the flash of a ray of sun slipping down between the leaves, the glittering of a strip of water in which the blue sky was mirrored,—all moved her; awakened a tenderness in her; gave her sensations very far away, like an echo of her emotions as a young girl, when she went dreaming about the country-side.

One morning the faithful Rosalie came later than usual into her room, and said, setting down upon the table the bowl of coffee: "Come now, drink this. Denis is down-stairs waiting for us at the door. We will go over to Peuples to-day: I've got some business to attend to over there."

Jeanne thought that she was going to faint, so deep was her emotion at the sound of that name, at the thought of going to the home of her girlhood. She dressed herself, trembling with emotion, frightened and tremulous at the mere idea of seeing again that dear house.

A radiant sky spread out above over all the world; the horse, in fits and starts of liveliness, sometimes went almost at a gallop. When they entered into the commune of Etouvent, Jeanne could

hardly breathe, so much did her heart beat; and when she saw from a distance the brick pillars of the boundary-line of her old home, she exclaimed in a low voice two or three times, and as if in spite of herself, « Oh! — oh! — oh! — » as if before things that threatened to revolutionize all her heart.

They left the wagon with the Couillard family: then, while Rosalie and her son went off to attend to their business, the caretakers offered Jeanne the chance of taking a little turn around the château, the present owners of it being absent; so they gave her the keys.

Alone she set out; and when she was fairly before the old manor-house by the seaside, she stopped to look at its outside once again. It had changed in nothing outside. The large, grayish building that day showed upon its old walls the smile of the sunshine. All the shutters were closed.

A bit of a dead branch fell from above upon her dress. She raised her eyes. It came from the plane-tree. She drew near the big tree with its smooth, pale bark; she caressed it with her hand almost as if it had been an animal. Her foot struck something in the grass,—a fragment of rotten wood; lo! it was the last fragment of the very bench on which she had sat so often with those of her own family about her, so many years ago; the very bench which had been set in place on the same day that Julien had made his first visit.

She turned then to the double doors of the vestibule of the house, and she had great trouble to open them; for the heavy key, grown rusty, refused to turn in the lock. At length the lock yielded with a heavy grinding of its springs; and the door, a little obstinate itself, gave her entrance with a cloud of dust.

At once, and almost running, she went up-stairs to find what had been her own room. She could hardly recognize it, hung as it was with a light new paper: but throwing open a window, she looked out and stood motionless, stirred even to the depth of her being at the sight of all that landscape so much beloved; the thicket, the elm-trees, the flat reaches, and the sea dotted with brown sails, seeming motionless in the distance.

She began prowling about the great empty, lonely dwelling. She even stopped to look at the discolorations on the walls; spots familiar to her eyes. Once she stood before a little hole crushed in the plaster by her father himself; who had often amused himself with making passages at arms, cane in hand, against the partition wall, when he would happen to be passing this spot.

Her mother's room — in it she found, stuck behind the door in a dark corner near the bed, a fine gold hairpin; one which she herself had stuck there so long ago, and which she had often tried to find during the past years. Nobody had ever come across it. She drew it out as a relic beyond all price, and kissed it, and carried it away with her. Everywhere about the house she walked, recognizing almost invisible marks in the hangings of the rooms that had not been changed; she made out once more those curious faces that a childish imagination gives often to the patterns and stuffs, to marbles, and to shadings of the ceilings, grown dingy with time. On she walked, with soundless footsteps, wholly alone in the immense, silent house, as one who crosses a cemetery. All her life was buried in it.

She went down-stairs to the drawing-room. It was sombre behind the closed shutters: for some time she could not distinguish anything; then her eyes became accustomed to the darkness. She recognized, little by little, the tall hangings with their patterns of birds flitting about. Two arm-chairs were set before the chimney, as if people had just quitted them; and even the odor of the room, an odor which it had always kept,— that old vague, sweet odor belonging to some old houses,— entered Jeanne's very being, enwrapt her in souvenirs, intoxicated her memory. She remained gasping, breathing in that breath of the past, and with her eyes fixed upon those two chairs; for suddenly, in a sort of hallucination which gave place to a positive idea, she saw — as she had so often seen them — her father and her mother, sitting there warming their feet by the fire. She drew back terrified, struck her back against the edge of the door, caught at it to keep herself from falling, but with her eyes still fixed upon the chairs.

The vision disappeared. She remained forgetful of everything during some moments; then slowly she recovered her self-possession, and would have fled from the room, fearful of losing her very senses. By chance, her glance fell against the door-post on which she chanced to be leaning; and lo! before her eyes were the marks that had been made to keep track of Poulet's height as he was growing up!

The little marks climbed the painted wood with unequal intervals; figures traced with the penknife noted down the different ages and growths during the boy's life. Sometimes the jottings were in the handwriting of her father, a large hand; sometimes they were in her own smaller hand; sometimes in that of Aunt

Lison a little tremulous. It seemed to her that the child of other days was actually there, standing before her with his blond hair, pressing his little forehead against the wall so that his height could be measured; and the Baron was crying, "Why, Jeanne! he has grown a whole centimetre since six weeks ago!" She kissed the piece of wood in a frenzy of love and desolateness.

But some one was calling her from outside. It was Rosalie's voice: "Madame Jeanne, Madame Jeanne! We are waiting for you, to have luncheon." She hurried away from the room half out of her senses. She hardly understood anything that the others said to her at luncheon. She ate the things that they put on her plate; she listened without knowing what she heard, talking mechanically with the farming-women, who inquired about her health; she let them embrace her, and herself saluted the cheeks that were held out to her; and then got into the wagon again.

When the high roof of the château was lost to her sight across the trees, she felt in her very heart a direful wrench. It seemed to her in her innermost spirit that now she had said farewell forever to her old home!

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by E. Irenæus Stevenson

A NORMANDY OUTING: JEAN ROLAND'S LOVE-MAKING

From 'Pierre and Jean.' Copyright 1890, by Hugh Craig. Published by Home Book Company

The harvest was ripe. Beside the dull green of the clover and the bright green of the beets, the yellow stalks of wheat illuminated the plains with a tawny golden gleam. They seemed to have imbibed the sunlight that fell upon them. Here and there the reapers were at work; and in the fields attacked by the scythe the laborers were seen, swinging rhythmically as they swept the huge, wing-shaped blade over the surface of the ground.

After a drive of two hours, the break turned to the left, passed near a windmill in motion,—a gray melancholy wreck, half rotten and condemned, the last survivor of the old mills,—

and then entered a pretty court-yard and drew up before a gay little house, a celebrated inn of the district.

They started out, net on shoulder and basket on back. Madame Rosémilly was charming in this costume, with an unexpected, rustic, fearless style of beauty.

The petticoat borrowed from Alphonsine, coquettishly raised and held by a few stitches, so as to enable the wearer to run and leap without fear among the rocks, displayed her ankle and the lower part of the calf — the firm calf of a woman at once agile and strong. Her figure was loose, to leave all her movements easy; and she had found, to cover her head, an immense gardener's hat of yellow straw, with enormous flaps, to which a sprig of tamarisk, holding one side cocked up, gave the dauntless air of a dashing mousquetaire.

Jean, since receiving his legacy, had asked himself every day whether he should marry her or no. Every time he saw her, he felt decided to make her his wife; but when he was alone, he thought that meanwhile there was time to reflect. She was now not as rich as he was, for she possessed only twelve thousand francs a year; — but in real-estate farms, and lots in Havre on the docks, and these might in time be worth a large sum. Their fortunes, then, were almost equivalent; and the young widow assuredly pleased him much.

As he saw her walking before him on this day, he thought, "Well, I must decide. Beyond question, I could not do better."

They followed the slope of a little valley, descending from the village to the cliff; and the cliff at the end of this valley looked down on the sea from a height of nearly three hundred feet. Framed in by the green coast, sinking away to the left and right, a spacious triangle of water, silvery blue in the sunlight, was visible; and a sail, scarcely perceptible, looked like an insect down below. The sky, filled with radiance, was so blended with the water that the eye could not distinguish where one ended and the other began; and the two ladies, who were in front of the three men, cast on this clear horizon the clear outline of their compact figures.

Jean, with ardent glance, saw speeding before him the enticing hat of Madame Rosémilly. Every movement urged him to those decisive resolutions which the timid and the hesitating take abruptly. The warm air, in which was blended the scent of the

coast, of the reeds, the clover, the grasses, and the marine odor of the rocks exposed by the tide, animated him with a gentle intoxication; and he decided, more and more at every step, at every second, at every look he cast on the graceful outline of the young woman — he decided to hesitate no longer, to tell her that he loved her and wanted to marry her. The fishing party would be of service: it would render a tête-à-tête more easy; and besides, it would furnish a pretty background, a pretty scene for words of love, with their feet in a basin of limpid water, as they watched the long feelers of the shrimps darting through the sea-weeds.

When they reached the end of the valley at the edge of the bluff, they perceived a little path that ran down the cliff; and below them, between the sea and the foot of the precipice, about half-way down, a wondrous chaos of enormous rocks, that had fallen or been hurled down, heaped on each other on a kind of grassy broken plain which disappeared toward the south, and which had been formed by ancient landslips. In the long strip of brushwood and turf, tossed, one might say, by the throes of a volcano, the fallen rocks resembled the ruins of a great vanished city that once on a time had looked down on the ocean, itself dominated by the white and endless wall of the cliff.

« How beautiful! » said Madame Rosémilly, pausing.

Jean joined her, and with beating heart offered his hand to guide her down the narrow steps cut in the rock.

They went on in front; while Beausire, stiffening himself on his short legs, held out his bent arm to Madame Roland, who was dazed by the blank depth.

Roland and Pierre came last; and the doctor had to support his father, who was so troubled by vertigo that he sat down, and thus slid from step to step.

The young people, who descended at the head of the party, went rapidly, and suddenly caught sight of a streamlet of pure water springing from a little hole in the cliff, by the side of a wooden bench, which formed a resting-place about the middle of the slope. The streamlet at first spread into a basin about the size of a wash-hand bowl, which it had excavated for itself; and then, falling in a cascade of about two feet in height, flowed across the path where a carpet of cress had grown, and then disappeared in the reeds and grass, across the level where the landslips were heaped up.

« How thirsty I am! » cried Madame Rosémilly.

But how to drink? She tried to collect in the hollow of her hand the water which escaped between her fingers. Jean had a bright idea; he placed a stone in the road, and she knelt on it to drink from the very source with her lips, which were thus raised to the same height.

When she raised her head, covered with glittering drops sprinkled by thousands over her face, her hair, her eyelashes, her bust,—Jean, bending toward her, whispered:—

"How pretty you are!"

She replied in the tone one assumes to scold a child:—

"Will you hold your tongue?"

These were the first words of flirtation which they had exchanged.

"Come," said Jean, rather discomfited, "let us be off before they overtake us."

In fact, he was aware that Captain Beausire was quite close to them, and was descending backwards in order to support Madame Roland with both hands; while, higher up and farther away, M. Roland, in a sitting posture, was dragging himself down by his feet and elbows with the speed of a tortoise, and Pierre went before him to superintend his movements.

The path became less steep, and formed now a sloping road that skirted the enormous blocks that had fallen from above. Madame Rosémilly and Jean began to run, and were soon on the shingle. They crossed it to gain the rocks, which extended in a long and flat surface covered with seaweed, in which innumerable flashes of water glittered. The tide was low and far out, behind this slimy plain of sea-wrack with its shining green and black growths.

Jean rolled up his trousers to the knee and his sleeves to the elbow, so as to wet himself with impunity, and cried "Forward!" as he boldly leaped into the first pool that presented itself.

With more prudence, though with equal determination to wade into the water at once, the young woman went around the narrow basin with timid steps,—for she slipped on the slimy weeds.

"Do you see anything?" she said.

"Yes, I see your face reflected in the water."

"If you only see that, you will not have any fishing to boast of."

He said in a tender voice:—

"Ah, that is fishing I shall prefer over all!"

She laughed.

« Try, then, and you'll see how it slips through your net. »

« Well, if you like — »

« I should like to see you catch some prawns — and nothing more — just at present. »

« You are cruel. Let us go farther: there is nothing here. »

He offered her his hand to steady her on the greasy rocks. She leaned on it rather timidly; and he, all at once, felt himself invaded by love, throbbing with desire, hungering for her, as if the passion that was germinating in him had waited for that day to burst forth.

They soon arrived at a deeper crevice, where, beneath the rippling water flowing to the distant sea by an invisible fissure, long, fine, strangely colored seaweeds, with tresses of rose and green, floated as if they were swimming.

Madame Rosémilly exclaimed: —

« Look, look, I see one — a big one, a very big one, down there! »

He perceived it in turn, and went down into the crevice, although the water wet him to the waist.

But the creature, moving its long feelers, quietly retired before the net. Jean drove it toward the wreck, sure of catching it there. When it found itself blockaded, it made a sudden dash over the net, crossed the pool, and disappeared.

The young woman, who was watching in panting eagerness his attempt, could not refrain from crying: —

« Ah, clumsy! »

He was vexed, and without thinking, dragged his net through a pool full of weeds. As he raised it to the surface, he saw in it three large transparent prawns, which had been blindly dragged from their invisible hiding-place.

He presented them in triumph to Madame Rosémilly, who dared not touch them for fear of the sharp, tooth-like point which arms their heads. At last she decided to take them; and seizing between two of her fingers the thin end of their beard, she placed them one after the other in her basket, with some weed to keep them alive.

Then, on finding a shallower piece of water, she entered it with hesitating steps, and catching her breath as the cold struck her feet, began to fish herself. She was skillful and cunning, with a supple wrist and a sportman's instinct. At about every cast she brought out some victims, deceived and surprised by the ingenious slowness with which she swept the pool.

Jean was taking nothing; but he followed her step by step, touched her dress, bent over her, pretended to be in despair at his awkwardness, and wished her to teach him.

"Show me how," he said; "show me!"

Then, as their two faces were reflected one beside the other in the clear water, which the deep-growing seaweeds formed into a limpid mirror, Jean smiled at the face so near his which looked up to him from below; and at times threw to it, from the tips of his fingers, a kiss which seemed to fall on it.

"You are very tiresome," the young woman said. "My dear fellow, never do two things at the same time."

He replied:—

"I am only doing one. I love you."

She drew herself up erect, and said in a serious tone:—

"Come now, what is the matter with you for the last ten minutes? Have you lost your head?"

"No, I have not lost my head. I love you, and at last dare to tell you so."

They were now standing in the pool of sea-water that rose nearly to their knees, and with their dripping hands leaning on their nets, looked into the depth of each other's eyes.

She resumed in a playful and rather annoyed tone:—

"You are badly advised to speak to me thus at this moment. Could you not wait another day, and not spoil my fishing?"

He replied:—

"Pardon me, but I could not keep silence. I have loved you a long time. To-day you have made me lose my senses."

Then she seemed at once to take her resolution, and to resign herself to talk business and renounce amusement.

"Let us sit on this rock," she said: "we shall be able to talk quietly."

They climbed on a rock a little higher; and when they were settled, side by side, their feet hanging down in the full sunshine, she rejoined:—

"My friend, you are not a child, and I am not a girl. Both of us know what we are about, and can weigh all the consequences of our acts. If you decide to-day to declare your love to me, I suppose naturally you wish to marry me."

He had scarcely expected such a clear statement of the situation, and answered sheepishly:—

"Why, yes!"

"Have you spoken to your father and mother?"

"No. I wished to know if you would accept me."

She extended to him her hand, which was still wet, and as he placed his own in it with fervor—

"I am willing," she said. "I believe you good and loyal. But do not forget that I would not displease your parents."

"Do you think that my mother has foreseen nothing, and that she would love you as she does if she did not desire a marriage between us?"

"True: I am rather confused."

They were silent. On his part, he was astonished that she was so little confused and so reasonable. He had expected some pretty airs and graces, refusals which say yes, a whole coquettish comedy of love blended with fishing and the splashing of water. And it was all over; he felt himself bound and married in a score of words. They had nothing more to say to each other, since they were in full accord; and they both now remained somewhat embarrassed at what had passed so rapidly between them, perhaps even somewhat confused,—not daring to speak further, not daring to fish further, not knowing what to do.

Translation of Hugh Craig.

THE PIECE OF STRING

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IT WAS market day, and over all the roads round Goderville the peasants and their wives were coming towards the town. The men walked easily, lurching the whole body forward at every step. Their long legs were twisted and deformed by the slow, painful labors of the country: by bending over to plow, which is what also makes their left shoulders too high and their figures crooked; and by reaping corn, which obliges them for steadiness' sake to spread their knees too wide. Their starched blue blouses, shining as though varnished, ornamented at collar and cuffs with little patterns of white stitch-work, and blown up big around their bony bodies, seemed exactly like balloons about to soar, but putting forth a head, two arms, and two feet.

Some of these fellows dragged a cow or a calf at the end of a rope. And just behind the animal, beating it over the back with a leaf-covered branch to hasten its pace, went their wives, carrying large baskets from which came forth the heads

of chickens or of ducks. These women walked with steps far shorter and quicker than the men; their figures, withered and upright, were adorned with scanty little shawls pinned over their flat bosoms; and they enveloped their heads each in a white cloth, close fastened round the hair and surmounted by a cap.

Now a char-à-banc passed by, drawn by a jerky-paced nag. It shook up strangely the two men on the seat. And the woman at the bottom of the cart held fast to its sides to lessen the hard joltings.

In the market-place at Goderville was a great crowd, a mingled multitude of men and beasts. The horns of the cattle, the high and long-napped hats of wealthy peasants, the head-dresses of the women, came to the surface of that sea. And voices clamorous, sharp, shrill, made a continuous and savage din. Above it a huge burst of laughter from the sturdy lungs of a merry yokel would sometimes sound, and sometimes a long bellow from a cow tied fast to the wall of a house.

It all smelled of the stable, of milk, of hay, and of perspiration; giving off that half human, half animal odor which is peculiar to the men of the fields.

Maître Hauchecorne, of Bréauté, had just arrived at Goderville, and was taking his way towards the square, when he perceived on the ground a little piece of string. Maître Hauchecorne, economical like all true Normans, reflected that everything was worth picking up which could be of any use; and he stooped down — but painfully, because he suffered with rheumatism. He took the bit of thin cord from the ground, and was carefully preparing to roll it up when he saw Maître Malandain the harness-maker on his doorstep, looking at him. They had once had a quarrel about a halter, and they had remained angry, bearing malice on both sides. Maître Hauchecorne was overcome with a sort of shame at being seen by his enemy looking in the dirt so for a bit of string. He quickly hid his find beneath his blouse; then in the pocket of his breeches; then pretended to be still looking for something on the ground which he did not discover; and at last went off towards the market-place, with his head bent forward, and a body almost doubled in two by rheumatic pains.

He lost himself immediately in the crowd, which was clamorous, slow, and agitated by interminable bargains. The peasants examined the cows, went off, came back, always in great perplexity and fear of being cheated, never quite daring to decide,

spying at the eye of the seller, trying ceaselessly to discover the tricks of the man and the defect in the beast.

The women, having placed their great baskets at their feet, had pulled out the poultry, which lay upon the ground, tied by the legs, with eyes scared, with combs scarlet.

They listened to propositions, maintaining their prices, with a dry manner, with an impassive face; or suddenly, perhaps, deciding to take the lower price which was offered, they cried out to the customer, who was departing slowly:—

"All right: I'll let you have them, Maît' Anthime."

Then, little by little, the square became empty; and when the Angelus struck midday, those who lived at a distance poured into the inns.

At Jourdain's, the great room was filled with eaters, just as the vast court was filled with vehicles of every sort,—wagons, gigs, char-à-bancs, tilburies, tilt-carts which have no name, yellow with mud, misshapen, pieced together, raising their shafts to heaven like two arms, or it may be with their nose in the dirt and their rear in the air.

Just opposite to where the diners were at table, the huge fireplace, full of clear flame, threw a lively heat on the backs of those who sat along the right. Three spits were turning, loaded with chickens, with pigeons, and with joints of mutton; and a delectable odor of roast meat, and of gravy gushing over crisp brown skin, took wing from the hearth, kindled merriment, caused mouths to water.

All the aristocracy of the plow were eating there, at Maît' Jourdain's, the innkeeper's,—a dealer in horses also, and a sharp fellow who had made a pretty penny in his day.

The dishes were passed round, were emptied, with jugs of yellow cider. Every one told of his affairs, of his purchases and his sales. They asked news about the crops. The weather was good for green stuffs, but a little wet for wheat.

All of a sudden the drum rolled in the court before the house. Every one, except some of the most indifferent, was on his feet at once and ran to the door, to the windows, with his mouth still full, and his napkin in his hand.

When the public crier had finished his tattoo, he called forth in a jerky voice, making his pauses out of time:—

"Be it known to the inhabitants of Goderville, and in general to all—persons present at the market, that there has been lost

this morning, on the Beuzeville road, between — nine and ten o'clock, a pocket-book of black leather, containing five hundred francs and business papers. You are requested to return it — to the mayor's office at once, or to Maître Fortuné Houlbrèque of Manneville. There will be fifty francs reward."

Then the man departed. They heard once more at a distance the dull beatings on the drum, and the faint voice of the crier.

Then they began to talk of this event, reckoning up the chances which Maître Houlbrèque had of finding or of not finding his pocket-book again.

And the meal went on.

They were finishing their coffee when the corporal of gendarmes appeared on the threshold.

He asked: —

"Is Maître Hauchecorne, of Bréauté, here?"

Maître Hauchecorne, seated at the other end of the table, answered: —

"Here I am."

And the corporal resumed: —

"Maître Hauchecorne, will you have the kindness to come with me to the mayor's office? M. le Maire would like to speak to you."

The peasant, surprised and uneasy, gulped down his little glass of cognac, got up, and — even worse bent over than in the morning, since the first steps after a rest were always particularly difficult — started off, repeating: —

"Here I am, here I am."

And he followed the corporal.

The mayor was waiting for him, seated in an arm-chair. He was the notary of the place, a tall, grave man of pompous speech.

"Maître Hauchecorne," said he, "this morning, on the Beuzeville road, you were seen to pick up the pocket-book lost by Maître Houlbrèque of Manneville."

The countryman, speechless, gazed at the mayor; frightened already by this suspicion, which rested on him he knew not why.

"I — I picked up that pocket-book?"

"Yes, you."

"I swear I didn't even know nothing about it at all."

"You were seen."

"They saw me — me? Who is that who saw me?"

"M. Malandain, the harness-maker."

Then the old man remembered, understood, and reddening with anger:—

"Ah! he saw me, did he, the rascal? He saw me picking up this string here, M'sieu' le Maire."

And fumbling at the bottom of his pocket, he pulled out of it the little end of string.

But the mayor incredulously shook his head:—

"You will not make me believe, Maître Hauchecorne, that M. Malandain, who is a man worthy of credit, has mistaken this string for a pocket-book."

The peasant, furious, raised his hand and spit as if to attest his good faith, repeating:—

"For all that, it is the truth of the good God, the blessed truth, M'sieu' le Maire. There! on my soul and my salvation I repeat it."

The mayor continued:—

"After picking up the thing in question, you even looked for some time in the mud to see if a piece of money had not dropped out of it."

The good man was suffocated with indignation and with fear.

"If they can say—! If they can say such lies as that to slander an honest man! If they can say—!"

He might protest, he was not believed.

He was confronted with M. Malandain, who repeated and sustained his testimony. They abused one another for an hour. At his own request, Maître Hauchecorne was searched. Nothing was found on him.

At last the mayor, much perplexed, sent him away, warning him that he would inform the public prosecutor and ask for orders.

The news had spread. When he left the mayor's office, the old man was surrounded, interrogated with a curiosity which was serious or mocking as the case might be, but into which no indignation entered. And he began to tell the story of the string. They did not believe him. They laughed.

He passed on, buttonholed by every one, himself buttonholing his acquaintances, beginning over and over again his tale and his protestations, showing his pockets turned inside out to prove that he had nothing.

They said to him:—

"You old rogue, *va!*"

And he grew angry, exasperated, feverish, in despair at not being believed; and always telling his story.

The night came. It was time to go home. He set out with three of his neighbors, to whom he pointed out the place where he had picked up the end of string; and all the way he talked of his adventure.

That evening he made the round in the village of Bréauté, so as to tell every one. He met only unbelievers.

He was ill of it all night long.

The next day, about one in the afternoon, Marius Paumelle, a farm hand of Maître Breton, the market-gardener at Ymauville, returned the pocket-book and its contents to Maître Houlbrèque of Manneville.

This man said that he had indeed found it on the road; but not knowing how to read, he had carried it home and given it to his master.

The news spread to the environs. Maître Hauchecorne was informed. He put himself at once upon the go, and began to relate his story as completed by the dénouement. He triumphed.

"What grieved me," said he, "was not the thing itself, do you understand; but it was the lies. There's nothing does you so much harm as being in disgrace for lying."

All day he talked of his adventure; he told it on the roads to the people who passed; at the cabaret to the people who drank; and the next Sunday, when they came out of church. He even stopped strangers to tell them about it. He was easy now, and yet something worried him without his knowing exactly what it was. People had a joking manner while they listened. They did not seem convinced. He seemed to feel their tittle-tattle behind his back.

On Tuesday of the next week he went to market at Goderville, prompted entirely by the need of telling his story.

Malandain, standing on his door-step, began to laugh as he saw him pass. Why?

He accosted a farmer of Criquetot, who did not let him finish, and giving him a punch in the pit of his stomach, cried in his face:—

"Oh you great rogue, *va!*" Then turned his heel upon him.

Maître Hauchecorne remained speechless, and grew more and more uneasy. Why had they called him "great rogue"?

When seated at table in Jourdain's tavern he began again to explain the whole affair.

A horse-dealer of Montivilliers shouted at him:—

"Get out, get out, you old scamp: I know all about your string!"

Hauchecorne stammered:—

"But since they found it again, the pocket-book—!"

But the other continued:—

"Hold your tongue, daddy: there's one who finds it and there's another who returns it. And no one the wiser."

The peasant was choked. He understood at last. They accused him of having had the pocket-book brought back by an accomplice, by a confederate.

He tried to protest. The whole table began to laugh.

He could not finish his dinner, and went away amid a chorus of jeers.

He went home ashamed and indignant, choked with rage, with confusion; the more cast down since from his Norman cunning, he was perhaps capable of having done what they accused him of, and even of boasting of it as a good trick. His innocence dimly seemed to him impossible to prove, his craftiness being so well known. And he felt himself struck to the heart by the injustice of the suspicion.

Then he began anew to tell of his adventure, lengthening his recital every day, each time adding new proofs, more energetic protestations, and more solemn oaths which he thought of, which he prepared in his hours of solitude, his mind being entirely occupied by the story of the string. The more complicated his defense, the more artful his arguments, the less he was believed.

"Those are liars' proofs," they said behind his back.

He felt this; it preyed upon his heart. He exhausted himself in useless efforts.

He was visibly wasting away.

The jokers now made him tell "the story of the piece of string" to amuse them, just as you make a soldier who has been on a campaign tell his story of the battle. His mind, struck at the root, grew weak.

About the end of December he took to his bed.

He died early in January, and in the delirium of the death agony he protested his innocence, repeating:—

"A little bit of string—a little bit of string—see, here it is, M'sieu' le Maire."

Translation of Jonathan Sturges.

FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE

(1805–1870)

FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE takes high rank among the religious teachers of this century, more by virtue of what he was than of what he wrote. He is of those elect souls whose insight becomes a guiding force both to themselves and to their fellows. Of a generation which knew Carlyle and Mill and Darwin, which was given over to the dry-rot of intellectual despair in all matters concerning the religious life of man, Maurice seemed born out of due time. He belonged apparently to an earlier or to a later day. Yet by force, not of his intellect but of his faith, he succeeded in turning many of his contemporaries to the Christian ideal which haunted him throughout his life, and which perpetually dominated his nineteenth-century inheritance of skepticism. Unlike Newman, with whom he was associated at Oxford, Maurice was content to find in the Church of England, as in all churches, only a partial realization of his ideal of righteousness. He is of those who believe that the whole truth can never be revealed to one generation. He shares the Platonic belief that the vision of God becomes gradually apparent through many æons. This liberalism was the mainspring of his power as a religious teacher.

FREDERICK D. MAURICE

His early training had enlarged his sympathies and prepared the way for his future ministrations. He was born in 1805 of a Unitarian father, and of a mother who adhered to the doctrines of Calvin. His first religious problem was to reconcile these differences of faith. Later his education at Cambridge deepened within him the evangelical sympathies, which made him long to unite the world under one banner as Sons of God. Upon leaving Cambridge he undertook the editorship of the Athenæum in London, and while engaged upon this work became a member of the Church of England. His residence at Oxford was the natural outcome of this step. The stronghold of mediævalism was then vital with the presence of Newman,

of Pusey, of Keble, and of others who were seeking with passionate eagerness a refuge from the insistent doubts and difficulties of the age. The spirit of the age was then trying all men through the religious faculty. Maurice, as if anticipating the Christianity of the twentieth century, found the key to all problems, not in an infallible church nor in infallible reason, but in the everlasting love and fatherhood of God, and in the universal sonship of men. Cambridge had increased his liberality; Oxford deepened his idealism. Maurice would exclude no man, whether Jew, Turk, infidel, or heretic, from the Divine family; yet in his exalted worship of Jesus he was linked to the mediæval mystic. This rare combination gave him charm, and drew to him thoughtful and cultured men who were too large for narrowed and dogmatic Christianity, yet who longed to give expression to the soul of worship within them. It drew to him also the workingmen of London. After Maurice left Oxford he was appointed to the chaplaincy of Guy's Hospital in London. He held also the chairs of history, literature, and divinity in King's College, and the chaplaincy of Lincoln's Inn and of St. Peter's. During his long residence in London, from 1834 until 1866, the broad and fervent religious spirit of Maurice found expression in social work. The man who would knit together all the kindreds of the world in the bonds of Divine fellowship could not limit his ministrations to certain classes of society. He was in strong sympathy with workingmen, believing that their lack of education by no means debarred them from the apprehension of the highest spiritual truths. His foundation of the Workingman's College was the outcome of this sympathy. He founded also Queen's College for women; and thus established still further his claim to be ranked with the prophets of his time. In 1866 he became professor of moral philosophy at Cambridge. He died in 1872.

Frederick Denison Maurice was the author of many religious works, but his pre-eminent power is in his sermons. His 'Lectures on Ecclesiastical History,' his 'Theological Essays,' his 'Kingdom of Christ,' his 'Unity of the New Testament,' have literary value in proportion as they exhibit the spirit of the preacher. In his sermons the luminous spirituality of Maurice and his strength as a writer find completest expression. The man himself can be most closely approached in his sensitive and thoughtful letters to his friends.

FROM A LETTER TO REV. J. DE LA TOUCHE

HOLDOR HOUSE, DORKING, April 14th, 1863.

I DO not know whether you will think me less or more fitted to enter into that tremendous difficulty of which you speak in your last letter, when I tell you that I was brought up a Unitarian, and that I have distinctly and deliberately accepted the belief which is expressed in the Nicene Creed as the only satisfaction of the infinite want which Unitarianism awakened in me; yes, and as the only vindication of the truth which Unitarianism taught me.

You feel that our Lord is a man in the most perfect sense of the word. You cannot convince yourself that he is more. No, nor will any arguments convince you that he is more. For what do you mean by that *more?* Is it a Jupiter Tonans whom you are investing with the name of God? is it to him you pray when you say "Our Father which art in heaven"? *Is* God a Father,—really and actually a Father? is he in heaven, far away from our conceptions and confusions,—one whom we cannot make in the likeness of anything above, around, beneath us? Or is all this a dream? is there no God, no father? has he never made himself known, never come near to men? can men never come near to him?

Are you startled that I put these questions to you? Do they seem more terrible than any that have yet presented themselves to you? Oh, they are the way back to the faith of the little child, and to the faith of the grown man. It is not Christ about whom our doubts are. We are feeling after *God* if haply we may find him. We cannot find him in nature. Paley will not reveal him to us. But he is very near us; very near to those creatures whom he has formed in his own image; seeking after them; speaking to them in a thousand ways.

The belief of a Son who was with him before all worlds, in whom he created and loves the world; who for us men and for our salvation came down from heaven and became incarnate, and died, and was buried, and rose again for us, and ascended on high to be the High Priest of the universe,—this belief is what? Something that I can prove by texts of Scripture or by cunning arguments of logic? God forbid! I simply commend it to you. I know that you want it. I know that it meets exactly what your spirit is looking after, and cannot meet with in any

books of divinity. For we have to find out that God is not in a book; that he *is;* that he must reveal himself to us; — that he is revealing himself to us.

I am *not* distressed that you should be brought to feel that these deep and infinite questions — not questions about the arithmetic of the Bible — are what are really haunting and tormenting you. I believe that the clergy must make this discovery. We have been repeating phrases and formulas. We have not entered into them, but only have accepted certain reasonings and proofs about them. Now they are starting up and looking at us as if they were alive, and we are frightened at the sight. It is good for us to be frightened; only let us not turn away from them, and find fault with them, but ask God — if we believe that he can hear us — to search us and show us what is true, and to bring us out of our atheism.

How, you ask, can I use the prayers of the Church which assume Christ's divinity when I cannot see sufficient proof that he is divine? That is a question, it seems to me, which no man can answer for you; nay, which you cannot answer for yourself. If I am right, it is in prayer that you must find the answer. Yes, in prayer to be able to pray; in prayer to know what prayer is; in prayer to know whether, without a Mediator, prayer is not a dream and an impossibility for you, me, every one. I cannot solve this doubt. I can but show you how to get it solved. I can but say, The doubt itself may be the greatest blessing you ever had, may be the greatest striving of God's Spirit within you that you have ever known, may be the means of making every duty more real to you.

I do not know who your bishop is. If he is a person with whom it is possible to communicate freely, I should tell him that I had perplexities which made the use of the Prayer Book not as true to me as it once was; that I wanted time for quiet thought; that I should like to be silent for a little while; — I would ask him to let me commit my charge to a curate till I could see my way more clearly. That would be better, surely, than a resignation, painful not merely to your friends but injurious to the Church, and perhaps a reason for severe repentance afterwards. But I may be only increasing your puzzles by this suggestion. Of the fathers in God on earth I have no certainty. Of the Father in heaven I can be quite certain. Therefore one of my hints may be worth nothing. The other is worth everything.

FROM A LETTER TO REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY

MARCH 9TH, 1849.

I HAVE done your bidding and read Froude's book (the 'Nemesis of Faith'), with what depth of interest I need not tell you. It is a very awful, and I think may be a very profitable book. Yes, God would not have permitted it to go forth if he did not mean good to come out of it. For myself, I have felt more than ever since I read it how impossible it is to find any substitute for the old faith. If after all that experience, a man cannot ask the God of Truth to give him his spirit of truth, to guide him into all truth, what is left but just what he describes,—doubt; not merely of existence, but of doubt itself; doubt whether every superstition may not be real, every lie a fact? It is undoubted that such a state of mind is possible,—yes, is near to all of us; Froude is no false witness. But if it is possible, there must be some one to bring us out of it; clearly the deliverance is not in ourselves. And what is the Bible after all but the history of a deliverer; of God proclaiming himself as man's deliverer from the state into which he is ever ready to sink,—a state of slavery to systems, superstitions, the world, himself, atheism? The book is good for this: it brings us to the root of things; and there is nothing, or there is God. It is good for this: it shows that God must come forth and do the work for us, and that all the religions we make for ourselves, whatever names we give them, are miserable mutilated attempts to fashion him after our image, with yet such fragments of truth as show that we are formed in his.

THE SUBJECTS AND LAWS OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

TEXT:—«And he lifted up his eyes on his disciples, and said, Blessed be ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of God.»—ST. LUKE vi. 20.

SO BEGINS a discourse which has often been said to contain a code of very high morality for those who forsake the low level of the crowd, and aim at a specially elevated standard of excellence. The previous sentence explains to whom the discourse was addressed. «And he came down with them, and stood in the plain, and the company of his disciples, and a great multitude of people out of all Judea and Jerusalem, and from the sea-coast of Tyre and Sidon, which came to hear him, and to

be healed of their diseases." Those were the people who heard Christ say, "Blessed are ye poor, for yours is the Kingdom of Heaven."

We were wont to mitigate the force of this sentence by referring to the one in St. Matthew's Gospel which most resembles it. For "poor," we say, the other Evangelist gives us "poor in spirit." Is not that the sense in which we must understand the words here? I am most thankful for the expression in St. Matthew, and am quite willing to use it for the illustration of the discourse in which it occurs. We may find it a great help hereafter in understanding St. Luke. But I must take *his* language as it stands. He says that our Lord lifted up his eyes on a miscellaneous crowd. He cannot have expected that crowd to introduce any spiritual qualification into the words, "Yours is the Kingdom of Heaven." What then did those words import? Might they be addressed to a multitude similarly composed in London? . . .

Surely, in this very simple and direct sense. Our Lord had come to tell them who was governing them; under whose authority they were living. Who had they fancied was governing them? One who regarded the rich with affection; who had bestowed great advantages upon *them;* who had given *them* an earnest here of what he might do for them hereafter. It was most natural for poor men to put this interpretation upon that which they saw and that which they felt. It was difficult for them to find any other interpretation. It was not *more* difficult for the people who dwelt about the coasts of Tyre and Sidon than for the people who dwell in the courts and alleys of London. The difficulty is the same precisely in kind. The degree of it must be greater, on some accounts, for the dwellers in a crowded modern city than for those who breathed the fresh air of Galilee. The difficulty was not diminished for the latter (I mean for the Galileans) by anything which they heard from their religious teachers. It was enormously increased. God was said to demand of these poor people religious services which they could not render; an account of knowledge about his law which they could not possess. His prizes and blessings here and hereafter were said to be contingent upon their performing these services, upon their having that knowledge. Whichever way they turned,—to their present condition, to the forefathers to whose errors or sins they must in great part attribute that condition,

to the future in which they must expect the full fruit of the misery and evil into which they had fallen,—all looked equally dark and hopeless.

Startling indeed, then, were the tidings, "*Yours is the Kingdom of Heaven.*" Most startling when they were translated into these: "You have a Father in heaven who is seeking after you, watching over you, whom you may trust entirely. He ruled over your forefathers. He promised that he would show forth his dominion fully and perfectly in the generations to come. I am come to tell you of him; to tell you how he rules over you, and how you may be in very deed his subjects. I am come that you and your children may be citizens in God's own city, that the Lord God himself may reign over you." I cannot render the phrase into any equivalents that are simpler, more obvious, than these. And if they were true, must they not have been true for all that crowd, for every thief and harlot in it? Was not this the very message of John, delivered by Him who could not only call to repentance but give repentance?

"Yes," it may be answered, "that might be so, if the language only declared to the poor that there was a Heavenly Father who cared for them *no less* than he cared for the rich: but the sentences which follow give them a positive advantage; it would appear as if the blessing on the poor involved a curse on the rich. What other force can you put on such sentences as these? 'Blessed are ye that hunger now, for ye shall be filled. Blessed are ye that weep now, for ye shall laugh. But woe unto you that are rich, for ye have received your consolation. Woe unto you that are full, for ye shall hunger. Woe unto you that laugh now, for ye shall mourn and weep.'"

Language so explicit as this cannot be evaded. And I hold it is greatly for the interest of all of us who are leading easy and comfortable lives in the world, that it should not be evaded. If any amount of riches greater or smaller does give us consolation, it is well for us to understand that there is a woe upon those riches. They were not meant to give consolation; we were not meant to find it in them. If any laughter of ours does make us incapable of weeping, incapable of entering into the sorrow of the world in which we are dwelling, we ought to feel that there is misery and death in that laughter. Our Lord does not speak against laughter; he sets it forth as a blessing. He does denounce all that laughter which is an exultation in our own

prosperity and in the calamities of others. He does promise that those who are indulging that sort of laughter shall weep. I use the word *promise* advisedly. It is a promise, not a threatening; or if you please, a threat which contains a promise. It is the proof that we are under a Kingdom of Heaven; that God does not allow such laughter to go on; that he stops it; that he gives the blessing of sorrow in place of it. And thus all alike are taught that they are under this fatherly government. All are shown that the Father in heaven is aware of the discipline which they need, and will apportion it. All may be brought to take their places with their brethren in this kingdom. All may be taught that the common blessings — the blessings from which one cannot exclude another — are the highest blessings. All may be brought to know that this one fact, that they have a Father in heaven, is worth all others. And so that poverty of spirit which is only another name for childlike dependence upon One who is above us, and is all good because we have found we cannot depend upon ourselves, may be wrought by Him with whom we have to do in rich and poor equally. The heavenly treasures may be revealed to both, which moth and rust cannot corrupt, which thieves cannot break through and steal.

Thus far, assuredly, the tendency of this discourse of our Lord's has been to level, not to exalt. The Kingdom of Heaven has not been a prize for those who are unlike their fellows, but for those who will take their stand by them — who will set up no exclusive pretensions of their own. But what shall we say of this benediction — "Blessed are ye when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you from their company, and shall reproach you, and shall cast out your name as evil, for the Son of Man's sake. Rejoice ye in that day, and leap for joy, for behold your reward is great in heaven: for in the like manner did their fathers unto the prophets"? And again of this woe — "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you, for so did their fathers unto the false prophets"? Is there not here a glorification of the little minority which is persecuted, a denunciation of the majority which persecutes?

The comment on the language is in the actual history. Why was St. Stephen, whom we have been remembering lately, cast out of the city of Jerusalem and stoned? Because he was accused of breaking down the barriers which separated the chosen

people from the surrounding nations. Why was the young man at whose feet the witnesses against Stephen laid down their clothes, afterwards denounced in the same city as one who ought not to live? Because he said that he was sent with a message of peace and reconciliation to the Gentiles. What was it that sustained and comforted Stephen in the hour when his countrymen were gnashing upon him with their teeth? The sight of the Son of Man standing at the right hand of God; the Savior and King, not of him and his brother disciples, but of mankind. What was St. Paul's deepest sorrow, and how was it that in the midst of that sorrow he could always rejoice? His sorrow was that his kinsmen after the flesh were to be cut off, because they were enemies to God and contrary to all men. His joy was in the thought that "all Israel should be saved;" that "God had concluded all in unbelief, that he might have mercy upon all." This then was the witness of the little band of the persecuted, that God is the Father of all; that his Kingdom is over all. And the determination of that powerful majority of persecutors was to keep the favor of God and the Kingdom of Heaven to themselves. Those of whom all men speak well are those who flatter their exclusiveness; who lead them to think that they are better than others, and that they shall have mercies which are denied to others. The comfort of the persecuted, which the persecutor could not have, was the comfort of believing that God would conquer all obstacles; that the Son of Man, for whose sake they loved not their lives, would be shown in very deed to be King of kings and Lord of lords — all human wills being subjected to his will.

And so you perceive how the next precepts, which we often read as if they were mere isolated maxims, are connected with these blessings and these woes. "But I say unto you which hear," — unto you, that is, whom I have told that men shall separate you from their company, and cast out your persons as evil, — "Love your enemies; do good to them which persecute you. Bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you. And unto him that smiteth thee on the one cheek offer also the other; and him that taketh away thy cloke forbid not to take thy coat also. Give to every man that asketh of thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again. And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise. For if ye love them which love you, what

thank have ye? for sinners also love those that love them. And if ye do good to them which do good to you, what thank have ye? for sinners also do even the same. And if ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye? for sinners also lend to sinners, to receive as much again. But love ye your enemies, and do good; and lend, hoping for nothing again. And ye shall be the children of the Highest; for he is kind unto the unthankful and to the evil. Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father in heaven is merciful."

In these passages is contained the sum of what we have been used to call the peculiar Christian morality. It is supposed to be very admirable, but far too fine for common use. He who aims at following it is to be counted a high saint. He claims a state immensely above the ordinary level of humanity. He even discards the maxims by which civil society is governed — those which the statesman considers necessary for his objects. No doubt, it is said, this transcendent doctrine has had a certain influence upon the nations in which it is promulgated. It has modified some of the thoughts and feelings which are most adverse to it. The beauty of it is confessed by many who never dream of practicing it. There are some unbelievers who try to practice it, and say that if this part of Christianity could be separated from its mysterious part, they could not reverence it too highly. But though this is true, we have proofs, it is said, every day and hour, that this love to enemies, this blessing them that curse, this turning the one cheek to him who smites the other, is altogether contrary to the habits and tempers of the world.

My friends, the evidence goes much further than that. We need not derive our proofs that the natural heart revolts against these precepts from what is called *The World*. The records of the *Church* will furnish that demonstration much more perfectly. Hatred of those whom they have counted their enemies, — this has been the too characteristic sign of men who have called themselves Christ's servants and soldiers. Curses have been their favorite weapons. No church can bring that charge against another without laying itself open to retaliation. And it cannot be pleaded, "Oh, there is a corrupt unbelieving leaven in every Christian society." The habit I speak of has come forth often most flagrantly in those who were denouncing this leaven, who were seeking to cast it out. I am not saying that they were not good men. The case is all the stronger if they were. I am not

saying that a genuine zeal for truth was not at the root of their rage, and did not mingle with the most outrageous acts of it. Of all this, God will be the judge. We are not wise to anticipate his decisions. But such facts, which are notorious, and are repeated in every age and in every country, show the absurdity of the theory that what our Lord lays down as the laws of the Kingdom of Heaven are intended for the use of a particular class of persons, who aspire to outstrip their fellows and win higher prizes than the rest of mankind. They lead us to suspect that those who have aimed at such distinctions and pursued such objects have not been able to submit to his government — have assumed a position which was essentially rebellious. They lead us back to the leveling sentence with which the discourse opens, and which must be accepted as the key to the whole of it. What business has any citizen of a kingdom to talk of a certain standard which is meant for him and not for all the subjects of it? What is that but adopting the maxim which the Roman poet unfairly ascribed to the Greek hero, that "laws were not born for him"?

How reasonable, on the other hand,—how perfectly consistent,—is our Lord's language, if we suppose him to be revealing the laws under which God has constituted human beings,—the laws which are the expression of his own Divine nature, the laws which were perfectly fulfilled in his Son, the laws which his Spirit is seeking to write on all hearts! What signifies it to the reality of such laws that this or that man transgresses them; that he who transgresses them calls himself Churchman or Dissenter, Catholic or Protestant, believer or infidel? If they are true, they must stand in spite of such transgressions; they will make their power manifest through such transgressions. There will be a witness on behalf of them, such as we see there is in all human consciences; there will be a resistance to them, such as we see there is in all human wills. Our belief in their ultimate triumph over that which opposes them must depend on our belief in Him who is the Author of the law. If we think that he is our Father in heaven, and that his law of forgiveness has been fully accomplished in Christ, and that his Spirit is stronger than the Evil Spirit, every sign of the victory of love over striving and hating wills must be a pledge how the battle is to terminate: *no* success of bitterness, and wrath, and malice, however it may shake our minds, can be anything but a proof that less than Almighty love, less than a Divine sacrifice, would

have been unable to subdue such adversaries. But if we think this discourse to be the announcement of a refined ethical system,—not the proclamation of a Kingdom of Heaven, as it professes to be,—we may well complain how feeble and ineffective it is and must always be. We may say that its power can never be recognized beyond a circle of rare exceptional persons. And we may find that these rare exceptional persons are always supplied with a set of evasions, equivocations, and apologies for violating every one of its principles, especially in those acts which they consider most religious and meritorious.

Those who confine this discourse to saints speedily contradict themselves. When they bring forth evidences of Christianity, or evidences of the influence of the Catholic Church, they appeal to the power which the Cross, with its proclamation of Divine forgiveness to enemies, has exercised over the wild warring tribes that have fashioned modern Europe. They ask whether the conscience of those tribes, in the midst of all their bloody feuds and acts of personal vengeance, did not stoop to the authority of a Prince of Peace; whether it did not confess him as King of kings and Lord of lords; whether it did not acknowledge those as especially his ministers who in bodily weakness—in defiance of the physically strong—showed forth the loving-kindness which they said was his, and claimed the serf and the noble as alike his subjects and his brethren. The facts cannot be gainsaid. They are written in sunbeams on all the darkest pages of modern history. What do they prove? Surely, that our Lord was not proclaiming a code which was at variance with civil order and obedience,—a transcendental morality,—but principles which were the foundation of civil order and obedience; principles which were to undermine and uproot the very evils which all national codes are endeavoring to counteract. The national code —the most exalted, the most divine code—can only forbid, only counteract. If it aspires to do more, if it strives to extirpate vices instead of to punish crimes, if it enjoins virtues instead of demanding simple submission to its decrees,—it proves its own impotence. It is always asking for help to do that which it cannot do. It wants a power to make the obedience which it needs voluntary; to kindle the patriotism without which it will only be directed to a herd of animals, not a race of men. Wherever there has been a voluntary obedience, wherever there has been a patriotism which has made men willing to die that their land

might not be in the possession of strangers, there has been faith in an unseen Ruler; there has been a confidence that he wills men to be free. The Jewish history interprets other history. It shows what has been the source of law and freedom; what has been the destruction of both; what has been the preservation of both. This discourse, because it proclaims a more universal principle than the Jewish or national principle, is supposed to set that aside. I accept our Lord's words, "I come not to destroy, but to fulfill," as true in every case. He does not destroy the fundamental maxim that God is the author of the Commandments. He fulfills it by proclaiming the *mind* of his Father in heaven as the ground of all the acts of his children. He does not destroy one sacrifice which any patriot had made for his people's freedom. He fulfills it in his perfect sacrifice to God and for us. He does not destroy any one precept of duty to God or to our neighbor. He fulfills it by baptizing with his Spirit; by making duty to God the surrender of man's will to his will which is working in us; that will binding men to each other as members of the same body; that will fighting with all the selfish impulses which tear us asunder. There is no opposition between the Kingdom of Heaven and any kingdom of earth, except what is produced by this selfishness which is the enemy of both. If the civil ruler sanctions one law for the rich and one law for the poor, he offends against the maxims of the Kingdom of Heaven; but then he also introduces a confusion into his own. If he prefers war to peace, gambling to honesty, bondage to freedom, and if he seeks religious sanctions to uphold him in these tastes, he offends against the maxims of the Kingdom of Heaven, and he is preparing ruin for his own State. If the ecclesiastic proclaims one law for the saint and another for the common man, he overthrows the common order and morality of nations; but he sins still more directly against the laws which Christ proclaimed on the Mount. If he sets up the priest against the magistrate, he disturbs the peace of civil communities; but he also exalts the priest into the place of God, and so commits treason against the Kingdom of Heaven. If he assume the office of a judge of his brethren, he may do much mischief on earth which the ruler on earth cannot hinder. But he falls under *this* sentence: "Judge not, and ye shall not be judged; condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned; forgive, and ye shall be forgiven."

These laws of the Kingdom of Heaven seem very hard to keep. See what hinders us from keeping them. It is not some incapacity. It is our determination to assume a place which is not ours. Each of us is continually setting up himself to be a God. Each is seizing the judgment-throne of the universe. We know that it is so. And from this throne we must come down. We must confess that we are not gods; not able to pronounce on the condition of our fellows, needing forgiveness every day from our Father and from each other, permitted to dispense what he sends us. The lesson is a simple one. Yet every other is contained in it. If we do in very deed come to the light, our deeds may be made manifest; if we ask to be judged — if we ask our Father in Heaven to make us his ministers and not his rivals — we shall be able to enter into the wonderful precept that follows (v. 38): "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure pressed down and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again." They had been told before that they were "to do good and lend, hoping for nothing again." How is it that we are encouraged to hope here that if we give it shall be given to us? The two passages explain each other; experience confirms them both. *Only* the man who gives hoping for nothing again, who gives freely without calculation out of the fullness of his heart, ever can find his love returned to him. He may win hatred as well as love; but love does come in measures that he never could dream of. We see it every day; and every day, perhaps, we may be disappointed at finding some favors which we thought were well laid out bringing back no recompense. They were bestowed with the hope of something again.

Yes, friends: most truly are these the unchangeable laws of the Kingdom of Heaven. That which we measure is measured against us again; selfishness for selfishness, love for love. It may not be clear to us now that it is. We shall be sure of it one day — in that day which shall show Him who spoke this discourse to be indeed the King of kings and Lord of lords. For, as his next words tell us, this has been the great inversion of order: "The blind have been leading the blind; the disciples have been setting themselves above their Master." We have been laying down our own maxims and codes of morality. Each one has been saying to his brother, "Brother, let me pull out the mote

out of thine eye." We have had such a clear discernment of these motes! And all the while none of us has been aware of the beam in his own eye. And how can any of us become aware of it; how can we escape the charge of hypocrisy which our consciences own to be so well deserved? Only if there is a King and Judge over us who detects the beam; who makes us feel that it is there; who himself undertakes to cast it out. To that point we must always return. We may boast of this morality as something to glorify saints. We may call it "delicious," as a modern French critic calls it. Only when it actually confronts us, as the word of a King who is speaking to us and convicting us of our departures from it — only then shall we discover that it is for sinners, not saints; that it is terrible, not delicious. But only then shall we know what the blessedness is of being claimed as children of this kingdom; only then shall we begin to apprehend the glory of which we are inheritors. For we then shall understand that there is a selfish evil nature in every man, let him call himself churchman or man of the world, believer or unbeliever, which cannot bring forth good fruit — which is utterly damnable; and that there is a Divine root of humanity, a Son of Man, whence all the good in churchman or man of the world, in believer or unbeliever, springs — whence nothing but good can spring. If we exalt ourselves upon our privileges as Christians or saints, the King will say to us, "Why call ye me Lord, and do not the things which I say?" If we submit to his Spirit we may bring forth now the fruits of good works which are to his glory; we may look for the day when every law of his kingdom shall be fulfilled, when all shall know him from the least to the greatest. And churches, in the sense of their own nothingness, may seek after the foundation which God has laid, and which will endure the shock of all winds and waves. And churches which rest upon their own decrees and traditions and holiness will be like the man "who without a foundation built an house upon the earth, against which the stream did beat vehemently, and immediately it fell; and the ruin of that house was great."

JOSEPH MAZZINI

(1805–1872)

BY FRANK SEWALL

AMONG the liberators of modern Italy, ranking in influence with Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, and Garibaldi, Joseph Mazzini was unique in his combination of deep religious motive, philosophic insight, and revolutionary zeal. His early studies of Dante inspired in him two ideals: a restored Italian unity, and the subordination of political government to spiritual law, exercised in the conscience of a free people. Imprisoned in early life for participation in the conspiracy of the Carbonari, he left Italy in his twenty-sixth year, to spend almost the entire remainder of his life in exile. While living as a refugee in Marseilles and in Switzerland, from 1831 to 1836, he fostered the revolutionary association of young Italian enthusiasts, and edited their journal, the Giovine Italia, its purpose being to bring about a national revolution through the insurrection of the Sardinian States. In Switzerland he organized in the same spirit the "Young Switzerland" and the "Young Europe," fostering the idea of universal political reform, and the bringing in of a new era of the world, in which free popular government should displace the old systems both of legitimate monarchy and despotic individualism. Banished from Switzerland under a decree of the French government, in 1836 Mazzini found refuge in London; and for the remainder of his life the English press was the chief organ of his world-wide influence as a reformer, while his literary ability won him a place among the most brilliant of the modern British essayists. Only for brief intervals did Mazzini appear again in Italy; notably in the period of 1848 and 1849, when, on the insurrection of Sicily and Venetian Lombardy and the flight of Pio Nono from Rome, like a Rienzi of the nineteenth century he issued from that "city of the soul" the declaration of the Roman Republic, and was elected one of the triumvirs. He led in a heroic resistance

JOSEPH MAZZINI

to the besieging French army until compelled to yield; and he was content to have brought forth from the conflict the unstained banner, "God and the People," to be the standard for all future struggles for the union of free Italy under the rightful leadership of Rome. In 1857 he again took part in person in the insurrections in Genoa and in Sicily, and was laid under sentence of death, a judgment which was removed in 1865. In 1870, on his attempting to join Garibaldi in Sicily, he was arrested at sea and imprisoned at Gaëta, to be released in two months, as the danger of a general insurrection disappeared. During all this time he had been carrying on, mainly from England, his propaganda through the press; publishing in 1852, in the Westminster Review, the essay 'Europe, its Conditions and Prospects,' completing in 1858 'The Duties of Man,' and addressing open letters to Pio Nono, to Louis Napoleon, and to Victor Emmanuel. In 1871 he contributed to the Contemporary Review an essay on 'The Franco-German War and the Commune.' The last production of his pen was his essay on Renan's 'Reforme Morale et Intellectuelle,' finished in March 1872, and published in the Fortnightly Review in 1874.

It was shortly after the completion of this essay at Pisa, whither he had gone in the hope of regaining his health, that he was seized with the illness that closed his earthly life on March 10th, 1872. Honors were decreed him by the Italian Parliament, his funeral was attended by an immense concourse of people, and his remains were laid away in a costly monument in the Campo Santo of Genoa.

If Mazzini is entitled to be called the prophet of a new political age, it is because he sought for a new spiritual basis for political reform. What is remarkable is, that his bold and ingenuous insistence on the religious motive as fundamental in the government that is to be, did not diminish his influence with his contemporaries of whatever shades of opinion. Even so radical a writer as the Russian anarchist Bakunin, in an essay on the 'Political Theology' of Mazzini, speaks of him as one of the noblest and purest individualities of our age.

The two fundamental principles for which Mazzini stood were collective humanity as opposed to individualism, and duty as opposed to rights. His position was, that the revolutionary achievements of the past had at most overcome the tyranny of monarchy in asserting the principle of the rights of the individual. But this is not in itself a unifying motive. The extreme assertion of this leads to disunion and weakness, and makes way only for another and more hopeless despotism. The rights of the individual must now be sacrificed to the collective good, and the motive of selfish aggrandizement must yield to the sacred law of duty under the Divine government. It is this undeviating regard for the supreme principle of duty to the collective

man; under the authority of the Divine law, that alone can make the perpetuation of the republic possible.

Mazzini's devotion to this principle accounts for his apparent lukewarmness in many of the boldest and most conspicuous movements in the progress of Italian liberation and unity. It was because he saw the preponderance of sectional aims rather than the participation of all in the new federation, that he criticized the Carbonari king, Charles Albert, in 1831, and that he fought against the policy of obtaining at the cost of Savoy and Nice "a truncated Italy of monarchy and diplomacy, the creation of Victor Emmanuel, Louis Napoleon, and Cavour." He lived to see Italy, nominally at least, a united nation, freed from foreign control; but far from being the ideal republic whose law is from above, and whose strength is in the supreme devotion of each citizen to the good of all, and to the realization in this manner of a Divine government in the world. Toward the attainment of this ideal by progressive governments everywhere, the influence of Mazzini will long be a powerful factor, and his mission more and more recognized as that of a true prophet of a new political era of the world.

Among Mazzini's literary writings may be mentioned his essays on 'Victor Hugo,' 'George Sand,' 'Byron and Goethe,' 'The Genius and Tendency of the Writings of Thomas Carlyle,' and that on 'M. Renan and France.' His 'Life and Writings,' in six volumes, were published in London in 1870; and a volume of 'Essays, Selected,' in 1887.

Frank Sewall

FAITH AND THE FUTURE

From the 'Essays'

FAITH requires an aim capable of embracing life as a whole, of concentrating all its manifestations, of directing its various modes of activity, or of repressing them all in favor of one alone. It requires an earnest, unalterable conviction that that aim will be realized; a profound belief in a mission and the obligation to fulfill it; and the consciousness of a supreme power watching over the path of the faithful towards its accomplishment. These elements are indispensable to faith; and where any one of these is wanting, we shall have sects, schools, political parties, but no faith,—no constant hourly sacrifice for the sake of a great religious idea.

Now we have no definite religious idea, no profound belief in an obligation entailed by a mission, no consciousness of a supreme protecting power. Our actual apostolate is a mere analytical opposition; our weapons are interest, and our chief instrument of action is a theory of rights. We are all of us, notwithstanding our sublime presentiments, the sons of rebellion. We advance like renegades, without a God, without a law, without a banner to lead us towards the future. Our former aim has vanished from our view; the new, dimly seen for an instant, is effaced by that doctrine of rights which alone directs our labors. We make of the individual both the means and the aim. We talk of humanity — a formula essentially religious — and banish religion from our work. We talk of synthesis, and yet neglect the most powerful and active element of human existence. Bold enough to be undaunted by the dream of the material unity of Europe, we thoughtlessly destroy its moral unity by failing to recognize the primary condition of all association, — uniformity of sanction and belief. And it is amidst such contradictions that we pretend to renew a world. . . .

Right is the faith of the individual. Duty is the common collective faith. Right can but organize resistance: it may destroy, it cannot found. Duty builds up, associates, and unites: it is derived from a general law, whereas right is derived only from human will. There is nothing, therefore, to forbid a struggle against right; any individual may rebel against any right in another individual which is injurious to him, and the sole judge left between the adversaries is force: and such in fact has frequently been the answer which societies based upon right have given to their opponents.

Societies based upon duty would not be compelled to have recourse to force; duty, once admitted as the rule, excludes the possibility of struggle; and by rendering the individual subject to the general aim, it cuts at the very root of those evils which right is unable to prevent, and only affects to cure. Moreover, progress is not a necessary result of the doctrine of right: it merely admits it as a fact. The exercise of rights being of necessity limited by capacity, progress is abandoned to the arbitrary rule of an unregulated and aimless liberty.

The doctrine of rights puts an end to sacrifice, and cancels martyrdom from the world: in every theory of individual rights, interests become the governing and motive power, and martyrdom

an absurdity; for what interest can endure beyond the tomb? Yet how often has martyrdom been the initiation of progress, the baptism of a world! . . .

Faith, which is intellect, energy, and love, will put an end to the discords existing in a society which has neither church nor leaders; which invokes a new world, but forgets to ask its secret, its Word, from God.

With faith will revive poetry, rendered fruitful by the breath of God and by a holy creed. Poetry, exiled now from a world a prey to anarchy; poetry, the flower of the angels, nourished by the blood of martyrs and watered by the tears of mothers, blossoming often among ruins but ever colored by the rays of dawn; poetry, a language prophetic of humanity, European in essence and national in form,—will make known to us the fatherland of all the nations hitherto; translate the religious and social synthesis through art; and render still lovelier by its light, Woman, an angel,—fallen, it is true, but yet nearer heaven than we,—and hasten her redemption by restoring her to her mission of inspiration, prayer, and pity, so divinely symbolized by Christianity in Mary. . . .

The soul of man had fled; the senses reigned alone. The multitude demanded bread and the sports of the circus. Philosophy had sunk first into skepticism, then into epicureanism, then into subtlety and words. Poetry was transformed into satire.

Yet there were moments when men were terror-struck at the solitude around them, and trembled at their isolation. They ran to embrace the cold and naked statues of their once venerated gods; to implore of them a spark of moral life, a ray of faith, even an illusion! They departed, their prayers unheard, with despair in their hearts and blasphemy upon their lips. Such were the times; they resembled our own.

Yet this was not the death agony of the world. It was the conclusion of one evolution of the world which had reached its ultimate expression. A great epoch was exhausted, and passing away to give place to another, the first utterances of which had already been heard in the north, and which awaited but the Initiator to be revealed.

He came,—the soul the most full of love, the most sacredly virtuous, the most deeply inspired by God and the future that men have yet seen on earth,—Jesus. He bent over the corpse of the dead world, and whispered a word of faith. Over the clay that had lost all of man but the movement and the form, he

uttered words until then unknown,—love, sacrifice, a heavenly origin. And the dead arose. A new life circulated through the clay, which philosophy had tried in vain to reanimate. From that corpse arose the Christian world, the world of liberty and equality. From that clay arose the true man, the image of God, the precursor of humanity.

THOUGHTS ADDRESSED TO THE POETS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

From 'Giovine Italia'

The future is humanity. The world of individuality, the world of the Middle Ages, is exhausted and consumed. The modern era of the social world is now in the dawn of its development; and genius is possessed by the consciousness of this coming world.

Napoleon and Byron represented, summed up, and concluded the epoch of individuality: the one the monarch of the kingdom of battle, the other the monarch of the realm of imagination; the poetry of action, the poetry of thought.

Created by nature deeply to feel, and identify himself with the first sublime image offered to his sight, Byron gazed around upon the world and found it not.

Religion was no more. An altar was yet standing, but broken and profaned: a temple silent and destitute of all noble and elevating emotion, and converted into a fortress of despotism; in it a neglected cross. Around him a world given up to materialism, which had descended from the rank of philosophical opinion to the need of practical egotism, and the relics of a superstition which had become deformed and ridiculous since the progress of civilization had forbidden it to be cruel. Cant was all that was left in England, frivolity in France, and inertia in Italy. No generous sympathy, no pure enthusiasm, no religion, no earnest desire, no aspiration visible in the masses.

Whence could the soul of Byron draw inspiration? where find a symbol for the immense poetry that burned within him? Despairing of the world around him, he took refuge in his own heart, and dived into the inmost depths of his own soul. It was indeed a whole world, a volcano, a chaos of raging and tumultuous passions,—a cry of war against society such as tyranny had made it; against religion such as the pope and the craft of priests

had made it; and against mankind as he saw them,—isolated, degraded, and deformed.

The result was a form of poetry purely individual,—all of individual sensation and images; a poetry having no basis in humanity, nor in any universal faith; a poetry over which, with all its infinity of accessories drawn from nature and the material world, there broods the image of Prometheus bound down to earth and cursing the earth, an image of individual will striving to substitute itself by violence for the universal will and universal right.

Napoleon fell; Byron fell. The tombs of St. Helena and Missolonghi contain the relics of an entire world.

ON CARLYLE

From the 'Essays'

We all seek God; but we know that here below we can neither attain unto him, nor comprehend him, nor contemplate him: the absorption into God of some of the Brahminical religions, of Plato, and of some modern ascetics, is an illusion that cannot be realized. Our aim is to approach God: this we can do by our works alone. To incarnate as far as possible his word; to translate, to realize his thought,—is our charge here below. It is not by contemplating his works that we can fulfill our mission upon earth; it is by devoting ourselves to our share in the evolution of his work, without interruption, without end. The earth and man touch at all points on the infinite: this we know well, but is it enough to know this? have we not to march onwards, to advance into this infinite? But can the individual finite creature of a day do this if he relies only upon his own powers? It is precisely from having found themselves for an instant face to face with infinity, without calculating upon other faculties, upon other powers, than their own, that some of the greatest intellects of the day have been led astray into skepticism or misanthropy. Not identifying themselves sufficiently with humanity, and startled at the disproportion between the object and the means, they have ended by seeing naught but death and annihilation on every side, and have no longer had courage for the conflict. The ideal has appeared to them like a tremendous irony.

In truth, human life, regarded from a merely individual point of view, is deeply sad. Glory, power, grandeur, all perish,—playthings of a day, broken at night. The mothers who loved us, whom we love, are snatched away; friendships die, and we survive them. The phantom of death watches by the pillow of those dear to us. The strongest and purest love would be the bitterest irony, were it not a promise for the future; and this promise itself is but imperfectly felt by us, such as we are at the present day. The intellectual adoration of truth without hope of realization is sterile: there is a larger void in our souls, a yearning for more truth than we can realize during our short terrestrial existence. . . .

Sadness, unending sadness, discordance between the will and the power, disenchantment, discouragement — such is human life, when looked at only from the individual point of view. A few rare intellects escape the common law and attain calmness: but it is the calm of inaction, of contemplation; and contemplation here on earth is the selfishness of genius.

I repeat, Mr. Carlyle has instinctively all the presentiments of the new epoch; but following the teachings of his intellect rather than his heart, and rejecting the idea of the collective life, it is absolutely impossible for him to find the means of their realization. A perpetual antagonism prevails throughout all he does; his instincts drive him to action, his theory to contemplation. Faith and discouragement alternate in his works, as they must in his soul. He weaves and unweaves his web, like Penelope; he preaches by turns life and nothingness; he wearies out the powers of his readers by continually carrying them from heaven to hell, from hell to heaven. Ardent, and almost menacing, upon the ground of ideas, he becomes timid and skeptical as soon as he is engaged on that of their application. I may agree with him with respect to the aim, I cannot respecting the means: he rejects them all, but he proposes no others. He desires progress, but shows hostility to all who strive to progress; he foresees, he announces as inevitable, great changes or revolutions in the religious, social, political order, but it is on condition that the revolutionists take no part in them; he has written many admirable pages on Knox and Cromwell, but the chances are that he would have written them as admirably, although less truly, against them had he lived at the commencement of their struggles. . . .

What is meant by "reorganizing labor" but bringing back the dignity of labor? What is a new form but the *case* or the symbol of a new idea? We perhaps have had a glimpse of the ideal in all its purity; we feel ourselves capable of soaring into the invisible regions of the spirit. But are we, on this account, to isolate ourselves from the movement which is going on among our brethren beneath us? Must we be told, "You profane the sanctity of the idea," because the men into whom we seek to instill it are flesh and blood, and we are obliged to speak to their senses? Condemn all action, then; for action is only a form given to thought — its application, practice. "The end of man is an action and not a thought." Mr. Carlyle himself repeats this in his 'Sartor Resartus'; and yet the spirit which pervades his works seems to me too often of a nature to make his readers forget it.

It has been asked, what is at the present day the duty of which we have spoken so much? A complete reply would require a volume, but I may suggest it in a few words. Duty consists of that love of God and man which renders the life of the individual the representation and expression of *all* that he believes to be the truth, absolute or relative. Duty is progressive, as the evolution of truth; it is modified and enlarged with the ages; it changes its manifestations according to the requirement of times and circumstances. There are times in which we must be able to die like Socrates; there are others in which we must be able to struggle like Washington: one period claims the pen of the sage, another requires the sword of the hero. But here and everywhere the source of this duty is God and his law; its object, humanity; its guarantee, the mutual responsibility of men; its measure, the intellect of the individual and the demands of the period; its limit, power.

Study the universal tradition of humanity, with all the faculties, with all the disinterestedness, with all the comprehensiveness of which God has made you capable: where you find the general permanent voice of humanity agreeing with the voice of your conscience, be sure that you hold in your grasp something of absolute truth — gained, and forever yours. Study also with interest, attention, and comprehensiveness, the tradition of your epoch and of your nation — the idea, the want, which ferments within them: where you find that your conscience sympathizes with the general aspiration, you are sure of possessing the relative truth. Your life must embody both these truths, must

represent and communicate them, according to your intelligence and your means: you must be not only MAN, but a man of your age; you must act as well as speak; you must be able to die without being compelled to acknowledge, "I have known such a fraction of the truth, I could have done such a thing for its triumph, and I have not done it."

Such is duty in its most general expression. As to its special application to our times, I have said enough on this point in that part of my article which establishes my difference from the views of Mr. Carlyle, to render its deduction easy. The question at the present day is the perfecting of the principle of association, a transformation of the medium in which mankind moves: duty therefore lies in a *collective* labor. Every one should measure his powers, and see what part of this labor falls to him. The greater the intellect and influence a man enjoys, the greater his responsibility; but assuredly contemplation cannot satisfy duty in any degree.

Mr. Carlyle's idea of duty is naturally different. Thinking only of individuality, calculating only the powers of the individual, he would rather restrict than enlarge its sphere. The rule which he adopts is that laid down by Goethe,—"Do the duty which lies nearest thee." And this rule, like all other moral rules, is good in so far as it is susceptible of a wide interpretation; bad so far as, taken literally, and fallen into the hands of men whose tendencies to self-sacrifice are feeble, it may lead to the justification of selfishness, and cause that which at bottom should only be regarded as the wages of duty to be mistaken for duty itself. It is well known what use Goethe, the high priest of the doctrine, made of this maxim: enshrining himself in what he called "Art"; and amidst a world in misery, putting away the question of religion and politics as "a troubled element for Art," though a vital one for man, and giving himself up to the contemplation of forms and the adoration of self.

There are at the present day but too many who imagine they have perfectly done their duty, because they are kind toward their friends, affectionate in their families, inoffensive toward the rest of the world. The maxim of Goethe and of Mr. Carlyle will always suit and serve such men, by transforming into duties the individual, domestic, or other affections,—in other words, the consolations of life. Mr. Carlyle probably does not carry out his maxim in practice; but his principle leads to this result, and cannot theoretically have any other.

JOHANN WILHELM MEINHOLD

(1797–1851)

IN THE year 1843 appeared from an important Prussian publishing house a small volume, which was received with the liveliest interest by literary Germany. Its title was 'Maria Schweidler, the Amber-Witch: Being the most Interesting Trial for Witchcraft yet Known: Taken from a Defective Manuscript, made by the Father of the Accused, the Reverend Abraham Schweidler, of Coserow [Usedom Island]; Edited by Reverend W. Meinhold.' Within its pages was brought up from the superstitious past of the rural life of North Germany, in 1630, a grim yet absorbingly interesting picture and personal drama. Rev. Johann Wilhelm Meinhold, in editing the relic, stated that he had discovered its yellowed and torn pages by merest accident among some literary rubbish in the choir of the old Coserow church. The writer of it, the Reverend Abraham Schweidler, a godly and simple-minded man, had almost lost his only child Maria through a villainous plot on the part of a rejected suitor, aided by an evil and jealous woman of the neighborhood,—the latter confessing herself an actual servant of Satan. After a formal trial, and the beginnings of those direful tortures to induce confession that were then the ordinary accompaniment of German criminal processes, the unfortunate young girl, wholly innocent of the preposterous charge, had confessed it. She had found herself conquered by sheer physical agony, and by her inability to endure the torment of the executioners. Sentenced to the stake, Maria had prepared herself to meet her undeserved doom; and not before she was fairly on the way to the pyre was she rescued by a courageous young nobleman who loved her, and not only made himself her deliverer, but anon her husband and protector for life. The whole narrative was given with a simplicity of accent, and with a minuteness of detail, that precluded doubt as to its being a genuine contribution to the literature of the witchcraft delusion in Europe,—to which Massachusetts furnished an American supplement.

In offering to the public his interesting treasure, the Reverend Pastor Meinhold particularly stated that he had kept the connection between the fragments of Pastor Schweidler's old manuscript by interpolating passages of his own editorial composition, "imitating as accurately as I was able the language and manner of the old

biographer.» The careful Meinhold noted that he expressly refrained from pointing out the particular passages supplied, because «modern criticism, which has now attained to a degree of acuteness never before equaled,» could easily distinguish them.

The work met with the most complete success. 'Maria Schweidler, the Amber-Witch' was received with high commendation, as a mediæval document most happily brought to light. Not only did its dramatic treatment attract critical notice: a sharp argument soon arose among those reviewers especially keen in dealing with curious mediæval chronicles, as to the extent of Pastor Meinhold's «editorial» additions; and as to whether this passage or that were original, or only a nice imitation of the crabbed chronicle. The discussion soon became a literary tempest in a teapot. Meinhold observed for months a strict silence: then he abruptly announced that 'Maria Schweidler, the Amber-Witch' was a total fabrication; that he had written the whole story; that no part of it had ever been found in Coserow Church or elsewhere; and further, that he had not been inspired to perpetrate his brilliant fraud by merely the innocent vanity of a story-teller or antiquarian. He had desired to prove to the learned Biblical critics of the date (it was the time of the attacks of Strauss and Baur on the authenticity of certain books of the Scriptures) how untrustworthy was their reasoning, from purely internal evidence, as to the sources of the Canon. If a contemporary could deceive their judgment with a forged romance, how much more might they err in their Biblical arguments! 'Maria Schweidler, the Amber-Witch' was thus a country parson's protest against inerrancy in the «higher criticism» then agitating German orthodoxy. It is interesting to know that Meinhold's confession was at first rejected; although he soon proved the story to be indeed the result of his scholarship and quaint imagination. Its reputation grew; and the acknowledged imposture only added to its circulation.

Of Meinhold's life and career, except as the author of 'Maria Schweidler, the Amber-Witch,' there is little to be said. His father was a Protestant minister, eccentric almost to the degree of insanity. Wilhelm was born at Netzelkow, Usedom Island, February 27th, 1797. He studied at Greifswald University, was a private tutor at Uekermunde and a curate at Gutzkow. On his marriage he settled first at Usedom, later at Coserow. His literary success attracted the favor of King Frederic Wilhelm IV. of Prussia; but after taking a pastorate at Rehwinkel, in Stargard, Meinhold remained there almost to the close of his life, although he inclined to the Roman Catholic theology as he came to middle years. Another mediæval romance of witchcraft, 'Sidonia von Bork, the Cloister-Witch,' is by some critics considered superior to 'Maria Schweidler, the Amber-Witch'; but it

has never met with the popularity of the less pretentious story that gave the Usedom clergyman his wide reputation. It is of interest to add that not only has the translation of the tale by Lady Duff-Gordon been recognized as one of the very best examples of English translation of a fiction,—the translation that does not suggest the conveyance of a tale at second-hand,—but that on the appearance of her version she was credited with the authorship of the story, and the likelihood of a German original denied. From first to last, the drama of Maria Schweidler's peril and romance seems to have been destined to deceive better even than it was planned to deceive.

The 'Amber-Witch' belongs in the same category of "fictions that seem fact" which includes Defoe's 'Robinson Crusoe,' or his 'History of the Plague in London'; where the appropriate detail is so abundant, and the atmosphere of an epoch and community is so fully conveyed, as to bar suspicion that the story is manufactured. As Mr. Joseph Jacobs happily remarks in his excellent study of Meinhold, and of the history that has kept his name alive among German romanticists:—

"Who shall tell where Art will find her children? On the desolate and gloomy shores of the Baltic, the child of a half-crazy father, unfriendly and unfriended as a *bursch*,—a Protestant pastor with Romanist tendencies,—who would have anticipated from Meinhold perhaps the most effective presentation of mediæval thought and feeling which the whole Romantic movement produced? And the occasion of the production of 'The Amber-Witch' was equally unexpected. Meinhold went forth to refute Strauss, and founded on his way a new kingdom in the realm of Romance. It is a repetition of the history of Saul."

THE RESCUE ON THE ROAD TO THE STAKE

From 'The Amber-Witch'

[The following extract is from the concluding portion of the terrible experiences of Maria Schweidler. She has been tried and convicted of sorcery, and solemnly sentenced. Seated in a cart, in which her father and her godfather (the Pastor *Benzensis* of the chronicle) are allowed to accompany her to her doom, the young girl maintains the courage of despair. On her ride to the mountain, where the pyre has been raised, she is surrounded by successive mobs of infuriated peasants; but is not unnerved, and advances toward her death reciting prayers and hymns. Popular fury against her is deepened by the rising of a violent storm, naturally laid to the young girl's last spells; and by the violent death of her chief accuser, the wicked Sheriff Wittich, who is killed by falling into the wheel of a roadside mill. At last the elements and the populace are quieted enough to allow the death procession to be resumed. Surrounded by guards with pitchforks, and bound in the cart, Maria is drawn toward the Blocksberg; and nothing apparently can interfere with the legal tragedy of which she is the heroine. At this point the incident occurs which is told in the excerpt.]

How My Daughter was at Length Saved by the Help of the All-Merciful, yea, of the All-Merciful God

Meanwhile, by reason of my unbelief, wherewith Satan again tempted me, I had become so weak that I was forced to lean my back against the constable his knees, and expected not to live till even we should come to the mountain; for the last hope I had cherished was now gone, and I saw that my innocent lamb was in the same plight. Moreover the reverend Martinus began to upbraid her, saying that he too now saw that all her oaths were lies, and that she really could brew storms. Hereupon she answered with a smile, although indeed she was as white as a sheet, "Alas, reverend godfather, do you then really believe that the weather and the storms no longer obey our Lord God? Are storms then so rare at this season of the year that none save the foul fiend can cause them? Nay, I have never broken the baptismal vow you once made in my name, nor will I ever break it, as I hope that God will be merciful to me in my last hour, which is now at hand." But the reverend Martinus shook his head doubtingly, and said, "The Evil One must have promised thee much, seeing thou remainest so stubborn even unto thy life's end, and blasphemest the Lord thy God; but wait, and thou wilt soon learn with horror that the devil "is a liar, and the father of it" (St. John viii.). Whilst he yet spake this, and more of a like kind, we came to Uekeritze, where all the people both great and small rushed out of their doors, also Jacob Schwarten his wife, who as we afterwards heard had only been brought to bed the night before, and her goodman came running after her to fetch her back. In vain: she told him he was a fool, and had been one for many a weary day, and that if she had to crawl up the mountain on her bare knees, she would go to see the parson's witch burned; that she had reckoned upon it for so long, and if he did not let her go, she would give him a thump on the chaps, etc.

Thus did the coarse and foul-mouthed people riot around the cart wherein we sat; and as they knew not what had befallen, they ran so near us that the wheel went over the foot of a boy. Nevertheless they all crowded up again, more especially the lasses, and felt my daughter her clothes, and would even see her shoes and stockings, and asked her how she felt. *Item*, one fellow asked whether she would drink somewhat, with many more

fooleries besides; till at last, when several came and asked her for her garland and her golden chain, she turned towards me and smiled, saying, "Father, I must begin to speak some Latin again; otherwise the folks will leave me no peace." But it was not wanted this time: for our guards with the pitchforks had now reached the hindmost, and doubtless told them what had happened, as we presently heard a great shouting behind us, for the love of God to turn back before the witch did them a mischief; and as Jacob Schwarten his wife heeded it not, but still plagued my child to give her her apron to make a christening coat for her baby, for that it was a pity to let it be burnt, her goodman gave her such a thump on her back with a knotted stick which he had pulled out of the hedge that she fell down with loud shrieks: and when he went to help her up she pulled him down by his hair, and as reverend Martinus said, now executed what she had threatened; inasmuch as she struck him on the nose with her fist with might and main, until the other people came running up to them, and held her back. Meanwhile, however, the storm had almost passed over, and sank down toward the sea.

And when we had gone through the little wood, we suddenly saw the Streckelberg before us covered with people, and the pile and stake upon the top, upon the which the tall constable jumped up when he saw us coming, and beckoned with his cap with all his might. Thereat my senses left me, and my sweet lamb was not much better, for she bent to and fro like a reed, and stretching her bound hands towards heaven, she once more cried out:—

"Rex tremendæ majestatis!
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis!"

And behold, scarce had she spoken these words, when the sun came out and formed a rainbow right over the mountain most pleasant to behold; and it is clear that this was a sign from the merciful God, such as he often gives us, but which we blind and unbelieving men do not rightly mark. Neither did my child heed it; for albeit she thought upon that first rainbow which shadowed forth our troubles, yet it seemed to her impossible that she could now be saved: wherefore she grew so faint, that she no longer heeded the blessed sign of mercy, and her head fell forward (for she could no longer lean it upon me, seeing that I lay my length at the bottom of the cart), till her garland almost

touched my worthy gossip his knees. Thereupon he bade the driver stop for a moment, and pulled out a small flask filled with wine, which he always carries in his pocket when witches are to be burnt, in order to comfort them therewith in their terror. (Henceforth, I myself will ever do the like, for this fashion of my dear gossip pleases me well.) He first poured some of this wine down my throat, and afterwards down my child's: and we had scarce come to ourselves again, when a fearful noise and tumult arose among the people behind us, and they not only cried out in deadly fear, "The sheriff is come back! the sheriff is come again!" but as they could neither run away forwards or backwards (being afraid of the ghost behind and of my child before them), they ran on either side; some rushing into the coppice and others wading into the Achterwater up to their necks.

Item, as soon as Dom. Camerarius saw the ghost come out of the coppice with a gray hat and a gray feather, such as the sheriff wore, riding on the gray charger, he crept under a bundle of straw in the cart; and Dom. Consul cursed my child again, and bade the coachman drive on as madly as they could, even should all the horses die of it, when the impudent constable behind us called to him, "It is not the sheriff, but the young lord of Nienkerken, who will surely seek to save the witch: shall I then cut her throat with my sword?" At these fearful words my child and I came to ourselves again, and the fellow had already lift up his naked sword to smite her, seeing Dom. Consul had made him a sign with his hand, when my dear gossip, who saw it, pulled my child with all his strength into his lap. (May God reward him on the Day of Judgment, for I never can.) The villain would have stabbed her as she lay in his lap; but the young lord was already there, and seeing what he was about to do, thrust the boar-spear which he held in his hand in between the constable's shoulders, so that he fell headlong on the earth, and his own sword, by the guidance of the most righteous God, went into his ribs on one side and out again at the other. He lay there and bellowed; but the young lord heeded him not, but said to my child, "Sweet maid, God be praised that you are safe!" When, however, he saw her bound hands, he gnashed his teeth; and cursing her judges, he jumped off his horse, and cut the rope with his sword which he held in his right hand, took her hand in his, and said, "Alas, sweet maid, how have I

sorrowed for you! but I could not save you, as I myself also lay in chains, which you may see from my looks."

But my child could answer him never a word, and fell into a swound again for joy; howbeit she soon came to herself again, seeing my dear gossip still had a little wine by him. Meanwhile the dear young lord did me some injustice, which however I freely forgive him; for he railed at me and called me an old woman, who could do naught save weep and wail. Why had I not journeyed after the Swedish king, or why had I not gone to Mellenthin myself to fetch his testimony, as I knew right well what he thought about witchcraft? (But, blessed God, how could I do otherwise than believe the judge, who had been there? Others besides old women would have done the same; and I never once thought of the Swedish king; and say, dear reader, how could I have journeyed after him and left my own child? But young folks do not think of these things, seeing they know not what a father feels.)

Meanwhile, however, Dom. Camerarius, having heard that it was the young lord, had again crept out from beneath the straw; *item*, Dom. Consul had jumped down from the coach and ran towards us, railing at him loudly, and asking him by what power and authority he acted thus, seeing that he himself had heretofore denounced the ungodly witch? But the young lord pointed with his sword to his people, who now came riding out of the coppice about eighteen strong, armed with sabres, pikes, and muskets, and said, "There is my authority; and I would let you feel it on your back if I did not know that you were but a stupid ass. When did you hear any testimony from me against this virtuous maiden? You lie in your throat if you say you did." And as Dom. Consul stood and straightway forswore himself, the young lord, to the astonishment of all, related as follows:—

That as soon as he heard of the misfortune which had befallen me and my child, he ordered his horse to be saddled forthwith, in order to ride to Pudgla to bear witness to our innocence: this, however, his old father would nowise suffer, thinking that his nobility would receive a stain if it came to be known that his son had conversed with a reputed witch by night on the Streckelberg. He had caused him therefore, as prayers and threats were of no avail, to be bound hand and foot and confined in the donjon-keep, where till *datum* an old servant had

watched him; who refused to let him escape, notwithstanding he offered him any sum of money; whereupon he fell into the greatest anguish and despair at the thought that innocent blood would be shed on his account: but that the all-righteous God had graciously spared him this sorrow; for his father had fallen sick from vexation, and lay abed all this time, and it so happened that this very morning, about prayer-time, the huntsman in shooting at a wild duck in the moat had by chance sorely wounded his father's favorite dog, called Packan, which had crept howling to his father's bedside and had died there; whereupon the old man, who was weak, was so angered that he was presently seized with a fit and gave up the ghost too. Hereupon his people released him; and after he had closed his father's eyes and prayed an "Our Father" over him, he straightway set out with all the people he could find in the castle in order to save the innocent maiden. For he testified here himself before all, on the word and honor of a knight,—nay, more, by his hopes of salvation,—that he himself was that devil which had appeared to the maiden on the mountain in the shape of a hairy giant: for having heard by common report that she ofttimes went thither, he greatly desired to know what she did there, and that from fear of his hard father he disguised himself in a wolf's skin, so that none might know him, and he had already spent two nights there, when on the third the maiden came; and he then saw her dig for amber on the mountain, and that she did not call upon Satan, but recited a Latin *carmen* aloud to herself. This he would have testified at Pudgla, but from the cause aforesaid he had not been able: moreover his father had laid his cousin, Claus von Nienkerken, who was there on a visit, in his bed, and made him bear false witness; for as Dom. Consul had not seen him (I mean the young lord) for many a long year, seeing he had studied in foreign parts, his father thought that he might easily be deceived, which accordingly happened.

When the worthy young lord had stated this before Dom. Consul and all the people, which flocked together on hearing that the young lord was no ghost, I felt as though a millstone had been taken off my heart; and seeing that the people (who had already pulled the constable from under the cart, and crowded round him like a swarm of bees) cried to me that he was dying, but desired first to confess somewhat to me, I jumped from the cart as lightly as a young bachelor, and called to Dom. Consul

and the young lord to go with me, seeing that I could easily guess what he had on his mind. He sat upon a stone, and the blood gushed from his side like a fountain, now that they had drawn out the sword; he whimpered on seeing me, and said that he had in truth hearkened behind the door to all that old Lizzie had confessed to me, namely, that she herself, together with the sheriff, had worked all the witchcraft on man and beast, to frighten my poor child and force her to play the wanton. That he had hidden this, seeing that the sheriff had promised him a great reward for so doing; but that he would now confess it freely, since God had brought my child her innocence to light. Wherefore he besought my child and myself to forgive him. And when Dom. Consul shook his head, and asked whether he would live and die on the truth of this confession, he answered, "Yes!" and straightway fell on his side to the earth and gave up the ghost.

Meanwhile time hung heavy with the people on the mountain, who had come from Coserow, from Zitze, from Gnitze, etc., to see my child burnt; and they all came running down the hill in long rows like geese, one after the other, to see what had happened. And among them was my ploughman, Claus Neels. When the worthy fellow saw and heard what had befallen us, he began to weep aloud for joy; and straightway he too told what he had heard the sheriff say to old Lizzie in the garden, and how he had promised a pig in the room of her own little pig, which she had herself bewitched to death in order to bring my child into evil repute. *Summa:* all that I have noted above, and which till *datum* he had kept to himself for fear of the question. Hereat all the people marveled, and greatly bewailed her misfortunes; and many came, among them old Paasch, and would have kissed my daughter her hands and feet, as also mine own, and praised us now as much as they had before reviled us. But thus it ever is with the people. Wherefore my departed father used to say:—

"The people's hate is death;
Their love a passing breath!"

My dear gossip ceased not from fondling my child, holding her in his lap, and weeping over her like a father (for I could not have wept more myself than he wept). Howbeit she herself wept not, but begged the young lord to send one of his horsemen

to her faithful old maid-servant at Pudgla, to tell her what had befallen us, which he straightway did to please her. But the worshipful court (for Dom. Camerarius and the *scriba* had now plucked up a heart, and had come down from the coach) was not yet satisfied, and Dom. Consul began to tell the young lord about the bewitched bridge, which none other save my daughter could have bewitched. Hereto the young lord gave answer that this was indeed a strange thing, inasmuch as his own horse had also broken a leg thereon; whereupon he had taken the sheriff his horse, which he saw tied up at the mill: but he did not think that this could be laid to the charge of the maiden, but that it came about by natural means, as he had half discovered already, although he had not had time to search the matter thoroughly. Wherefore he besought the worshipful court and all the people, together with my child herself, to return back thither, where, with God's help, he would clear her from this suspicion also, and prove her perfect innocence before them all.

Thereunto the worshipful court agreed; and the young lord, having given the sheriff his gray charger to my ploughman to carry the corpse, which had been laid across the horse's neck, to Coserow, the young lord got into the cart by us, but did not seat himself beside my child, but backward by my dear gossip. Moreover, he bade one of his own people drive us instead of the old coachman, and thus we turned back in God his name. Custos Benzensis, who with the children had run in among the vetches by the wayside (my defunct Custos would not have done so, he had more courage), went on before again with the young folks; and by command of his reverence the pastor led the Ambrosian Te Deum, which deeply moved us all, more especially my child, insomuch that her book was wetted with her tears, and she at length laid it down and said, at the same time giving her hand to the young lord, "How can I thank God and you for that which you have done for me this day?" Whereupon the young lord answered, saying, "I have greater cause to thank God than yourself, sweet maid, seeing that you have suffered in your dungeon unjustly, but I justly, inasmuch as by my thoughtlessness I brought this misery upon you. Believe me that this morning, when in my donjon-keep I first heard the sound of the dead-bell, I thought to have died; and when it tolled for the third time, I should have gone distraught in my grief, had not the Almighty God at that moment taken the life of my strange

father, so that your innocent life should be saved by me. Wherefore I have vowed a new tower, and whatsoe'er beside may be needful, to the blessed house of God; for naught more bitter could have befallen me on earth than your death, sweet maid, and naught more sweet than your life!"

But at these words my child only wept and sighed; and when he looked on her, she cast down her eyes and trembled, so that I straightway perceived that my sorrows were not yet come to an end, but that another barrel of tears was just tapped for me; and so indeed it was. Moreover, the ass of a Custos, having finished the Te Deum before we were come to the bridge, straightway struck up the next following hymn, which was a funeral one, beginning "The body let us now inter." (God be praised that no harm has come of it till *datum.*) My beloved gossip rated him not a little, and threatened him that for his stupidity he should not get the money for the shoes which he had promised him out of the Church dues. But my child comforted him, and promised him a pair of shoes at her own charges, seeing that peradventure a funeral hymn was better for her than a song of gladness.

And when this vexed the young lord, and he said, "How now, sweet maid, you know not how enough to thank God and me for your rescue, and yet you speak thus?" she answered, smiling sadly, that she had only spoken thus to comfort the poor Custos. But I straightway saw that she was in earnest; for that she felt that although she had escaped one fire, she already burned in another.

Meanwhile we were come to the bridge again; and all the folks stood still, and gazed open-mouthed, when the young lord jumped down from the cart, and after stabbing his horse, which still lay kicking on the bridge, went on his knees, and felt here and there with his hand. At length he called to the worshipful court to draw near, for that he had found out the witchcraft. But none save Dom. Consul and a few fellows out of the crowd, among whom was old Paasch, would follow him; *item*, my dear gossip and myself: and the young lord showed us a lump of tallow about the size of a large walnut which lay on the ground, and wherewith the whole bridge had been smeared, so that it looked quite white, but which all the folks in their fright had taken for flour out of the mill; *item*, with some other *materia* which stunk like fitchock's dung, but what it was we could not

find out. Soon after a fellow found another bit of tallow, and showed it to the people; whereupon I cried, "Aha! none hath done this but that ungodly miller's man, in revenge for the stripes which the sheriff gave him for reviling my child." Whereupon I told what he had done, and Dom. Consul, who also had heard thereof, straightway sent for the miller.

He, however, did as though he knew naught of the matter; and only said that his man had left his service about an hour ago. But a young lass, the miller's maid-servant, said that that very morning before daybreak, when she had got up to let out the cattle, she had seen the man scouring the bridge; but that she had given it no further heed, and had gone to sleep for another hour — and she pretended to know no more than the miller whither the rascal was gone. When the young lord had heard this news, he got up into the cart and began to address the people, seeking to persuade them no longer to believe in witchcraft, now that they had seen what it really was. When I heard this, I was horror-stricken (as was but right) in my conscience as a priest, and I got upon the cart-wheel, and whispered into his ear for God his sake to leave this *materia;* seeing that if the people no longer feared the Devil, neither would they fear our Lord God.

The dear young lord forthwith did as I would have him, and only asked the people whether they now held my child to be perfectly innocent? and when they had answered "Yes!" he begged them to go quietly home, and to thank God that he had saved innocent blood. That he too would now return home, and that he hoped that none would molest me and my child if he let us return to Coserow alone. Hereupon he turned hastily towards her, took her hand, and said, "Farewell, sweet maid: I trust that I shall soon clear your honor before the world; but do you thank God therefor, not me." He then did the like to me and to my dear gossip, whereupon he jumped down from the cart and went and sat beside Dom. Consul in his coach. The latter also spake a few words to the people, and likewise begged my child and me to forgive him (and I must say it to his honor that the tears ran down his cheeks the while); but he was so hurried by the young lord that he brake short his discourse, and they drove off over the little bridge without so much as looking back. Only Dom. Consul looked round once, and called out to me that in his hurry he had forgotten to tell the executioner

that no one was to be burned to-day: I was therefore to send the churchwarden of Uekeritze up the mountain, to say so in his name; the which I did. And the bloodhound was still on the mountain, albeit he had long since heard what had befallen; and when the bailiff gave him the orders of the worshipful court, he began to curse so fearfully that it might have awakened the dead; moreover he plucked off his cap and trampled it under foot, so that any one might have guessed what he felt.

But to return to ourselves. My child sat as still and as white as a pillar of salt after the young lord had left her so suddenly and so unawares; but she was somewhat comforted when the old maid-servant came running with her coats tucked up to her knees, and carrying her shoes and stockings in her hands. We heard her afar off, as the mill had stopped, blubbering for joy; and she fell at least three times on the bridge, but at last she got over safe, and kissed now mine and now my child her hands and feet; begging us only not to turn her away, but to keep her until her life's end; the which we promised to do. She had to climb up behind where the impudent constable had sat, seeing that my dear gossip would not leave me until I should be back in mine own manse. And as the young lord his servant had got up behind the coach, old Paasch drove us home, and all the folks who had waited till *datum* ran beside the cart, praising and pitying as much as they had before scorned and reviled us. Scarce however had we passed through Uekeritze, when we again heard cries of—"Here comes the young lord, here comes the young lord!" so that my child started up for joy and became as red as a rose; but some of the folks ran into the buckwheat by the road again, thinking it was another ghost. It was however in truth the young lord, who galloped up on a black horse, calling out as he drew near us, "Notwithstanding the haste I am in, sweet maid, I must return and give you safe-conduct home, seeing that I have just heard that the filthy people reviled you by the way, and I know not whether you are yet safe." Hereupon he urged old Paasch to mend his pace; and as his kicking and trampling did not even make the horses trot, the young lord struck the saddle-horse from time to time with the flat of his sword, so that we soon reached the village and the manse. Howbeit when I prayed him to dismount awhile, he would not, but excused himself, saying that he must still ride through Usedom to Anclam; but charged old Paasch, who was our bailiff, to watch over my

child as the apple of his eye, and should anything unusual happen he was straightway to inform the town-clerk at Pudgla, or Dom. Consul at Usedom, thereof. And when Paasch had promised to do this, he waved his hand to us and galloped off as fast as he could.

But before he got round the corner by Pagel his house, he turned back for the third time; and when we wondered thereat, he said we must forgive him, seeing his thoughts wandered to-day.

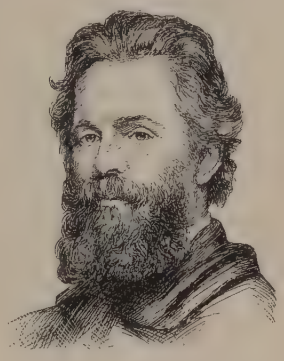
That I had formerly told him that I still had my patent of nobility, the which he begged me to lend him for a time. Hereupon I answered that I must first seek for it, and that he had best dismount the while. But he would not, and again excused himself, saying he had no time. He therefore stayed without the door until I brought him the patent; whereupon he thanked me and said, "Do not wonder hereat: you will soon see what my purpose is." Whereupon he struck his spurs into his horse's sides and did not come back again.

Translation of Lady Duff-Gordon.

HERMAN MELVILLE

(1819–1891)

IN 1846 appeared a volume of travel and adventure called 'Typee,' with the name of Herman Melville on the title-page. It created a stir, which in these days would be called a sensation, which speedily spread to England. What was Typee? What was this South Sea island? Did it exist, with its soft airs and compliant people, only in romance? The romantic name "Herman Melville" must be only a *nom de plume*. The critics and the newspapers took up the mystery and tossed it about. Was the whole thing an invention of a clever romancer? Was there any such person as Melville and his sailor comrade "Toby"? The newspapers were facetious about the latter, and headed their paragraphs "To Be or not To Be." It was a great relief when one day the veritable sailor Toby turned up in Buffalo, New York, and made affirmation to the truth of the whole narrative.



HERMAN MELVILLE

'Typee' was the first of the long line of books of travel, adventure, and romance about the South Seas; and Fayaway was the first of the Polynesian maidens to attract the attention of the world. The book not only opened a new world, but it gave new terms — like *taboo* — to our language. It led the way to a host of other writers, among whom recently are Pierre Loti and Stevenson. The 'Mariage de Loti,' in its incidents and romanticism, copies 'Typee.' It is not probable, however, that Pierre Loti ever saw Melville's book, or he would not have made such an imitation.

Herman Melville, son of a New York merchant, and born in that city in October 1819, in a state of life which hedged him about with a thousand social restrictions, early "came to live in the all," as Goethe has it; though Melville himself put the transformation much later, when he broke away from home, became a sailor on a whaling vessel, and there endured innumerable hardships and cruelties. Finally escaping from his tyrants, he reached the Marquesas Islands,

where he enjoyed strange adventures for many months,—a captive in a tribe of cannibals in the Typee Valley. An Australian ship having taken him aboard, he returned home, the hero of strange tales which he at once chronicled in the romances 'Typee' (1846) and 'Omoo' (1847). No sooner were these volumes published than his promise of lasting fame "was voluble in the mouths of wisest censure," while his actual success put him in the first rank of American authors at the age of twenty-six. But for some mysterious reason (for most of his other books were written on the subject which inspired 'Typee' and 'Omoo,' and were possessed with the same enthusiasm) 'Moby Dick,' published when he was only thirty-two years old, disclosed that he had "come to the last leaf in the bulb." He wrote several books afterwards, musings and stories, and three volumes of poems which just miss the mark. Mr. R. H. Stoddard, his kindly and sympathetic critic, said of him that he thought like a poet, saw like a poet, felt like a poet; but never attained any proficiency in verse, because, though there was a wealth of imagination in his mind, it was an untrained imagination, and "a world of the stuff out of which poetry is made, but no poetry, which is creation, not chaos."

At one time Melville and Hawthorne were near neighbors,—when Hawthorne lived on the brink of Stockbridge pool, and Melville at Lenox; and it is possible that each was influenced by the genius of the other. Mr. Stoddard thinks there were dark, mysterious elements in Melville's nature akin to those that possessed Hawthorne; but that unlike Hawthorne, Melville did not control his melancholy, letting it rather lead him into morbid moods. Certainly, in the days of 'Omoo' and 'Typee' Melville exhibited no such traits; but he had probably, like Emily Brontë, "an intense and glowing mind" to see everything through its own atmosphere. Really to know Melville the man, it is necessary to read the letters that passed between Hawthorne and himself, which are printed in Mr. Julian Hawthorne's memoir of his parents. There Melville pours out his sad strange views of life, which on the whole had treated him kindly, given him a success which would have intoxicated another man with joy, and the promise of favors to come.

His later years were passed in the world of thought rather than of action. He published nothing; and New York, his old camping-ground, seldom knew him. But when he appeared, his gray figure, gray hair and coloring, and piercing gray eyes, marked him to the most casual observer. Though a man of moods, he had a peculiarly winning and interesting personality, suggesting Laurence Oliphant in his gentle deference to an opponent's conventional opinion while he expressed the wildest and most emancipated ideas of his own.

Herman Melville died in New York, September 28th, 1891; and in his death he was revived in the memories of many of his old-time associates and admirers, to whom his personality had become shadowy, but who still regarded 'Omoo' and 'Typee' as landmarks in American literature.

The Marquesas Islands, when Melville visited them, were virgin soil; the report that their inhabitants were cannibals having kept the country safe from the invading tourist. Melville soon ingratiated himself with the gentle creatures who ate human beings, as Emerson's savage kills his enemy, only out of pure compliment to their virtues, fancying that the qualities of a great antagonist will pass into his conqueror. The feminine element came in to add romance; and though a human soul, even that of a South Sea Islander, is always more interesting than all the coral reefs and the cocoanut palms in the world, and Melville's beautiful heroines are a little too subsidiary to scenery, the critic must remember that the primitive woman is a thing of traits, not of peculiarities, and therefore alike the world over.

We should therefore judge him not too harshly because there is little character-drawing in his romances; and be thankful to breathe — as he makes us breathe — the soft airs, see the blue sky, and visit the coral caves, of the South Seas. His great advantage is in placing his stories in a sort of poetic or fairy precinct, where the groves are sylvan haunts and the very names full of romance; while his *dramatis personæ*, if not marked, are a people gentle but lofty, eloquent, and full of poetry and hospitality. All this he embodied in his first novels; and although he had the advantage of "breaking ground," as the farmers say, he had to compete not with the literature of a new country, but with the prejudices of a new country against anything not produced in the old. 'Omoo's' charms, however, penetrated the conservatism of Blackwood and the Edinburgh Review; while his confrères — Lowell, Hawthorne, Bayard Taylor, and the rest — were proud of his recognition abroad.

A re-reading does not destroy the illusion of his reputation. The spirit of his books is as fresh and penetrating as when they were first written, his genius keeping for him the secret of eternal youth. His vocabulary is perhaps too large, too fluent; it has been called unliterary: but what he lacks in conciseness is atoned for in spontaneity. And although his romances are permeated with languid airs and indolent odors, and although flower-decked maidens turn their brown shoulders and their soft eyes to the captive hero, the books have a healthy, manly ring as far from sensuousness as from austerity; the reader knows that after all it is a captive's tale, and that one day, when the winds blow to stir him to action, he will sail away to a more bracing clime.

A TYPEE HOUSEHOLD

From 'Typee'

Mehevi having now departed, and the family physician having likewise made his exit, we were left about sunset with the ten or twelve natives who by this time I had ascertained composed the household of which Toby and I were members. As the dwelling to which we had been first introduced was the place of my permanent abode while I remained in the valley, and as I was necessarily placed upon the most intimate footing with its occupants, I may as well here enter into a little description of it and its inhabitants. This description will apply also to nearly all the other dwelling-places in the vale, and will furnish some idea of the generality of the natives.

Near one side of the valley, and about midway up the ascent of a rather abrupt rise of ground waving with the richest verdure, a number of large stones were laid in successive courses to the height of nearly eight feet, and disposed in such a manner that their level surface corresponded in shape with the habitation which was perched upon it. A narrow space however was reserved in front of the dwelling, upon the summit of this pile of stones (called by the natives a "pi-pi"), which being inclosed by a little pocket of canes gave it somewhat the appearance of a veranda. The frame of the house was constructed of large bamboos planted uprightly, and secured together at intervals by transverse stalks of the light wood of the hibiscus, lashed with thongs of bark. The rear of the tenement — built up with successive ranges of cocoanut boughs bound one upon another, with their leaflets cunningly woven together — inclined a little from the vertical, and extended from the extreme edge of the "pi-pi" to about twenty feet from its surface; whence the shelving roof, thatched with the long tapering leaves of the palmetto, sloped steeply off to within about five feet of the floor, leaving the eaves drooping with tassel-like appendages over the front of the habitation. This was constructed of light and elegant canes, in a kind of open screen-work, tastefully adorned with bindings of variegated sinnate, which served to hold together its various parts. The sides of the house were similarly built; thus presenting three quarters for the circulation of the air, while the whole was impervious to the rain.

In length this picturesque building was perhaps twelve yards, while in breadth it could not have exceeded as many feet. So much for the exterior; which with its wire-like reed-twisted sides not a little reminded me of an immense aviary.

Stooping a little, you passed through a narrow aperture in its front: and facing you on entering, lay two long, perfectly straight, and well-polished trunks of the cocoanut-tree, extending the full length of the dwelling; one of them placed closely against the rear, and the other lying parallel with it some two yards distant, the interval between them being spread with a multitude of gayly worked mats, nearly all of a different pattern. This space formed the common couch and lounging-place of the natives, answering the purpose of a divan in Oriental countries. Here would they slumber through the hours of the night, and recline luxuriously during the greater part of the day. The remainder of the floor presented only the cool shining surfaces of the large stones of which the "pi-pi" was composed.

From the ridge-pole of the house hung suspended a number of large packages enveloped in coarse tappa; some of which contained festival dresses, and various other matters of the wardrobe, held in high estimation. These were easily accessible by means of a line, which, passing over the ridge-pole, had one end attached to a bundle; while with the other, which led to the side of the dwelling and was there secured, the package could be lowered or elevated at pleasure.

Against the farther wall of the house were arranged in tasteful figures a variety of spears and javelins, and other implements of savage warfare. Outside of the habitation, and built upon the piazza-like area in its front, was a little shed used as a sort of larder or pantry, and in which were stored various articles of domestic use and convenience. A few yards from the "pi-pi" was a large shed built of cocoanut boughs, where the process of preparing the "poee-poee" was carried on, and all culinary operations attended to.

Thus much for the house and its appurtenances; and it will be readily acknowledged that a more commodious and appropriate dwelling for the climate and the people could not possibly be devised. It was cool, free to admit the air, scrupulously clean, and elevated above the dampness and impurities of the ground.

But now to sketch the inmates; and here I claim for my tried servitor and faithful valet Kory-Kory the precedence of a first

description. As his character will be gradually unfolded in the course of my narrative, I shall for the present content myself with delineating his personal appearance. Kory-Kory, though the most devoted and best-natured serving-man in the world, was, alas! a hideous object to look upon. He was some twenty-five years of age, and about six feet in height, robust and well made, and of the most extraordinary aspect. His head was carefully shaven, with the exception of two circular spots, about the size of a dollar, near the top of the cranium, where the hair, permitted to grow of an amazing length, was twisted up in two prominent knots, that gave him the appearance of being decorated with a pair of horns. His beard, plucked out by the roots from every other part of his face, was suffered to droop in hairy pendants, two of which garnished his upper lip, and an equal number hung from the extremity of his chin.

Kory-Kory, with a view of improving the handiwork of nature, and perhaps prompted by a desire to add to the engaging expression of his countenance, had seen fit to embellish his face with three broad longitudinal stripes of tattooing, which, like those country roads that go straight forward in defiance of all obstacles, crossed his nasal organ, descended into the hollow of his eyes, and even skirted the borders of his mouth. Each completely spanned his physiognomy; one extending in a line with his eyes, another crossing the face in the vicinity of the nose, and the third sweeping along his lips from ear to ear. His countenance thus triply hooped, as it were, with tattooing, always reminded me of those unhappy wretches whom I have sometimes observed gazing out sentimentally from behind the grated bars of a prison window; whilst the entire body of my savage valet, covered all over with representations of birds and fishes, and a variety of most unaccountable-looking creatures, suggested to me the idea of a pictorial museum of natural history, or an illustrated copy of 'Goldsmith's Animated Nature.'

But it seems really heartless in me to write thus of the poor islander, when I owe perhaps to his unremitting attentions the very existence I now enjoy. Kory-Kory, I mean thee no harm in what I say in regard to thy outward adornings; but they were a little curious to my unaccustomed sight, and therefore I dilate upon them. But to underrate or forget thy faithful services is something I could never be guilty of, even in the giddiest moment of my life.

The father of my attached follower was a native of gigantic frame, and had once possessed prodigious physical powers; but the lofty form was now yielding to the inroads of time, though the hand of disease seemed never to have been laid upon the aged warrior. Marheyo — for such was his name — appeared to have retired from all active participation in the affairs of the valley, seldom or never accompanying the natives in their various expeditions; and employing the greater part of his time in throwing up a little shed just outside the house, upon which he was engaged to my certain knowledge for four months, without appearing to make any sensible advance. I suppose the old gentleman was in his dotage, for he manifested in various ways the characteristics which mark this particular stage of life.

I remember in particular his having a choice pair of ear ornaments, fabricated from the teeth of some sea-monster. These he would alternately wear and take off at least fifty times in the course of the day, going and coming from his little hut on each occasion with all the tranquillity imaginable. Sometimes slipping them through the slits in his ears, he would seize his spear — which in length and slightness resembled a fishing-pole — and go stalking beneath the shadows of the neighboring groves, as if about to give a hostile meeting to some cannibal knight. But he would soon return again, and hiding his weapon under the projecting eaves of the house, and rolling his clumsy trinkets carefully in a piece of tappa, would resume his more pacific operations as quietly as if he had never interrupted them.

But despite his eccentricities, Marheyo was a most paternal and warm-hearted old fellow, and in this particular not a little resembled his son Kory-Kory. The mother of the latter was the mistress of the family, — and a notable housewife; and a most industrious old lady she was. If she did not understand the art of making jellies, jams, custards, tea-cakes, and such like trashy affairs, she was profoundly skilled in the mysteries of preparing "amar," "poee-poee," and "kokoo," with other substantial matters. She was a genuine busybody: bustling about the house like a country landlady at an unexpected arrival; forever giving the young girls tasks to perform, which the little huzzies as often neglected; poking into every corner and rummaging over bundles of old tappa, or making a prodigious clatter among the calabashes. Sometimes she might have been seen squatting upon her haunches in front of a huge wooden basin, and kneading

poee-poee with terrific vehemence, dashing the stone pestle about as if she would shiver the vessel into fragments; on other occasions galloping about the valley in search of a particular kind of leaf used in some of her recondite operations, and returning home, toiling and sweating, with a bundle of it under which most women would have sunk.

To tell the truth, Kory-Kory's mother was the only industrious person in all the valley of Typee; and she could not have employed herself more actively had she been left an exceedingly muscular and destitute widow with an inordinate supply of young children, in the bleakest part of the civilized world. There was not the slightest necessity for the greater portion of the labor performed by the old lady: but she seemed to work from some irresistible impulse; her limbs continually swaying to and fro, as if there were some indefatigable engine concealed within her body which kept her in perpetual motion.

Never suppose that she was a termagant or a shrew for all this: she had the kindliest heart in the world, and acted towards me in particular in a truly maternal manner; occasionally putting some little morsel of choice food into my hand, some outlandish kind of savage sweetmeat or pastry, like a doting mother petting a sickly urchin with tarts and sugar-plums. Warm indeed are my remembrances of the dear, good, affectionate old Tinor!

Besides the individuals I have mentioned, there belonged to the household three young men,—dissipated, good-for-nothing, roystering blades of savages,—who were either employed in prosecuting love affairs with the maidens of the tribe, or grew boozy on "arva" and tobacco in the company of congenial spirits, the scapegraces of the valley.

Among the permanent inmates of the house were likewise several lovely damsels, who instead of thrumming pianos and reading novels, like more enlightened young ladies, substituted for these employments the manufacture of a fine species of tappa; but for the greater portion of the time were skipping from house to house, gadding and gossiping with their acquaintances.

From the rest of these, however, I must except the beauteous nymph Fayaway, who was my peculiar favorite. Her free pliant figure was the very perfection of female grace and beauty. Her complexion was a rich and mantling olive; and when watching the glow upon her cheeks, I could almost swear that beneath the transparent medium there lurked the blushes of a faint vermilion.

The face of this girl was a rounded oval, and each feature as perfectly formed as the heart or imagination of man could desire. Her full lips, when parted with a smile, disclosed teeth of a dazzling whiteness; and when her rosy mouth opened with a burst of merriment, they looked like the milk-white seeds of the "arta," —a fruit of the valley which, when cleft in twain, shows them reposing in rows on either side, imbedded in the rich and juicy pulp. Her hair of the deepest brown, parted irregularly in the middle, flowed in natural ringlets over her shoulders, and whenever she chanced to stoop, fell over and hid from view her lovely bosom. Gazing into the depths of her strange blue eyes, when she was in a contemplative mood, they seemed most placid yet unfathomable; but when illuminated by some lively emotion, they beamed upon the beholder like stars. The hands of Fayaway were as soft and delicate as those of any countess; for an entire exemption from rude labor marks the girlhood and even prime of a Typee woman's life. Her feet, though wholly exposed, were as diminutive and fairly shaped as those which peep from beneath the skirts of a Lima lady's dress. The skin of this young creature, from continual ablutions and the use of mollifying ointments, was inconceivably smooth and soft.

I may succeed, perhaps, in particularizing some of the individual features of Fayaway's beauty; but that general loveliness of appearance which they all contributed to produce I will not attempt to describe. The easy unstudied graces of a child of nature like this — breathing from infancy an atmosphere of perpetual summer, and nurtured by the simple fruits of the earth, enjoying a perfect freedom from care and anxiety, and removed effectually from all injurious tendencies — strike the eye in a manner which cannot be portrayed. This picture is no fancy sketch: it is drawn from the most vivid recollections of the person delineated.

Were I asked if the beauteous form of Fayaway was altogether free from the hideous blemish of tattooing, I should be constrained to answer that it was not. But the practitioners of the barbarous art, so remorseless in their inflictions upon the brawny limbs of the warriors of the tribe, seem to be conscious that it needs not the resources of their profession to augment the charms of the maidens of the vale.

The females are very little embellished in this way; and Fayaway, with all the other young girls of her age, were even less

so than those of their sex more advanced in years. The reason of this peculiarity will be alluded to hereafter. All the tattooing that the nymph in question exhibited upon her person may be easily described. Three minute dots, no bigger than pin-heads, decorated either lip, and at a little distance were not at all discernible. Just upon the fall of the shoulder were drawn two parallel lines, half an inch apart and perhaps three inches in length, the interval being filled with delicately executed figures. These narrow bands of tattooing, thus placed, always reminded me of those stripes of gold lace worn by officers in undress, and which were in lieu of epaulettes to denote their rank.

Thus much was Fayaway tattooed — the audacious hand which had gone so far in its desecrating work stopping short, apparently wanting the heart to proceed.

But I have omitted to describe the dress worn by this nymph of the valley.

Fayaway — I must avow the fact — for the most part clung to the primitive and summer garb of Eden. But how becoming the costume! It showed her fine figure to the best possible advantage, and nothing could have been better adapted to her peculiar style of beauty. On ordinary occasion she was habited precisely as I have described the two youthful savages whom we had met on first entering the valley. At other times, when rambling among the groves, or visiting at the houses of her acquaintances, she wore a tunic of white tappa, reaching from her waist to a little below the knees; and when exposed for any length of time to the sun, she invariably protected herself from its rays by a floating mantle of the same material, loosely gathered about the person. Her gala dress will be described hereafter.

As the beauties of our own land delight in bedecking themselves with fanciful articles of jewelry,— suspending them from their ears, hanging them about their necks, clasping them around their wrists,— so Fayaway and her companions were in the habit of ornamenting themselves with similar appendages.

Flora was their jeweler. Sometimes they wore necklaces of small carnation flowers, strung like rubies upon a fibre of tappa; or displayed in their ears a single white bud, the stem thrust backward through the aperture, and showing in front the delicate petals folded together in a beautiful sphere, and looking like a drop of the purest pearl. Chaplets too, resembling in their arrangement the strawberry coronal worn by an English peeress,

and composed of intertwined leaves and blossoms, often crowned their temples; and bracelets and anklets of the same tasteful pattern were frequently to be seen. Indeed, the maidens of the islands were passionately fond of flowers, and never wearied of decorating their persons with them; a lovely trait in their character, and one that ere long will be more fully alluded to.

Though in my eyes, at least, Fayaway was indisputably the loveliest female I saw in Typee, yet the description I have given of her will in some measure apply to nearly all the youthful portion of her sex in the valley. Judge you then, reader, what beautiful creatures they must have been.

FAYAWAY IN THE CANOE

From 'Typee'

For the life of me I could not understand why a woman should not have as much right to enter a canoe as a man. At last he became a little more rational, and intimated that, out of the abundant love he bore me, he would consult with the priests and see what could be done.

How it was that the priesthood of Typee satisfied the affair with their consciences, I know not; but so it was, and Fayaway's dispensation from this portion of the taboo was at length procured. Such an event I believe never before had occurred in the valley; but it was high time the islanders should be taught a little gallantry, and I trust that the example I set them may produce beneficial effects. Ridiculous, indeed, that the lovely creatures should be obliged to paddle about in the water like so many ducks, while a parcel of great strapping fellows skimmed over its surface in their canoes.

The first day after Fayaway's emancipation I had a delightful little party on the lake — the damsel, Kory-Kory, and myself. My zealous body-servant brought from the house a calabash of poee-poee, half a dozen young cocoanuts stripped of their husks, three pipes, as many yams, and me on his back a part of the way. Something of a load; but Kory-Kory was a very strong man for his size, and by no means brittle in the spine. We had a very pleasant day; my trusty valet plied the paddle and swept us gently along the margin of the water, beneath the shades of

the overhanging thickets. Fayaway and I reclined in the stern of the canoe, on the very best terms possible with one another; the gentle nymph occasionally placing her pipe to her lip and exhaling the mild fumes of the tobacco, to which her rosy breath added a fresh perfume. Strange as it may seem, there is nothing in which a young and beautiful female appears to more advantage than in the act of smoking. How captivating is a Peruvian lady swinging in her gayly woven hammock of grass, extended between two orange-trees, and inhaling the fragrance of a choice cigarro! But Fayaway, holding in her delicately formed olive hand the long yellow reed of her pipe, with its quaintly carved bowl, and every few moments languishingly giving forth light wreaths of vapor from her mouth and nostrils, looked still more engaging.

We floated about thus for several hours, when I looked up to the warm, glowing, tropical sky, and then down into the transparent depths below; and when my eye, wandering from the bewitching scenery around, fell upon the grotesquely tattooed form of Kory-Kory, and finally encountered the pensive gaze of Fayaway, I thought I had been transported to some fairy region, so unreal did everything appear.

This lovely piece of water was the coolest spot in all the valley, and I now made it a place of continual resort during the hottest period of the day. One side of it lay near the termination of a long, gradually expanding gorge, which mounted to the heights that environed the vale. The strong trade-wind, met in its course by these elevations, circled and eddied about their summits, and was sometimes driven down the steep ravine and swept across the valley, ruffling in its passage the otherwise tranquil surface of the lake.

One day, after we had been paddling about for some time, I disembarked Kory-Kory and paddled the canoe to the windward side of the lake. As I turned the canoe, Fayaway, who was with me, seemed all at once to be struck with some happy idea. With a wild exclamation of delight, she disengaged from her person the ample robe of tappa which was knotted over her shoulder (for the purpose of shielding her from the sun), and spreading it out like a sail, stood erect with upraised arms in the head of the canoe. We American sailors pride ourselves upon our straight clean spars, but a prettier little mast than Fayaway made was never shipped aboard of any craft.

In a moment the tappa was distended by the breeze, the long brown tresses of Fayaway streamed in the air, and the canoe glided rapidly through the water and shot towards the shore. Seated in the stern, I directed its course with my paddle until it dashed up the soft sloping bank, and Fayaway with a light spring alighted on the ground; whilst Kory-Kory, who had watched our manœuvres with admiration, now clapped his hands in transport and shouted like a madman. Many a time afterwards was this feat repeated.

THE GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE TYPEES

From 'Typee'

I HAVE already mentioned that the influence exerted over the people of the valley by their chiefs was mild in the extreme; and as to any general rule or standard of conduct by which the commonalty were governed in their intercourse with each other, so far as my observation extended, I should be almost tempted to say that none existed on the island, except indeed the mysterious "Taboo" be considered as such. During the time I lived among the Typees, no one was ever put upon his trial for any offense against the public. To all appearances there were no courts of law or equity. There were no municipal police for the purpose of apprehending vagrants and disorderly characters. In short, there were no legal provisions whatever for the well-being and conservation of society, the enlightened end of civilized legislation. And yet everything went on in the valley with a harmony and smoothness unparalleled, I will venture to assert, in the most select, refined, and pious associations of mortals in Christendom. How are we to explain this enigma? These islanders were heathens! savages! ay, cannibals! and how came they, without the aid of established law, to exhibit in so eminent a degree that social order which is the greatest blessing and highest pride of the social state?

It may reasonably be inquired, How were these people governed? how were their passions controlled in their every-day transactions? It must have been by an inherent principle of honesty and charity towards each other. They seemed to be governed by that sort of tacit common-sense law, which, say what they will of the inborn lawlessness of the human race, has its

precepts graven on every breast. The grand principles of virtue and honor, however they may be distorted by arbitrary codes, are the same all the world over; and where these principles are concerned, the right or wrong of any action appears the same to the uncultivated as to the enlightened mind. It is to this indwelling, this universally diffused perception of what is *just* and *noble*, that the integrity of the Marquesans in their intercourse with each other is to be attributed. In the darkest nights they slept securely, with all their worldly wealth around them, in houses the doors of which were never fastened. The disquieting ideas of theft or assassination never disturbed them. Each islander reposed beneath his own palmetto thatching, or sat under his own bread-fruit tree, with none to molest or alarm him. There was not a padlock in the valley, nor anything that answered the purpose of one; still there was no community of goods. This long spear, so elegantly carved and highly polished, belongs to Wormoonoo; it is far handsomer than the one which old Marheyo so greatly prizes,—it is the most valuable article belonging to its owner. And yet I have seen it leaning against a cocoanut-tree in the grove, and there it was found when sought for. Here is a sperm-whale tooth, graven all over with cunning devices: it is the property of Karluna; it is the most precious of the damsel's ornaments. In her estimation its price is far above rubies. And yet there hangs the dental jewel by its cord of braided bark in the girl's house, which is far back in the valley; the door is left open, and all the inmates have gone off to bathe in the stream. . . .

There was one admirable trait in the general character of the Typees which, more than anything else, secured my admiration: it was the unanimity of feeling they displayed on every occasion. With them there hardly appeared to be any difference of opinion upon any subject whatever. They all thought and acted alike. I do not conceive that they could support a debating society for a single night: there would be nothing to dispute about; and were they to call a convention to take into consideration the state of the tribe, its session would be a remarkably short one. They showed this spirit of unanimity in every action of life: everything was done in concert and good-fellowship. . . .

Not a single female took part in this employment [house-building]; and if the degree of consideration in which the ever adorable sex is held by the men, be—as the philosophers affirm—

a just criterion of the degree of refinement among a people, then I may truly pronounce the Typees to be as polished a community as ever the sun shone upon. The religious restrictions of the taboo alone excepted, the women of the valley were allowed every possible indulgence. Nowhere are the ladies more assiduously courted; nowhere are they better appreciated as the contributors to our highest enjoyments; and nowhere are they more sensible of their power. Far different from their condition among many rude nations, where the women are made to perform all the work while their ungallant lords and masters lie buried in sloth, the gentle sex in the valley of Typee were exempt from toil; if toil it might be called, that even in that tropical climate, never distilled one drop of perspiration. Their light household occupations, together with the manufacture of tappa, the platting of mats, and the polishing of drinking-vessels, were the only employments pertaining to the women. And even these resembled those pleasant avocations which fill up the elegant morning leisure of our fashionable ladies at home. But in these occupations, slight and agreeable though they were, the giddy young girls very seldom engaged. Indeed, these willful, care-killing damsels were averse to all useful employment. Like so many spoiled beauties, they ranged through the groves, bathed in the stream, danced, flirted, played all manner of mischievous pranks, and passed their days in one merry round of thoughtless happiness.

During my whole stay on the island I never witnessed a single quarrel, nor anything that in the slightest degree approached even to a dispute. The natives appeared to form one household, whose members were bound together by the ties of strong affection. The love of kindred I did not so much perceive, for it seemed blended to the general love; and where all were treated as brothers and sisters, it was hard to tell who were actually related to each other by blood.

TABOO

From 'Typee'

THERE is a marked similarity, almost an identity, between the religious institutions of most of the Polynesian islands; and in all exists the mysterious "Taboo," restricted in its uses to a greater or less extent. So strange and complex in its

arrangements is this remarkable system, that I have in several cases met with individuals who after residing for years among the islands in the Pacific, and acquiring a considerable knowledge of the language, have nevertheless been altogether unable to give any satisfactory account of its operations. Situated as I was in the Typee valley, I perceived every hour the effects of this all-controlling power, without in the least comprehending it. Those effects were indeed wide-spread and universal, pervading the most important as well as the minutest transactions of life. The savage, in short, lives in the continual observance of its dictates, which guide and control every action of his being.

For several days after entering the valley, I had been saluted at least fifty times in the twenty-four hours with the talismanic word "Taboo" shrieked in my ears, at some gross violation of its provisions, of which I had unconsciously been guilty. The day after our arrival I happened to hand some tobacco to Toby over the head of a native who sat between us. He started up as if stung by an adder; while the whole company, manifesting an equal degree of horror, simultaneously screamed out "Taboo!" I never again perpetrated a similar piece of ill manners, which indeed was forbidden by the canons of good breeding as well as by the mandates of the taboo. But it was not always so easy to perceive wherein you had contravened the spirit of this institution. I was many times called to order, if I may use the phrase, when I could not for the life of me conjecture what particular offense I had committed.

One day I was strolling through a secluded portion of the valley; and hearing the musical sound of the cloth-mallet at a little distance, I turned down a path that conducted me in a few moments to a house where there were some half-dozen girls employed in making tappa. This was an operation I had frequently witnessed, and had handled the bark in all the various stages of its preparation. On the present occasion the females were intent upon their occupation; and after looking up and talking gayly to me for a few moments, they resumed their employment. I regarded them for awhile in silence, and then carelessly picking up a handful of the material that lay around, proceeded unconsciously to pick it apart. While thus engaged, I was suddenly startled by a scream, like that of a whole boarding-school of young ladies just on the point of going into hysterics. Leaping up with the idea of seeing a score of Happar warriors about to

perform anew the Sabine atrocity, I found myself confronted by the company of girls, who, having dropped their work, stood before me with starting eyes, swelling bosoms, and fingers pointed in horror towards me.

Thinking that some venomous reptile must be concealed in the bark which I held in my hand, I began cautiously to separate and examine it. Whilst I did so the horrified girls redoubled their shrieks. Their wild cries and frightened motions actually alarmed me; and throwing down the tappa, I was about to rush from the house, when in the same instant their clamors ceased, and one of them, seizing me by the arm, pointed to the broken fibres that had just fallen from my grasp, and screamed in my ear the fatal word "Taboo!"

I subsequently found out that the fabric they were engaged in making was of a peculiar kind, destined to be worn on the heads of females; and through every stage of its manufacture was guarded by a rigorous taboo, which interdicted the whole masculine gender from even so much as touching it.

Frequently in walking through the groves, I observed bread-fruit and cocoanut trees with a wreath of leaves twined in a peculiar fashion about their trunks. This was the mark of the taboo. The trees themselves, their fruit, and even the shadows they cast upon the ground, were consecrated by its presence. In the same way a pipe which the King had bestowed upon me was rendered sacred in the eyes of the natives, none of whom could I ever prevail upon to smoke from it. The bowl was encircled by a woven band of grass, somewhat resembling those Turks'-heads occasionally worked in the handles of our whip-stalks.

A similar badge was once braided about my wrist by the royal hand of Mehevi himself, who, as soon as he had concluded the operation, pronounced me "Taboo." This occurred shortly after Toby's disappearance; and were it not that from the first moment I had entered the valley the natives had treated me with uniform kindness, I should have supposed that their conduct afterwards was to be ascribed to the fact that I had received this sacred investiture.

The capricious operation of the taboo is not its least remarkable feature; to enumerate them all would be impossible. Black hogs, infants to a certain age, women in an interesting situation, young men while the operation of tattooing their faces is going on, and certain parts of the valley during the continuance of a shower, are alike fenced about by the operation of the taboo.

I witnessed a striking instance of its effects in the bay of Tior, my visit to which place has been alluded to in a former part of this narrative. On that occasion our worthy captain formed one of the party. He was a most insatiable sportsman. Outward bound, and off the pitch of Cape Horn, he used to sit on the taffrail and keep the steward loading three or four old fowling-pieces, with which he would bring down albatrosses, Cape pigeons, jays, petrels, and divers other marine fowl, who followed chattering in our wake. The sailors were struck aghast at his impiety; and one and all attributed our forty days' beating about that horrid headland to his sacrilegious slaughter of these inoffensive birds.

At Tior he evinced the same disregard for the religious prejudices of the islanders as he had previously shown for the superstitions of the sailors. Having heard that there was a considerable number of fowls in the valley,—the progeny of some cocks and hens accidentally left there by an English vessel, and which, being strictly tabooed, flew about almost in a wild state,—he determined to break through all restraints and be the death of them. Accordingly he provided himself with a most formidable-looking gun, and announced his landing on the beach by shooting down a noble cock, that was crowing what proved to be his own funeral dirge on the limb of an adjoining tree. "Taboo," shrieked the affrighted savages. "Oh, hang your taboo," says the nautical sportsman: "talk taboo to the marines;" and bang went the piece again, and down came another victim. At this the natives ran scampering through the groves, horror-struck at the enormity of the act.

All that afternoon the rocky sides of the valley rang with successive reports, and the superb plumage of many a beautiful fowl was ruffled by the fatal bullet. Had it not been that the French admiral, with a large party, was then in the glen, I have no doubt that the natives, although their tribe was small and dispirited, would have inflicted summary vengeance upon the man who thus outraged their most sacred institutions: as it was, they contrived to annoy him not a little.

Thirsting with his exertions, the skipper directed his steps to a stream; but the savages, who had followed at a little distance, perceiving his object, rushed towards him and forced him away from its bank,—his lips would have polluted it. Wearied at last, he sought to enter a house, that he might rest for a while on the mats; its inmates gathered tumultuously about the door and

denied him admittance. He coaxed and blustered by turns, but in vain,—the natives were neither to be intimidated nor appeased; and as a final resort he was obliged to call together his boat's crew, and pull away from what he termed the most infernal place he ever stepped upon.

Lucky was it for him and for us that we were not honored on our departure by a salute of stones from the hands of the exasperated Tiors. In this way, on the neighboring island of Ropo, were killed but a few weeks previously, and for a nearly similar offense, the master and three of the crew of the K——.

I cannot determine with anything approaching to certainty what power it is that imposes the taboo. When I consider the slight disparity of condition among the islanders, the very limited and inconsiderable prerogatives of the king and chiefs, and the loose and indefinite functions of the priesthood,—most of whom were hardly to be distinguished from the rest of their countrymen,—I am wholly at a loss where to look for the authority which regulates this potent institution. It is imposed upon something to-day, and withdrawn to-morrow; while its operations in other cases are perpetual. Sometimes its restrictions only affect a single individual, sometimes a particular family, sometimes a whole tribe; and in a few instances they extend not merely over the various clans on a single island, but over all the inhabitants of an entire group. In illustration of this latter peculiarity, I may cite the law which forbids a female to enter a canoe,—a prohibition which prevails upon all the northern Marquesas Islands.

The word itself ("taboo") is used in more than one signification. It is sometimes used by a parent to his child, when in the exercise of parental authority he forbids it to perform a particular action. Anything opposed to the ordinary customs of the islanders, although not expressly prohibited, is said to be "taboo."

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY

(1809–1847)

OF THE personality of Mendelssohn the musician, and of the professional activities of a career of perhaps as complete artistic felicity and success as can be pointed out, few essential facts are unfamiliar at this date. In connection with a literary work they need but general review. Not many masters in art have come into the world with so many amiable fairies to rock the cradle, so prompt to bestow almost a superfluity of gracious gifts. Born at Hamburg, February 3d, 1809, of Hebrew blood, and of a prosperous and distinguished family that numbered the Platonist, Moses Mendelssohn, among its immediate ancestry, the boy's temperament and talents received peculiarly careful cultivation. Indeed, so far was this the case that it would not have been singular had Felix made music a mere avocation, instead of accepting it as the business and passion of his life; one which he pursued with that splendid system and industry, in nine cases out of ten having much to do with the recognition of what the world thinks the irresistibility of genius. From being a youthful prodigy at the pianoforte and in original composition, from studying diligently with his charming sister Fanny, the lad outgrew the interest attaching to merely a young virtuoso, and stood forth as one of his art's mature and accepted masters. Mendelssohn's career of triumph may be spoken of as beginning with the familiar music to Shakespeare's 'Midsummer Night's Dream'; its later milestones are familiar in a long series of orchestral works of large form, and in the large body of chamber music, vocal and instrumental, of greater or less interest; and it can be said to have culminated in 'Elijah,' the best of his oratorios,—indeed, the best oratorio on a Handelian pattern yet heard. Life to him from year to year meant incessant and delightful labor, bringing admiration and substantial honor. Only Mozart—with whom Mendelssohn's affinity is emphatic—was as prolific, with so little that in the general result can be dismissed as dull or trashy.

MENDELSSOHN

After Germany and England had been the scene of a career which, reviewed at this date, appears to us to have brought not only fame but a personal and musical idolatry, the composer died in the flush of manhood, at Leipzig, in 1847. There was soon after a certain natural reaction against his music, save in England. Lisztian influences affected it, in especial. Much of it still is laid aside, if not actually dismissed. But his place in his art seems securer now than it was a decade ago; and however the forms and the emotional conception of music have changed, whatever the shifting currents of popular taste, it seems now probable that Mendelssohn's best orchestral works, his best compositions for the voice, and even the best of his pianoforte pieces, will long retain their hold on the finer public ear and the more sensitive musical heart. The world has begun to re-esteem them, and to show signs of feeling a new conviction of their beauty of idea and their singular perfection of form. This is the day of the dramatic in music; but Mendelssohn's expression of that element is not feeble nor uncertain, albeit it must be caught rather between the lines by a generation concentrated on Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, and Wagner.

Mendelssohn's letters are — like his music, like his drawings, like everything that he did — a faithful and delightful expression of himself. His temperament was charming, his nature was sound, his heart affectionate, and his appreciations wide. His sense of humor was unfailing. He poured himself out to his friends and relations in his correspondence in all his moods, whether on professional tours or stationary in one city or another. Every mood, every shade of emotion, is latent in his "pages of neat, aristocratic chirography." He knew everybody of note; he wrote to dozens of people — musical and unmusical — regularly and voluminously. His epistolary style is as distinct as his musical one, — what with its precision in conveying just what came into his head, united to lucidity, elegance, finish, a knack of making even a trifling thing interesting; and showing a serious undercurrent from a deeply thoughtful intelligence. He was a born letter-writer, just as he was a born musician. Those few volumes that the kindness of his friends has gradually given to the world (for the original letters of the composer have always been difficult to procure), depict his moral and æsthetic nature, so limpid and happily balanced, with an obvious fidelity and an almost lavish openness.

FROM A LETTER TO F. HILLER

LEIPZIG, January 24th, 1836.

NOTHING is more repugnant to me than casting blame on the nature or genius of any one: it only renders him irritable and bewildered, and does no good. No man can add one inch to his stature; in such a case all striving and toiling is vain. therefore it is best to be silent. Providence is answerable for this defect in his nature. But if it be the case, as it is with this work of yours, that precisely those very themes, and all that requires talent or genius (call it as you will), are excellent and beautiful and touching, but the development not so good,—then I think silence should not be observed; then I think blame can never be unwise: for this is the point where great progress can be made by the composer himself in his works; and as I believe that a man with fine capabilities has the absolute duty imposed on him of becoming something really superior, so I think that blame must be attributed to him if he does not develop himself according to the means with which he is endowed. And I maintain that it is the same with a musical composition. Do not tell me that it is so, and therefore it must remain so. I know well that no musician can alter the thoughts and talents which Heaven has bestowed on him; but I also know that when Providence grants him superior ones, he *must also develop* them properly.

FROM A LETTER TO HERR ADVOCAT CONRAD SCHLEINITZ, AT LEIPZIG

BERLIN, August 1st, 1838.

I ALWAYS think that whatever an intelligent man gives his heart to, and really understands, must become a noble vocation: and I only personally dislike those in whom there is nothing personal, and in whom all individuality disappears; as for example the military profession in peace, of which we have instances here. But with regard to the others it is more or less untrue. When one profession is compared with another, the one is usually taken in its naked reality, and the other in the most beautiful ideality; and then the decision is quickly made. How easy it is for an artist to feel such reality in his sphere, and yet esteem *practical* men happy who have studied and known the

different relations of men towards each other, and who help others to live by their own life and progress, and at once see the fruits of all that is tangible, useful, and benevolent instituted by them! In one respect too an upright man has the hardest stand to make, in knowing that the public are more attracted by outward show than by truth. But individual failures and strife must not be allowed to have their growth in the heart: there must be something to occupy and to elevate it far above these isolated external things. This speaks strongly in favor of my opinion; for it is the best part of every calling, and common to all,—to yours, to mine, and to every other. Where is it that you find beauty when I am working at a quartet or a symphony? Merely in that portion of myself that I transfer to it, or can succeed in expressing; and you can do this in as full a measure as any man, in your defense of a culprit, or in a case of libel, or in any one thing that entirely engrosses you: and that is the great point. If you can only give utterance to your inmost thoughts, and if these inmost thoughts become more and more worthy of being expressed, . . . all the rest is indifferent.

HOURS WITH GOETHE, 1830

From the 'Letters from Italy and Switzerland'

YESTERDAY evening I was at a party at Goethe's, and played alone the whole evening: the Concert-Stück, the 'Invitation à la Valse,' and Weber's Polonaise in C, my three Welsh pieces, and my Scotch Sonata. It was over by ten o'clock, but I of course stayed till twelve o'clock, when we had all sorts of fun, dancing and singing; so you see I lead a most jovial life here. The old gentleman goes to his room regularly at nine o'clock, and as soon as he is gone we begin our frolics, and never separate before midnight.

To-morrow my portrait is to be finished: a large black-crayon sketch, and very like, but I look rather sulky. Goethe is so friendly and kind to me that I don't know how to thank him sufficiently, or what to do to deserve it. In the forenoon he likes me to play to him the compositions of the various great masters, in chronological order, for an hour, and also tell him the progress they have made; while he sits in a dark corner, like a *Jupiter Tonans*, his old eyes flashing on me. He did not wish to hear

anything of Beethoven's; but I told him that I could not let him off, and played the first part of the Symphony in C minor. It seemed to have a singular effect on him: at first he said, "This causes no emotion, nothing but astonishment; it is *grandios.*" He continued grumbling in this way, and after a long pause he began again,—"It is very grand, very wild; it makes one fear that the house is about to fall down: and what must it be when played by a number of men together!" During dinner, in the midst of another subject, he alluded to it again. You know that I dine with him every day, when he questions me very minutely, and is always so gay and communicative after dinner that we generally remain together alone for an hour while he speaks on uninterruptedly.

I have no greater pleasure than when he brings out engravings and explains them to me, or gives his opinion of 'Ernani,' or Lamartine's Elegies, or the theatre, or pretty girls. He has several times lately invited people; which he rarely does now, so that most of the guests had not seen him for a long time. I then play a great deal, and he compliments me before all these people, and "*ganz stupend*" is his favorite expression. To-day he has invited a number of Weimar beauties on my account, because he thinks I ought to enjoy the society of young people. If I go up to him on such occasions, he says, "My young friend, you must join the ladies, and make yourself agreeable to them." I am not however devoid of tact, so I contrived to have him asked yesterday whether I did not come too often; but he growled out to Ottilie, who put the question to him, that "he must now begin to speak to me in good earnest, for I had such clear ideas that he hoped to *learn much from me.*" I became twice as tall in my own estimation when Ottilie repeated this to me. He said so to me himself yesterday: and when he declared that there were many subjects he had at heart that I must explain to him, I *said*, "Oh, certainly!" but I *thought*, "This is an honor I can never forget;"—often it is the very reverse. FELIX.

A CORONATION IN PRESBURG

From 'The Letters from Italy and Switzerland'

THE King is crowned—the ceremony was wonderfully fine. How can I even try to describe it to you? An hour hence we will all drive back to Vienna, and thence I pursue my journey. There is a tremendous uproar under my windows; and the Burgher-guards are flocking together, but only for the purpose of shouting "*Vivat!*" I pushed my way through the crowd, while our ladies saw everything from the windows, and never can I forget the effect of all this brilliant and almost fabulous magnificence.

In the great square of the Hospitalers the people were closely packed together: for there the oaths were to be taken on a platform hung with cloth, and afterwards the people were to be allowed the privilege of tearing down the cloth for their own use; close by was a fountain spouting red and white Hungarian wine. The grenadiers could not keep back the people; one unlucky hackney coach that stopped for a moment was instantly covered with men, who clambered on the spokes of the wheels, and on the roof, and on the box, swarming on it like ants, so that the coachman, unable to drive on without becoming a murderer, was forced to wait quietly where he was. When the procession arrived, which was received bare-headed, I had the utmost difficulty in taking off my hat and holding it above my head: an old Hungarian behind me, however, whose view it intercepted, quickly devised a remedy, for without ceremony he made a snatch at my unlucky hat, and in an instant flattened it to the size of a cap; then they yelled as if they had all been spitted, and fought for the cloth. In short, they were a mob; but my Magyars! the fellows look as if they were born noblemen, and privileged to live at ease, looking very melancholy, but riding like the devil.

When the procession descended the hill, first came the court servants, covered with embroidery, the trumpeters and kettle-drums, the heralds and all that class; and then suddenly galloped along the street a mad count, *en pleine carrière*, his horse plunging and capering, and the caparisons edged with gold; the count himself a mass of diamonds, rare herons' plumes, and velvet embroidery (though he had not yet assumed his state uniform,

being bound to ride so madly — Count Sandor is the name of this furious cavalier). He had an ivory sceptre in his hand with which he urged on his horse, causing it each time to rear and to make a tremendous bound forward.

When his wild career was over, a procession of about sixty more magnates arrived, all in the same fantastic splendor, with handsome colored turbans, twisted mustaches, and dark eyes. One rode a white horse covered with a gold net; another a dark gray, the bridle and housings studded with diamonds; then came a black charger with purple cloth caparisons. One magnate was attired from head to foot in sky-blue, thickly embroidered with gold, a white turban, and a long white dolman; another in cloth of gold, with a purple dolman; each one more rich and gaudy than the other, and all riding so boldly and fearlessly, and with such defiant gallantry, that it was quite a pleasure to look at them. At length came the Hungarian Guards, with Esterhazy at their head, dazzling in gems and pearl embroidery. How can I describe the scene? You ought to have seen the procession deploy and halt in the spacious square, and all the jewels and bright colors, and the lofty golden mitres of the bishops, and the crucifixes glittering in the brilliant sunshine like a thousand stars!

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF VENICE

From the 'Letters from Italy and Switzerland'

In Treviso there was an illumination,— paper lanterns suspended in every part of the great square, and a large gaudy transparency in the centre. Some most lovely girls were walking about in their long white veils and scarlet petticoats. It was quite dark when we arrived at Mestre last night, when we got into a boat and in a dead calm gently rowed across to Venice. On our passage thither, where nothing but water is to be seen, and distant lights, we saw a small rock which stands in the midst of the sea; on this a lamp was burning. All the sailors took off their hats as we passed, and one of them said this was the "Madonna of Tempests," which are often most dangerous and violent here. We then glided quietly into the great city, under innumerable bridges, without sound of post-horns, or rattling of wheels, or toll-keepers. The passage now became more

thronged, and numbers of ships were lying near; past the theatre, where gondolas in long rows lie waiting for their masters, just as our own carriages do at home; then into the great canal, past the church of St. Mark, the Lions, the palace of the Doges, and the Bridge of Sighs. The obscurity of night only enhanced my delight on hearing the familiar names and seeing the dark outlines.

And so I am actually in Venice! Well, to-day I have seen the finest pictures in the world, and have at last personally made the acquaintance of a very admirable man, whom hitherto I only knew by name; I allude to a certain Signor Giorgione, an inimitable artist,—and also to Pordenone, who paints the most noble portraits, both of himself and many of his simple scholars, in such a devout, faithful, and pious spirit, that you seem to converse with him and to feel an affection for him. Who would not have been confused by all this? But if I am to speak of Titian I must do so in a more reverent mood. Till now, I never knew that he was the felicitous artist I have this day seen him to be. That he thoroughly enjoyed life in all its beauty and fullness, the picture in Paris proves; but he has fathomed the depths of human sorrow, as well as the joys of heaven. His glorious 'Entombment,' and also the 'Assumption,' fully evince this. How Mary floats on the cloud, while a waving movement seems to pervade the whole picture; how you see at a glance her very breathing, her awe, and piety, and in short a thousand feelings,—all words seem poor and commonplace in comparison! The three angels too, on the right of the picture, are of the highest order of beauty,—pure, serene loveliness, so unconscious, so bright and so seraphic. But no more of this! or I must perforce become poetical,—or indeed am so already,—and this does not at all suit me; but I shall certainly see it every day.

I must however say a few words about the 'Entombment,' as you have the engraving. Look at it, and think of me. This picture represents the conclusion of a great tragedy,—so still, so grand, and so acutely painful. Magdalene is supporting Mary, fearing that she will die of anguish; she endeavors to lead her away, but looks round herself once more,—evidently wishing to imprint this spectacle indelibly on her heart, thinking it is for the last time;—it surpasses everything;—and then the sorrowing John, who sympathizes and suffers with Mary; and Joseph, who, absorbed in his piety and occupied with the tomb, directs

and conducts the whole; and Christ himself, lying there so tranquil, having endured to the end; then the blaze of brilliant color, and the gloomy mottled sky! It is a composition that speaks to my heart and fills me with enthusiasm, and will never leave my memory.

IN ROME: ST. PETER'S

From the 'Letters from Italy and Switzerland'

I WAS in St. Peter's to-day, where the grand solemnities called the absolutions have begun for the Pope,—which last till Tuesday, when the Cardinals assemble in conclave. The building surpasses all powers of description. It appears to me like some great work of nature,—a forest, a mass of rocks, or something similar; for I never can realize the idea that it is the work of man. You strive as little to distinguish the ceiling as the canopy of heaven. You lose your way in St. Peter's; you take a walk in it, and ramble till you are quite tired; when Divine service is performed and chanted there, you are not aware of it till you come quite close. The angels in the Baptistery are monstrous giants; the doves, colossal birds of prey; you lose all idea of measurement with the eye, or proportion; and yet who does not feel his heart expand when standing under the dome and gazing up at it? At present a monstrous catafalque has been erected in the nave in this shape.* The coffin is placed in the centre under the pillars; the thing is totally devoid of taste, and yet it has a wondrous effect. The upper circle is thickly studded with lights,—so are all the ornaments; the lower circle is lighted in the same way, and over the coffin hangs a burning lamp, and innumerable lights are blazing under the statues. The whole structure is more than a hundred feet high, and stands exactly opposite the entrance. The guards of honor, and the Swiss, march about in the quadrangle; in every corner sits a cardinal in deep mourning, attended by his servants, who hold large burning torches; and then the singing commences with responses, in the simple and monotonous tone you no doubt remember. It is the only occasion when there is any singing in the middle of the church, and the effect is wonderful. Those who place themselves among the singers (as I do) and watch

*A little sketch of the catafalque was inclosed in the letter.

them, are forcibly impressed by the scene: for they all stand round a colossal book from which they sing, and this book is in turn lit up by a colossal torch that burns before it; while the choir are eagerly pressing forward in their vestments, in order to see and to sing properly; and Baini with his monk's face, marking time with his hand and occasionally joining in the chant with a stentorian voice. To watch all these different Italian faces was most interesting; one enjoyment quickly succeeds another here, and it is the same in their churches, especially in St. Peter's, where by moving a few steps the whole scene is changed. I went to the very furthest end, whence there was indeed a wonderful *coup d'œil*. Through the spiral columns of the high altar, which is confessedly as high as the palace in Berlin, far beyond the space of the cupola, the whole mass of the catafalque was seen in diminished perspective, with its rows of lights, and numbers of small human beings crowding round it. When the music commences, the sounds do not reach the other end for a long time, but echo and float in the vast space, so that the most singular and vague harmonies are borne towards you. If you change your position and place yourself right in front of the catafalque, beyond the blaze of light and the brilliant pageantry, you have the dusky cupola replete with blue vapor; all this is quite indescribable. Such is Rome!

A SUNDAY AT FORIA

From the 'Letters from Italy and Switzerland'

Next morning, Sunday, the weather was again fine. We went to Foria, and saw the people going to the cathedral in their holiday costumes. The women wore their well-known head-dress of folds of white muslin placed flat on the head; the men were standing in the square before the church in their bright red caps gossiping about politics, and we gradually wound our way through these festal villages up the hill. It is a huge rugged volcano, full of fissures, ravines, cavities, and steep precipices. The cavities being used for wine cellars, they are filled with large casks. Every declivity is clothed with vines and fig-trees, or mulberry-trees. Corn grows on the sides of the steep rocks, and yields more than one crop every year. The ravines are covered with ivy and innumerable bright-colored flowers and

herbs; and wherever there is a vacant space young chestnut-trees shoot up, furnishing the most delightful shade. The last village, Fontana, lies in the midst of verdure and vegetation. As we climbed higher, the sky became overcast and gloomy; and by the time we reached the most elevated peaks of the rocks, a thick fog had come on. The vapors flitted about; and although the rugged outlines of the rocks and the telegraph and the cross stood forth strangely in the clouds, still we could not see even the smallest portion of the view. Soon afterwards rain commenced; and as it was impossible to remain and wait as you do on the Righi, we were obliged to take leave of Epomeo without having made his acquaintance. We ran down in the rain, one rushing after the other; and I do believe that we were scarcely an hour in returning.

A VAUDOIS WALKING TRIP: PAULINE

From the 'Letters from Italy and Switzerland'

AFTER BREAKFAST.

HEAVENS! here is a pretty business. My landlady has just told me with a long face that there is not a creature in the village to show me the way across the Dent, or to carry my knapsack, except a young girl; the men being all at work. I usually set off every morning very early and quite alone, with my bundle on my shoulders, because I find the guides from the inns both too expensive and too tiresome; a couple of hours later I hire the first honest-looking lad I see, and so I travel famously on foot. I need not say how enchanting the lake and the road hither were: you must recall for yourself all the beauties you once enjoyed there. The footpath is in continued shade, under walnut-trees and up-hill, past villas and castles, along the lake which glitters through the foliage; villages everywhere, and brooks and streams rushing along from every nook in every village; then the neat tidy houses,— it is all quite too charming, and you feel so fresh and so free. Here comes the girl with her steeple hat. I can tell you she is vastly pretty into the bargain, and her name is Pauline; she has just packed my things into her wicker basket. Adieu!

EVENING, CHÂTEAU D'OEX, CANDLE-LIGHT.

I have had the most delightful journey. What would I not give to procure you such a day! But then you must first become two youths and be able to climb actively, and drink milk when the opportunity offered, and treat with contempt the intense heat, the many rocks in the way, the innumerable holes in the path and the still larger holes in your boots,—and I fear you are rather too dainty for this; but it was most lovely! I shall never forget my journey with Pauline: she is one of the nicest girls I ever met,—so pretty and healthy-looking, and naturally intelligent; she told me anecdotes about her village, and I in return told her about Italy: but I know who was the most amused.

The previous Sunday, all the young people of *distinction* in her village had gone to a place far across the mountain, to dance there in the afternoon. They set off shortly after midnight, arrived while it was still dark, lighted a large fire, and made coffee. Towards morning the men had running and wrestling matches before the ladies (we passed a broken hedge testifying to the truth of this); then they danced, and were at home again by Sunday evening, and early on Monday morning they all resumed their labors in the vineyards. By Heavens! I felt a strong inclination to become a Vaudois peasant while I was listening to Pauline, when from above she pointed out to me the villages where they dance when the cherries are ripe, and others where they dance when the cows go to pasture in the meadows and give milk. To-morrow they are to dance in St. Gingolph; they row across the lake, and any one who can play takes his instrument with him: but Pauline is not to be of the party, because her mother will not allow it, from dread of the wide lake; and many other girls also do not go for the same reason, as they all cling together.

She then asked my leave to say good-day to a cousin of hers, and ran down to a neat cottage in the meadow; soon the two girls came out together and sat on a bench and chattered; on the Col de Jaman above, I saw her relations busily mowing, and herding the cows.

What cries and shouts ensued! Then those above began to *jodel*, on which they all laughed. I did not understand one syllable of their *patois*, except the beginning, which was "Adieu, Pierrot!" All these sounds were taken up by a merry mad echo, that shouted and laughed and *jodeled* too. Towards noon we

arrived at Allière. When I had rested for a time, I once more shouldered my knapsack, for a fat old man provoked me by offering to carry it for me; then Pauline and I shook hands and we took leave of each other. I descended into the meadows: and if you do not care about Pauline, or if I have bored you with her, it is not my fault, but that of the mode in which I have described her; nothing could be more pleasant in reality, and so was my further journey. I came to a cherry orchard, where the people were gathering the fruit; so I lay down on the grass and ate cherries for a time along with them. I took my midday rest at Latine in a clean wooden house. The carpenter who built it gave me his company to some roast lamb, and pointed out to me with pride every table and press and chair.

At length I arrived here, at night, through dazzling green meadows, interspersed with houses, surrounded by fir-trees and rivulets; the church here stands on a velvet-green eminence; more houses in the distance, and still further away, huts and rocks; and in a ravine, patches of snow still lying on the plain. It is one of those idyllic spots such as we have seen together in Wattwyl, but the village smaller and the mountains more green and lofty. I must conclude, however, to-day by a high eulogy on the Canton de Vaud. Of all the countries I know, this is the most beautiful, and it is the spot where I should most like to live when I become really old: the people are so contented and look so well, and the country also. Coming from Italy, it is quite touching to see the honesty that still exists in the world,—happy faces, a total absence of beggars or saucy officials: in short, there is the most complete contrast between the two nations. I thank God for having created so much that is beautiful; and may it be his gracious will to permit us all, whether in Berlin, England, or in the Château d'Oex, to enjoy a happy evening and a tranquil night!

A CRITICISM

From a Letter to his Sister, of September 2d, 1831

TELL me, Fanny, do you know Auber's 'Parisienne'? I consider it the very worst thing he has ever produced; perhaps because the subject was really sublime, and for other reasons also. Auber alone could have been guilty of composing for a great nation, in the most violent state of excitement, a cold,

insignificant piece, quite commonplace and trivial. The *refrain* revolts me every time I think of it: it is as if children were playing with a drum, and singing to it — only more objectionable. The words also are worthless: little antitheses and points are quite out of place here. Then the emptiness of the music! a march for acrobats, and at the end a mere miserable imitation of the 'Marseillaise.' Woe to us if it be indeed what suits this epoch, — if a mere copy of the 'Marseillaise Hymn' be all that is required. What in the latter is full of fire and spirit and impetus, is in the former ostentatious, cold, calculated, and artificial. The 'Marseillaise' is as superior to the 'Parisienne' as everything produced by genuine enthusiasm must be to what is made for a purpose, even if it be with a view to promote enthusiasm: it will never reach the heart, because it does not come from the heart.

By the way, I never saw such a striking identity between a poet and a musician as between Auber and Clauren. Auber faithfully renders note for note what the other writes word for word, — braggadocio, degrading sensuality, pedantry, epicurism, and parodies of foreign nationality. But why should Clauren be effaced from the literature of the day? Is it prejudicial to any one that he should remain where he is? and do you read what is really good with less interest? Any young poet must indeed be degenerate, if he does not cordially hate and despise such trash: but it is only too true that the people like him; so it is all very well — it is only the people's loss. Write me your opinion of the 'Parisienne.' I sometimes sing it to myself as I go along: it makes a man walk like a chorister in a procession.

CATULLE MENDÈS

(1843–)

THE writings of Catulle Mendès are representative of the cameo-art in literature. His little stories and sketches are of a dainty and polished workmanship, and of minute, complex design. The French faculty of attaining perfection in miniature is his to a high degree. He was born in Bordeaux in 1843, and in 1860 he began writing for the reviews. His short tales are written with exquisite nonchalance of style; but underneath their graceful lightness there are not wanting signs of a deep insight into human nature, and into life's little ironies. The pretty stories, so delicately constructed, hint of a more serious intention in their framing than merely to amuse. 'The Mirror' might be read to nursery children and to an audience of sages with equal pertinence. The 'Man of Letters' condenses the experience of a thousand weary writers into a few paragraphs. In the pastoral of vagabond Philip and the little white goat with gilded horns, there is all the fragrance of the country and of a wandering outdoor life. 'Charity Rewarded' embodies the unique quality of Mendès in its perfection. He is able to put a world of meaning into a phrase, as when he writes that the pretty lasses and handsome lads did not see the beggar at the roadside because they were occupied "with singing and with love." Sometimes he puts a landscape into a sentence, as when Philip in the country hears "noon rung out from a slender steeple."

CATULLE MENDÈS

Mendès is a poet as well as a writer of stories. It should be said, however, that much that he has written of late years has not represented his higher gifts.

THE FOOLISH WISH

From the 'Contes du Rouet'

BAREFOOT, his hair blowing in the wind, a vagabond was passing along the way before the King's palace. Very young, he was very handsome, with his golden curls, his great black eyes, and his mouth fresh as a rose after rain. As if the sun had taken pleasure in looking at him, there was more joy and light on his rags than on the satins, velvets, and brocades of the gentlemen and noble ladies grouped in the court of honor.

"Oh, how pretty she is!" he exclaimed, suddenly stopping.

He had discovered the princess Rosalind, who was taking the fresh air at her window; and indeed it would be impossible to see anything on earth as pretty as she. Motionless, with arms lifted toward the casement as toward an opening in the sky which revealed Paradise, he would have stayed there until evening if a guard had not driven him off with a blow of his partisan, with hard words.

He went away hanging his head. It seemed to him now that everything was dark before him, around him,—the horizon, the road, the blossoming trees. Now that he no longer saw Rosalind he thought the sun was dead. He sat down under an oak on the edge of the wood, and began to weep.

"Well, my child, why are you sorrowing thus?" asked an old woman who came out of the wood, her back bowed under a heap of withered boughs.

"What good would it do me to tell you? You can't do anything for me, good woman."

"In that you are mistaken," said the old woman.

At the same time she drew herself up, throwing away her bundle. She was no longer an old forester, but a fairy beautiful as the day, clad in a silver robe, her hair garlanded with flowers of precious stones. As to the withered boughs, they had taken flight, covering themselves with green leaves; and returned to the trees from which they had fallen, shaken with the song of birds.

"O Madame Fairy!" said the vagabond, throwing himself on his knees, "have pity on my misfortune. Since seeing the King's daughter, who was taking the fresh air at her window, my heart is no longer my own. I feel that I shall never love any other woman but her."

"Good!" said the fairy: "that's no great misfortune."

"Could there be a greater one for me? I shall die if I do not become the princess's husband."

"What hinders you? Rosalind is not betrothed."

"O madame, look at my rags, my bare feet. I am a poor boy who begs along the way."

"Never mind! He who loves sincerely cannot fail to be loved. That is the happy eternal law. The King and Queen will repulse you with contempt, the courtiers will make you a laughing-stock: but if your love is genuine, Rosalind will be touched by it; and some evening when you have been driven off by the servants and worried by the dogs, she will come to you blushing and happy."

The boy shook his head. He did not believe that such a miracle was possible.

"Take care!" continued the fairy. "Love does not like to have his power doubted, and you might be punished in some cruel fashion for your little faith. However, since you are suffering, I am willing to help you. Make a wish: I will grant it."

"I wish to be the most powerful prince on the earth, so that I can marry the princess whom I adore."

"Ah! Why don't you go without any such care, and sing a love song under her window? But as I have promised, you shall have your desire. But I must warn you of one thing: when you have ceased to be what you are now, no enchanter, no fairy—not even I—can restore you to your first state. Once a prince, you will be one for always."

"Do you think that the royal husband of Princess Rosalind will ever want to go and beg his bread on the roads?"

"I wish you happiness," said the fairy with a sigh.

Then with a golden wand she touched his shoulder; and in a sudden metamorphosis, the vagabond became a magnificent lord, sparkling with silk and jewels, astride a Hungarian steed, at the head of a train of plumed courtiers, and of warriors in golden armor who sounded trumpets.

So great a prince was not to be ill received at court. They gave him a most cordial welcome. For a whole week there were carousals, and balls, and all kinds of festivities in his honor. But these pleasures did not absorb him. Every hour of the day and night he thought of Rosalind. When he saw her he felt his heart overflow with delight. When she spoke he thought he

heard divine music; and once he almost swooned with joy when he gave her his hand to dance a pavan. One thing vexed him a little: she whom he loved so much did not seem to heed the pains he took for her. She usually remained silent and melancholy. He persisted, nevertheless, in his plan of asking her in marriage; and naturally Rosalind's parents took care not to refuse so illustrious a match. Thus the former vagabond was about to possess the most beautiful princess in the world! Such extraordinary felicity so agitated him that he responded to the King's consent by gestures hardly compatible with his rank, and a little more and he would have danced the pavan all alone before the whole court. Alas! this great joy had only a short duration. Hardly had Rosalind been informed of the paternal will, when she fell half dead into the arms of her maids of honor; and when she came to, it was to say, sobbing and wringing her hands, that she did not want to marry, that she would rather kill herself than wed the prince.

More despairing than can be expressed, the unhappy lover precipitated himself in spite of etiquette into the room where the princess had been carried; and fell on his knees, with arms stretched toward her.

"Cruel girl!" he cried: "take back the words which are killing me!"

She slowly opened her eyes, and answered languidly yet firmly:—

"Prince, nothing can overcome my resolve: I will never marry you."

"What! you have the barbarity to lacerate a heart which is all your own? What crime have I committed to deserve such a punishment? Do you doubt my love? Do you fear that some day I may cease to adore you? Ah! if you could read within me, you would no longer have this doubt nor these fears. My passion is so ardent that it renders me worthy even of your incomparable beauty. And if you will not be moved by my complaints, I will find only in death a remedy for my woes! Restore me to hope, princess, or I will go to die at your feet."

He did not end his discourse there. He said everything that the most violent grief can teach a loving heart; so that Rosalind was touched, but not as he wished.

"Unhappy prince," she said, "if my pity instead of my love can be a consolation to you, I willingly grant it. I have as

much reason to complain as you; since I myself am enduring the torments which are wringing you."

"What do you mean, princess?"

"Alas! if I refuse to marry you, it is because I love with a hopeless love a young vagabond with bare feet and hair blowing in the wind, who passed my father's palace one day and looked at me, and who has never come back!"

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

From the 'Contes du Rouet'

It is not alone history which is heedlessly written, but legend as well; and it must be admitted that the most conscientious and best-informed story-tellers — Madame d'Aulnoy, good Perrault himself — have frequently related things in not exactly the fashion in which they happened in fairyland. For example, Cinderella's eldest sister did not wear to the prince's ball a red velvet dress with English garniture, as has been hitherto supposed: she had a scarlet robe embroidered with silver and laced with gold. Among the monarchs of all the countries invited to the wedding of Peau d'Ane some indeed did come in sedan chairs, others in cabs, the most distant mounted on eagles, tigers, or elephants; but they have omitted to tell us that the King of Mataguin entered the palace court between the wings of a monster whose nostrils emitted flames of precious stones. And don't think to catch me napping by demanding how and by whom I was enlightened upon these important points. I used to know, in a cottage on the edge of a field, a very old woman; old enough to be a fairy, and whom I always suspected of being one. As I used to go sometimes and keep her company when she was warming herself in the sun before her little house, she took me into friendship; and a few days before she died,—or returned, her expiation finished, to the land of Vivians and Melusinas,—she made me a farewell gift of a very old and very extraordinary spinning-wheel. For every time the wheel is turned it begins to talk or to sing in a soft little voice, like that of a grandmother who is cheerful and chatters. It tells many pretty stories: some that nobody knows; others that it knows better than any one else; and in this last case, as it does not lack malice, it delights to point out and to rectify the mistakes of those who have taken upon themselves to write these accounts.

You will see that I had something to learn, and you would be very much astonished if I were to tell you all that has been revealed to me. Now you think you know all the details of the story of the princess, who having pierced her hand with a spindle, fell into a sleep so profound that no one could wake her; and who lay in a castle in the midst of a park, on a bed embroidered with gold and silver. I am sorry to say that you know nothing at all about it, or else that you are much mistaken as to the end of this accident; and you will never know if I do not make it my duty to inform you.

Yes, yes,— hummed the Wheel,— the princess had been sleeping for a hundred years, when a young prince, impelled by love and by glory, resolved to penetrate to her and to waken her. The great trees, the thorns and brambles, drew aside of their own accord to let him pass. He walked toward the castle, which he saw at the end of a broad avenue; he entered; and what surprised him a little, none of his company had been able to follow him, because the trees had grown together again as soon as he had passed. At last, when he had crossed several courts paved with marble,— where porters with pimpled noses and red faces were sleeping beside their cups, in which were remaining a few drops of wine, which showed plainly enough that they had gone to sleep while drinking; when he had traversed long vestibules and climbed staircases where the guards were snoring, his carbine on his shoulder,— he finally found himself in a gilded room, and saw on a bed with open curtains the most beautiful sight he had ever beheld,— a princess who seemed about fifteen or sixteen, and whose resplendent beauty had something luminous and divine.

I grant that things happened in this way,— it is the Wheel who is speaking,— and up to this point the author has not been audaciously false. But nothing is more untrue than the rest of the tale; and I cannot admit that the awakened Beauty looked lovingly at the prince, or that she said to him, "Is it you? you have kept me waiting a long time."

If you want to know the truth, listen.

The princess stretched her arms, raised her head a little, half opened her eyes, closed them as if afraid of the light, and sighed long, while Puff her little dog, also awakened, yelped with rage.

"What has happened?" asked the fairy's goddaughter at last; "and what do they want of me?"

The prince on his knees exclaimed:—

"He who has come is he who adores you, and who has braved the greatest dangers" (he flattered himself a little) "to draw you from the enchantment in which you were captive. Leave this bed where you have been sleeping for a hundred years, give me your hand, and let us go back together into brightness and life."

Astonished at these words, she considered him, and could not help smiling; for he was a very well made young prince, with the most beautiful eyes in the world, and he spoke in a very melodious voice.

"So it is true," she said, pushing back her hair: "the hour is come when I can be delivered from my long, long sleep?"

"Yes, you can."

"Ah!" said she.

And she thought. Then she went on:—

"What will happen to me if I come out of the shadows, if I return among the living?"

"Can't you guess? Have you forgotten that you are the daughter of a king? You will see your people hastening to welcome you, charmed, uttering cries of pleasure, and waving gay banners. The women and children will kiss the hem of your gown. In short, you will be the most powerful, most honored queen in the world."

"I shall like to be queen," she said. "What else will happen to me?"

"You will live in a palace bright as gold; and ascending the steps to your throne, you will tread upon mosaics of diamonds. The courtiers grouped about you will sing your praises. The most august brows will incline under the all-powerful grace of your smile."

"To be praised and obeyed will be charming," she said. "Shall I have other pleasures?"

"Maids of honor as skillful as the fairies. Your godmothers will dress you in robes the color of moon and sun. They will powder your hair, put tiny black patches at the brink of your eye or at the corner of your mouth. You will have a grand golden mantle trailing after you."

"Good!" she said. "I was always a little coquettish."

"Pages as pretty as birds will offer you dishes of the most delicious sweetmeats, will pour in your cup the sweet wines which are so fragrant."

« That is very fine," she said. « I was always a little greedy. Will those be all of my joys?"

"Another delight, the greatest of all, awaits you."

"Ah! what?"

« You will be loved."

« By whom?"

« By me!—Unless you think me unworthy to claim your affection."

« You are a fine-looking prince; and your costume is very becoming."

« If you deign not to repel my prayers, I will give you my whole heart for another kingdom of which you shall be sovereign; and I will never cease to be the grateful slave of your cruelest caprices."

"Ah! what happiness you promise me!"

« Rise then, sweetheart, and follow me."

« Follow you? Already? Wait a little. I must reflect. There is doubtless more than one tempting thing among all that you offer me; but do you know if I may not have to leave better in order to obtain it?"

« What do you mean, princess?"

« I have been sleeping for a century, it is true; but I have been dreaming too, for a century. In my dreams I am also a queen, and of what a divine kingdom! My palace has walls of light. I have angels for courtiers, who celebrate me in music of infinite sweetness. I tread on branches of stars. If you knew what beautiful dresses I wear, the peerless fruits I have on my table, and the honey wines in which I moisten my lips! As for love, believe me, I don't lack that either; for I am adored by a husband who is handsomer than all the princes of the earth, and who has been faithful for a hundred years. Everything considered, I think, my lord, that I should gain nothing by coming out of my enchantment. Please let me sleep."

Thereupon she turned toward the side of the bed, drew her hair over her eyes, and resumed her long nap; while Puff the little dog stopped yelping, content, her nose on her paws.

The prince went away much abashed. And since then, thanks to the protection of the good fairies, no one has come to disturb the slumbers of the Sleeping Beauty.

THE CHARITY OF SYMPATHY

From 'The Humor of France'

On the Spanish high-road, where the pretty lasses and the handsome lads arm-in-arm were returning from the Corrida, a young beggar, wrapped in his ragged cloak, asked alms, saying he had eaten nothing for two days. Judging from his miserable appearance and his hollow cheeks, it was plain he did not lie. However, no one took any heed of him, occupied as they were with singing and love. Must he be left to die of hunger, the handsome beggar, by the roadside?

But three girls of twenty years, plump, laughing, stopped and took pity on him.

The first gave him a *real.*

"Thank you," he said.

The second gave him a smaller coin.

"May God reward you," he said.

The third — the poorest and the prettiest — had neither small coins nor *reals;* she gave him a kiss. The starving man spoke never a word; but a flower-seller happening to come by, he spent all the money they had just given him on a big bunch of roses, and presented it to the pretty girl.

Translated by Elizabeth Lee.

THE MIRROR

From 'The Humor of France'

It was in a kingdom in which there was no mirror. All the mirrors — those you hang on the walls, those you hold in your hand, those you carry on the châtelaine — had been broken, reduced to the tiniest bits by order of the Queen. If the smallest glass was found, no matter in what house, she never failed to put the inhabitants to death with terrible tortures. I can tell you the motives of the strange caprice. Ugly to a degree that the worst monsters would have seemed charming beside her, the Queen did not wish when she went about the town to run the risk of encountering her reflection; and knowing herself to be hideous, it was a consolation to her to think that others at least could not see their beauty. What was the good

of having the most beautiful eyes in the world, a mouth as fresh as roses, and of putting flowers in your hair, if you could not see your head-dress, nor your mouth, nor your eyes? You could not even count on your reflection in the brooks and lakes. The rivers and ponds of the country had been hidden under deftly joined slabs of stone; water was drawn from wells so deep that you could not see their surface, and not in pails in which reflection would have been possible, but in almost flat troughs. The grief was beyond anything you can imagine, especially among the coquettes, who were not rarer in that country than in others. And the Queen did not pity them at all; but was well content that her subjects should be as unhappy at not seeing themselves as she would have been furious at sight of herself.

However, there was in a suburb of the town a young girl called Jacinthe, who was not quite so miserable as the rest, because of a lover she had. Some one who finds you beautiful, and never tires of telling you so, can take the place of a mirror.

"What, truly?" she asked, "there is nothing unpleasant in the color of my eyes?"

"They are like corn-flowers in which a clear drop of amber has fallen."

"My skin isn't black?"

"Know that your brow is purer than snow crystals; know that your cheeks are like roses fair yet pink!"

"What must I think of my lips?"

"That they are like a ripe raspberry."

"And what of my teeth, if you please?"

"That grains of rice, however fine, are not as white."

"But about my ears, haven't I reason for disquiet?"

"Yes, if it disquiets you to have in a tangle of light hair, two little shells as intricate as newly opened violets."

Thus they talked,—she charmed, he more ravished still; for he did not say a word which was not the very truth. All that she had the pleasure of hearing praised, he had the delight of seeing. So their mutual tenderness grew livelier from hour to hour. The day he asked if she would consent to have him for her husband, she blushed, but certainly not from fear; people who seeing her smile might have thought she was amusing herself with the thought of saying no, would have been much mistaken. The misfortune was, that the news of the engagement came to the ears of the wicked Queen, whose only joy was to trouble that of

others; and she hated Jacinthe more than all, because she was the most beautiful of all.

Walking one day, a short time before the wedding, in the orchard, an old woman approached Jacinthe asking alms; then suddenly fell back with a shriek, like some one who has nearly trodden on a toad.

"Ah, heaven! what have I seen?"

"What's the matter, my good woman, and what have you seen? Speak."

"The ugliest thing on the face of the earth."

"Certainly that isn't me," said Jacinthe, smiling.

"Alas! yes, poor child, it is you. I have been a long time in the world, but I never yet met any one so hideous as you are."

"Do you mean to say that I am ugly — I?"

"A hundred times more than it is possible to express!"

"What! my eyes?"

"They are gray as dust; but that would be nothing if you did not squint in the most disagreeable way."

"My skin?"

"One would say that you had rubbed your forehead and cheeks with coal-dust."

"My mouth?"

"It is pale like an old autumnal flower."

"My teeth?"

"If the beauty of teeth was to be large and yellow, I should not know any more beautiful than yours."

"Ah! At least my ears — "

"They are so big, so red, and so hairy, one cannot look at them without horror. I am not at all pretty myself, and yet I think I should die of shame if I had the like."

Thereupon the old woman, who must have been some wicked fairy, a friend of the wicked Queen, fled, cruelly laughing; while Jacinthe, all in tears, sank down on a bench under the apple-trees.

Nothing could divert her from her affliction. "I am ugly! I am ugly!" she repeated unceasingly. In vain her lover assured her of the contrary with many oaths. "Leave me! you are lying out of pity. I understand everything now. It is not love but pity that you feel for me. The beggar-woman had no interest in deceiving me; why should she do so? It is only too true: I am hideous. I cannot conceive how you even endure the sight

of me.» In order to undeceive her, it occurred to him to make many people visit her: every man declared that Jacinthe was exactly made for the pleasure of eyes; several women said as much in a fashion a little less positive. The poor child persisted in the conviction that she was an object of horror. «You are planning together to impose upon me!» and as the lover pressed her, in spite of all, to fix the day for the wedding, «I your wife!» she cried, «never! I love you too tenderly to make you a present of such a frightful thing as I am.» You can guess the despair of this young man, so sincerely enamored. He threw himself on his knees, he begged, he supplicated. She always answered the same thing, that she was too ugly to marry. What was he to do? The only means of contradicting the old woman, of proving the truth to Jacinthe, would have been to put a mirror before her eyes. But there was not a mirror in the whole kingdom; and the terror inspired by the Queen was so great that no artisan would have consented to make one.

«Well, I shall go to court,» said the lover at last. «However barbarous our mistress is, she cannot fail to be moved by my tears and Jacinthe's beauty. She will retract, if only for a few hours, the cruel command from which all the harm comes.» It was not without difficulty that the young girl allowed herself to be conducted to the palace. She did not want to show herself, being so ugly; and then, what would be the use of a mirror except to convince her still more of her irremediable misfortune? However, she finally consented, seeing that her lover was weeping.

«Well, what is it?» said the wicked Queen. «Who are these people, and what do they want of me?»

«Your Majesty, you see before you the most wretched lover on the face of the earth.»

«That's a fine reason for disturbing me.»

«Do not be pitiless.»

«But what have I to do with your love troubles?»

«If you would allow a mirror—»

The Queen rose, shaking with anger.

«You dare to talk of a mirror!» she said, gnashing her teeth.

«Do not be angry, your Majesty. I beseech you, pardon me and deign to hear me. The young girl you see before you labors under the most unaccountable error: she imagines that she is ugly—»

"Well!" said the Queen with a fierce laugh, "she is right! I never saw, I think, a more frightful object."

At those words Jacinthe thought she should die of grief. Doubt was no longer possible, since to the Queen's eyes as well as to those of the beggar she was ugly. Slowly she lowered her eyelids, and fell fainting on the steps of the throne, looking like a dead woman. But when her lover heard the cruel words, he was by no means resigned; he shouted loudly that either the Queen was mad, or that she had some reason for so gross a lie. He had not time to say a word more; the guards seized him and held him fast. At a sign from the Queen some one advanced, who was the executioner. He was always near the throne, because he might be wanted at any moment.

"Do your duty," said the Queen, pointing to the man who had insulted her.

The executioner lifted a big sword, while Jacinthe, not knowing where she was, beating the air with her hands, languidly opened one eye, and then two very different cries were heard. One was a shout of joy, for in the bright naked steel Jacinthe saw herself, so deliciously pretty! and the other was a cry of pain, a rattle, because the ugly and wicked Queen gave up the ghost in shame and anger at having also seen herself in the unthought-of mirror.

THE MAN OF LETTERS

From 'The Humor of France'

Last evening, a poet, as yet unknown, was correcting the last sheets of his first book. A famous man of letters, who happened to be there, quickly caught hold of the young man's hand, and said in a rough voice, "Don't send the press proofs! Don't publish those poems!"

"You consider them bad?"

"I haven't read them, and I don't want to read them. They are possibly excellent. But beware of publishing them."

"Why?"

"Because, the book once out, you would henceforth be irremediably an author, an artist — that is to say, a monster!"

"A monster?"

"Yes."

«Are you a monster, dear master?»

«Certainly! and one of the worst kind; for I have been writing poems, novels, and plays longer than many others.»

The young man opened his eyes wide. The other, walking up and down the room, violently gesticulating, continued:—

«True, we are honest, upright, and loyal! Twenty or thirty years ago it was the fashion for literary men to borrow a hundred sous and forget to return them; to leave their lodgings without giving the landlord notice; and never to pay, even in a dream, their bootmaker or their tailor. To owe was a sort of duty. Follies of one's youth! The Bohemians have disappeared; literature has become respectable. We have cut our hair and put our affairs in order. We no longer wear red waistcoats; and our *concierge* bows to us because we give him tips, just as politely as he does to the banker on the ground floor or the lawyer on the second. Good citizens, good husbands, good fathers, we prepare ourselves epitaphs full of honor. I fought in the last war side by side with Henri Regnault; I have a wife to whom I have never given the slightest cause for sorrow; and I myself teach my three children geography and history, and bring them up to have a horror of literature. Better still: it happened to me—a remarkable turning of the tables—to lend six thousand francs to one of my uncles, an ironmonger at Angoulême, who had foolishly got into difficulties, and not without reading him a severe lecture. In a word, we are orderly, correct persons. But I say we are monsters. For isn't it indeed a monstrous thing, being a man, not to be—not to be able to be—a man like other men? to be unable to love or to hate, to rejoice or to suffer, as others love or hate, rejoice or suffer? And we cannot,—no, no, never,—not under any circumstances! Obliged to consider or observe, obliged to study, analyze, in ourselves and outside ourselves, all feelings, all passions; to be ever on the watch for the result, to follow its development and fall, to consign to our memory the attitudes they bring forth, the language they inspire,—we have definitely killed in ourselves the faculty of real emotion, the power of being happy or unhappy with simplicity. We have lost all the holy unctuousness of the soul! It has become impossible for us, when we experience, to confine ourselves to experiencing. We verify, we appraise our hopes, our agonies, our anguish of heart, our joys; we take note of the jealous torments that devour us when she whom we expect does not come to the

tryst; our abominable critical sense judges kisses and caresses, compares them, approves of them or not, makes reservations; we discover faults of taste in our transports of joy or grief; we mingle grammar with love, and at the supreme moment of passion, when we say to our terrified mistress, 'Oh, I want you to love me till death!' are victims of the relative pronoun, of the particle. Literature! literature! you have become our heart, our senses, our flesh, our voice. It is not a life that we live—it is a poem, or a novel, or a play. Ah! I would give up all the fame that thirty years of work have brought me, in order to weep for one single moment without perceiving that I am weeping!»

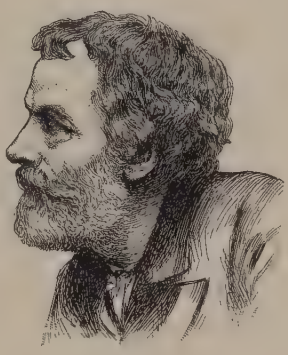
Translation of Elizabeth Lee.

GEORGE MEREDITH

(1828–)

BY ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

WHAT Robert Browning is among English poets, George Meredith is among English novelists. A writer of genius who had no predecessors and who can have no posterity, the isolation of Meredith is inherent in the very constitution of his remarkable novels. These are so completely of the man himself that their kind will perish with him. Their weaknesses elude the imitation of the most scholarly contortionists of English. Their strength is altogether superlative and unique.



GEORGE MEREDITH

In the preface to a late work Meredith writes: "The forecast may be hazarded that if we do not speedily embrace philosophy in fiction, the art is doomed to extinction." The Meredithian principle of the novel is summed up in this prophecy. There have not been wanting critics to whom the lusty embraces of art with philosophy in Mr. Meredith's novels seem productive of little but intolerable weariness to the reader. Be this as it may, the writer of 'The Egoist' and of the 'Tragic Comedians' has been scrupulously faithful to his ideal of what constitutes vitality in fiction. He never descends to the deadening vulgarity of an intricate plot, nor does he swamp character in incident. His men and women reveal themselves by their subtle play upon one another in the slow progress of situations lifelike in their apparent unimportance. They are actors not in a romance nor in a melodrama, but in a drama of philosophy. Sometimes this philosophy of Meredith's lies like a cloak of lead about the delicate form of his rare poetical imagination. The enchanting lines can only be faintly traced through the formless shroud. The man who wrote this love passage in 'Richard Feverel' might seem to have made sad uses of philosophy in his later books:—

"The sweet heaven-bird shivered out his song above him. The gracious glory of heaven fell upon his soul. He touched her hand, not moving his eyes

from her nor speaking: and she with a soft word of farewell passed across the stile, and up the pathway through the dewy shades of the copse, and out of the arch of the light, away from his eyes.»

From the delight of pure beauty like this, the reader passes to sentences where the metaphysician has buried the artist and poet under the unhewn masses of his thought.

«A witty woman is a treasure: a witty beauty is a power. Has she actual beauty, actual wit? not an empty, tidal, material beauty that passes current among pretty flippancy or staggering pretentiousness? Grant the combination: she will appear a veritable queen of her period, fit for homage, at least meriting a disposition to believe the best of her in the teeth of foul rumor; because the well of true wit is truth itself, the gathering of the precious drops of right reason, wisdom's lighting; and no soul possessing it and dispensing it can justly be a target for the world, however well armed the world confronting her. Our contemporary world, that Old Credulity and stone-hurling urchin in one, supposes it possible for a woman to be mentally active up to the point of spiritual clarity, and also fleshly vile — a guide to life and a biter at the fruits of death — both open mind and a hypocrite.»

Between these two passages there is apparently a great gulf fixed, but they are equally expressive of the genius of George Meredith. He is a poet whose passion for mind has led him far enough away from the poetical environment. Of all English novelists, none approach him in his absorption in the minds of men. He weaves his novels not around what men do, but what they think. Mental sensations form the subject-matter of his chapters. He delights in minute analyses, which, as in 'The Egoist,' reveal human nature unclothed. He laughs over his own amazing discoveries, but he seldom victimizes a woman. What sympathy he has with his creations falls to the lot of his heroines. The minds of women are to George Meredith the most fascinating subjects of research in the universe. He may jest at times over their contradictions; but he attributes their worst features to man, who should have been the civilizer of woman, but who has been instead the refined savage, gloating over «veiled, virginal dolls.»

Meredith, who was born in 1828, was many years in revealing himself to the British public, who loved him not. He had published a volume of verse in 1851, and he was known to the narrow circle of his friends as a poet only. His first wife was the daughter of Thomas Love Peacock, who was in a sense the spiritual progenitor of George Meredith the novelist. The eccentric author of 'Headlong Hall' and 'Maid Marian,' whose novels are peopled with «perfectibilians, deteriorationists, statu-quo-ites, phrenologists, transcendentalists, political economists, theorists in all sciences, projectors in all arts, enthusiasts, lovers of music, lovers of the picturesque, and lovers of good dinners,» might well have influenced the author of 'One of Our Conquerors.'

Among the earlier works of Meredith 'The Shaving of Shagpat' and 'Farina' witness to the splendor of his imagination, but not to the wealth of his psychological experience. 'The Shaving of Shagpat' is an extravaganza which puts the 'Arabian Nights' to shame. 'The Ordeal of Richard Feverel' is his first typical novel, and in a sense one of his greatest, because it combines his passion for philosophical estimates of character with his passion for beauty. Beauty to George Meredith means women and nature. The genius of the man forgets theories when under this double inspiration.

One of the most perfect love scenes in the whole range of fiction is that between Richard and Lucy alone together in the sweet fields. Richard Feverel was a youth with whom it was intended that nature should have little to do. He was reared upon a system, the fruit of the dejected brain and hurt heart of his father, Sir Austin Feverel. This system in its sublimated perfection overlooks human nature, and provides for marriage as a play of 'Hamlet' with Hamlet left out. Richard, young, ardent, living in his youth as in a halo, breaks through the paddock of the appointed order to marry Lucy, a farmer's daughter, the one woman of George Meredith adjusted to the sentimental type. Separated from his bride, Richard is plunged into his fiery ordeal. He comes out of it spotted, wretched, unwilling to return to his girl bride, whose love had not held him from unfaithfulness. The book closes in the sombreness of tragedy; an ending unusual with Meredith, who inclines naturally to the comedy of human nature. There is not a little of this comedy in 'Richard Feverel.' The household of Sir Austin is essentially the fruit of the author's humorous insight into the eccentricities of men and women. In his portrayal of the wise youth Adrian Harley, who will speak only in epigrams; of Algernon Feverel, to whom dinner is both heaven and hell; of the scheming mother; of the pale Clare, the type of feminine submission to the inevitable,—Meredith exhibits his comprehension of twisted and damaged human nature and his detachment from it.

No author ever took his creations less seriously, unless indeed they are women, full of rich, vibrant life. Meredith's characters must be a match for him, else he will hold them up to the subtle ridicule of those who are in his secret. The men and women of 'Evan Harrington' are thus put on the stage. Parts of this novel are supposed to be pages from Meredith's own experience when living in a village near London. The struggles of Evan and his sisters, who have been hampered in their social career by their father, a tailor of foppish pretensions, are related with delicate gusto. About these central figures come and go a host of Meredith's own people, enveloped one and all in the rose light of a dainty comedy of manners.

In 'Sandra Belloni' and in its sequel 'Vittoria' the transition becomes marked from the well-tempered realistic romance of 'Richard Feverel,' and the frank comedy of 'Evan Harrington,' to the metaphysical, enigmatic, subtle novels of Meredith's later manner. Yet 'Sandra Belloni' and 'Vittoria' are brilliant with "noble strength on fire." The heroine Emilia is the daughter of great passions. Her meteoric life is traced by flashes through heavy clouds of profound and lengthy epigrams,—epigrams after the manner of Meredith, whole paragraphs long.

In 'Diana of the Crossways' the peculiar genius of Meredith finds more complete expression. This is a year-long novel for the reading, and like 'The Egoist' requires perhaps a lifetime for digestion. The career of Diana, an Irish gentlewoman, strong and beautiful, pure and fervid, made for love and leadership, is the subject of this remarkable novel. The men who love her are seen and judged less by a light of their own making than by the radiance of Diana. They are, as is usual with Meredith's men, the dependents of the woman. The author introduces his reader to his heroine by a preface unintelligible to the uninitiated:—

"To demand of us truth to nature excluding philosophy is really to bid a pumpkin caper. As much as legs are wanted for the dance, philosophy is required to make our human nature credible and acceptable. Fiction implores you to heave a bigger breast and take her in with this heavenly preservative helpmate, her inspiration and her essence. There is a peep-show and a Punch's at the corner of every street: one magnifying the lace-work of life, another the ventral tumulus; and it is there for you, dry bones, if you do not open to Philosophy."

Philosophy, the guiding star of Meredith's artistic pilgrimage, leads him in 'The Egoist' into heavy quagmires of mannerisms. Yet this novel is the most typical of his intricate genius. It reveals to the full his passion for unveiling man to the gaze of man. Sir Willoughby Patterne, the egoist, might be embodied satire on the dearest frailty of man, were he not too lifelike and too remote from the region of the abstract. His monstrous selfishness is set forth in such exquisite detail that the lesson cannot possibly fail of its purpose through undue exaggeration. Clara Middleton, "the dainty rogue in porcelain," too precious for the clumsy fingers of Sir Willoughby, ranks with Diana as one of the most finished creations of Meredith. She gives to 'The Egoist' whatever charm it has. It is mainly for the sake of George Meredith's women that the reader adventures o'er moor and fen and crag and torrent of his philosophical mysteries of style. The prize is worth the quest. No one but Hardy has approached Meredith in the portrayal of woman nature, and Hardy falls short of

Meredith, because the creator of Diana has done what the creator of Tess omits doing. He has given to the world its own nineteenth-century women of the best type,—brilliant but not neurotic, thoughtful but not morbid. Renée and Cecilia in 'Beauchamp's Career,' Clara Middleton in 'The Egoist,' Aminta in 'Lord Ormont,' Diana, Vittoria, and others of their kin, are in their mentality women of no century but the present; yet in their capacity for noble passion they might be placed with Elaine in the airy tower of a forgotten castle, or with Penelope in the sea wanderer's palace, or with Senta in the fisherman's hut. The milkmaid type of woman Meredith drew but once, in Lucy. She is much more of a pink-and-white country lass than Dahlia and Rhoda in 'Rhoda Fleming.' These sisters are in no sense country women, unless the straightforward passionate career of Rhoda seeking to right a ruined sister establishes her as a child of nature. To George Meredith it is the woman who combines heart and intellect who is to be worshiped on bended knees. His ideal of women—and perhaps the best description of his own women—is summed up in this passage from his essay on 'Comedy':—

«But those two ravishing women, so copious and so choice of speech, who fence with men and pass their guard, are heartless! Is it not preferable to be the pretty idiot, the passive beauty, the adorable bundle of caprices,—very feminine, very sympathetic of romantic and sentimental fiction? Our women are taught to think so. The Agnès of the 'École des Femmes' should be a lesson for men. The heroines of comedy are like women of the world: not necessarily heartless from being clear-sighted; they seem so to the sentimentally reared only for the reason that they use their wits, and are not wandering vessels crying for a captain or a pilot. Comedy is an exhibition of their battle with men, and that of men with them; and as the two, however divergent, both look on one object,—namely, Life,—the gradual similarity of their impressions must bring them to some resemblance. The comic poet dares to show us men and women coming to this mutual likeness: he is for saying that when they draw together in social life their minds grow liker; just as the philosopher discerns the similarity of boy and girl until the girl is marched away to the nursery. Philosopher and comic poet are of a cousinship in the eye they cast on life; and they are equally unpopular with our willful English of the hazy region, and the ideal that is not to be disturbed.»

George Meredith explains himself and his doctrine so lucidly in this paragraph, that it seems impossible ever again to join forces with the «willful English of the hazy region.» Yet in his latest novels he sometimes compels his most penetrative disciples to apostasy. Professor Dowden has well said that the obscurity of an author is a matter for subsequent generations to decide; yet the obscurity of Meredith in 'One of Our Conquerors,' in the 'Amazing Marriage,' or in 'Lord Ormont and his Aminta,' can scarcely be due to the

smoked glasses of his contemporaries. A writer like Meredith, who possesses in the highest degree the unique gift of the comic insight into life, with all that it implies of delicate sympathy and subtle comprehension of human nature, must be expected to tell of his extraordinary discoveries in an extraordinary tongue. The question is pertinent, however, of whether supreme genius might not be able to relate the same marvelous stories of humanity in a simpler speech.

George Meredith the novelist cannot overshadow George Meredith the poet. His brilliant imagination, his admiration, his love, escape from philosophy and the trammels of prose and become clothed in verse when he looks with a single eye upon nature. Meredith approaches Wordsworth in his love of nature, untainted with the morbidness which sees its own moods reflected in the changes of earth and air and sky. He sings her praise out of the fullness of an unselfconscious passion.

In 'Modern Love,' a series of sonnets, Meredith gives to his insight into men and women a poetical embodiment. An alienated husband and wife seek the secret of their alienation through the labyrinths of married human nature. The poet sums up their pitifulness in two lines of the closing sonnet:—

> «Ah, what a dusty answer gets the soul
> When hot for certainties in this our life!»

The series is rich in poetry. George Meredith might be remembered if he had written nothing else but the perfect sonnet beginning—

> «We saw the swallows gathering in the sky,
> And in the osier-isle we heard their noise.»

To future generations George Meredith may not be known as the greatest novelist of this century. He may take his place as the supreme exponent of philosophy in fiction; or as an author to whose mystic realism the key has been lost, whose faint laughter irritates because the source of it is not apparent. Yet the prophecy may be ventured that there will be those in each successive generation to whom the flavor of Meredith will be as fine wine, and who will catch the inspiration of his genius through the intervening solidities of his depressing cleverness.

Anna McClure Sholl

RICHARD AND LUCY: AN IDYL

From 'The Ordeal of Richard Feverel'

WHEN nature has made us ripe for love, it seldom occurs that the Fates are behindhand in furnishing a temple for the flame.

Above green-flashing plunges of a weir, and shaken by the thunder below, lilies, golden and white, were swaying at anchor among the reeds. Meadow-sweet hung from the banks thick with weed and trailing bramble, and there also hung a daughter of earth. Her face was shaded by a broad straw hat with a flexible brim that left her lips and chin in the sun, and sometimes nodding, sent forth a light of promising eyes. Across her shoulders, and behind, flowed large loose curls, brown in shadow, almost golden where the ray touched them. She was simply dressed, befitting decency and the season. On a closer inspection you might see that her lips were stained. This blooming young person was regaling on dewberries. They grew between the bank and the water. Apparently she found the fruit abundant, for her hand was making pretty progress to her mouth. Fastidious youth, which shudders and revolts at woman plumping her exquisite proportions on bread and butter, and would (we must suppose) joyfully have her quite scraggy to have her quite poetical, can hardly object to dewberries. Indeed, the act of eating them is dainty and induces musing. The dewberry is a sister to the lotus, and an innocent sister. You eat; mouth, eye, and hand are occupied, and the undrugged mind free to roam. And so it was with the damsel who knelt there. The little skylark went up above her, all song, to the smooth southern cloud lying along the blue; from a dewy copse standing dark over her nodding hat the blackbird fluted, calling to her with thrice mellow note; the kingfisher flashed emerald out of green osiers; a bow-winged heron traveled aloft, seeking solitude; a boat slipped toward her, containing a dreamy youth; and still she plucked the fruit, and ate, and mused, as if no fairy prince were invading her territories, and as if she wished not for one, or knew not her wishes. Surrounded by the green shaven meadows, the pastoral summer buzz, the weirfall's thundering white, amid the breath and beauty of wild flowers, she was a bit of lovely human life in a fair setting; a terrible attraction. The Magnetic Youth leaned round to note his proximity to the weir-piles, and beheld the sweet vision.

Stiller and stiller grew nature, as at the meeting of two electric clouds. Her posture was so graceful that though he was making straight for the weir, he dared not dip a scull. Just then one most enticing dewberry caught her eyes. He was floating by unheeded, and saw that her hand stretched low, and could not gather what it sought. A stroke from his right brought him beside her. The damsel glanced up dismayed, and her whole shape trembled over the brink. Richard sprang from his boat into the water. Pressing a hand beneath her foot, which she had thrust against the crumbling wet sides of the bank to save herself, he enabled her to recover her balance and gain safe earth, whither, emboldened by the incident, touching her finger's tip, he followed her.

He had landed on an island of the still-vexed Bermoothes. The world lay wrecked behind him; Raynham hung in the mists, remote, a phantom to the vivid reality of this white hand which had drawn him thither away thousands of leagues in an eye-twinkle. Hark, how Ariel sung overhead! What splendor in the heavens! What marvels of beauty about his enchanted head! And, O you wonder! Fair Flame! by whose light the glories of being are now first seen. Radiant Miranda! Prince Ferdinand is at your feet.

Or is it Adam, his rib taken from his side in sleep, and thus transformed, to make him behold his Paradise, and lose it?

The youth looked on her with as glowing an eye. It was the First Woman to him.

And she — mankind was all Caliban to her, saving this one princely youth.

So to each other said their changing eyes in the moment they stood together; he pale, and she blushing.

She was indeed sweetly fair, and would have been held fair among rival damsels. On a magic shore, and to a youth educated by a System, strung like an arrow drawn to the head, he, it might be guessed, could fly fast and far with her. The soft rose in her cheeks, the clearness of her eyes, bore witness to the body's virtue; and health and happy blood were in her bearing. Had she stood before Sir Austin among rival damsels, that Scientific Humanist, for the consummation of his System, would have thrown her the handkerchief for his son. The wide summer-hat, nodding over her forehead to her brows, seemed to

flow with the flowing heavy curls, and those fire-threaded mellow curls, only half-curls,—waves of hair, call them,—rippling at the ends, went like a sunny red-veined torrent down her back almost to her waist; a glorious vision to the youth, who embraced it as a flower of beauty, and read not a feature. There were curious features of color in her face for him to have read. Her brows, thick and brownish against a soft skin showing the action of the blood, met in the bend of a bow, extending to the temples long and level: you saw that she was fashioned to peruse the sights of earth, and by the pliability of her brows that the wonderful creature used her faculty, and was not going to be a statue to the gazer. Under the dark thick brows an arch of lashes shot out, giving a wealth of darkness to the full frank blue eyes, a mystery of meaning—more than brain was ever meant to fathom; richer, henceforth, than all mortal wisdom to Prince Ferdinand. For when nature turns artist, and produces contrasts of color on a fair face, where is the Sage, or what the Oracle, shall match the depth of its lightest look?

Prince Ferdinand was also fair. In his slim boating attire his figure looked heroic. His hair, rising from the parting to the right of his forehead, in what his admiring Lady Blandish called his plume, fell away slanting silkily to the temples across the nearly imperceptible upward curve of his brows there,—felt more than seen, so slight it was,—and gave to his profile a bold beauty, to which his bashful, breathless air was a flattering charm. An arrow drawn to the head, capable of flying fast and far with her. He leaned a little forward to her, drinking her in with all his eyes,—and young Love has a thousand. Then truly the System triumphed, just ere it was to fall; and could Sir Austin have been content to draw the arrow to the head and let it fly, when it would fly, he might have pointed to his son again, and said to the world, "Match him!" Such keen bliss as the youth had in the sight of her, an innocent youth alone has powers of soul in him to experience.

"O women!" says The Pilgrim's Scrip, in one of its solitary outbursts, "women, who like, and will have for hero, a rake! how soon are you not to learn that you have taken bankrupts to your bosoms, and that the putrescent gold that attracted you is the slime of the Lake of Sin!"

If these two were Ferdinand and Miranda, Sir Austin was not Prospero and was not present, or their fates might have been different.

So they stood a moment, changing eyes, and then Miranda spoke, and they came down to earth, feeling no less in heaven.

She spoke to thank him for his aid. She used quite common simple words; and used them, no doubt, to express a common simple meaning: but to him she was uttering magic, casting spells, and the effect they had on him was manifested in the incoherence of his replies, which were too foolish to be chronicled.

The couple were again mute. Suddenly Miranda, with an exclamation of anguish, and innumerable lights and shadows playing over her lovely face, clapped her hands, crying aloud, "My book! my book!" and ran to the bank.

Prince Ferdinand was at her side. "What have you lost?" he said.

"My book! my book!" she answered, her long delicious curls swinging across her shoulders to the stream. Then turning to him, divining his rash intention, "Oh, no, no! let me entreat you not to," she said: "I do not so very much mind losing it." And in her eagerness to restrain him she unconsciously laid her gentle hand upon his arm, and took the force of motion out of him.

"Indeed, I do not really care for the silly book," she continued, withdrawing her hand quickly, and reddening. "Pray do not!"

The young gentleman had kicked off his shoes. No sooner was the spell of contact broken than he jumped in. The water was still troubled and discolored by his introductory adventure; and though he ducked his head with the spirit of a dabchick, the book was missing. A scrap of paper floating from the bramble just above the water, and looking as if fire had caught its edges, and it had flown from one adverse element to the other, was all he could lay hold of; and he returned to land disconsolately, to hear Miranda's murmured mixing of thanks and pretty expostulations.

"Let me try again," he said.

"No indeed!" she replied, and used the awful threat, "I will run away if you do;" which effectually restrained him.

Her eye fell on the fire-stained scrap of paper, and brightened as she cried, "There, there! you have what I want. It is that. I do not care for the book. No, please! you are not to look at it. Give it me."

Before her playfully imperative injunction was fairly spoken, Richard had glanced at the document and discovered a Griffin

between Two Wheatsheaves; his crest in silver; and below—oh, wonderment immense, his own handwriting! remnant of his burnt-offering! a page of the sacrificed poems! one blossom preserved from the deadly universal blight.

He handed it to her in silence. She took it, and put it in her bosom.

Who would have said, have thought, that where all else perished,—Odes, fluttering bits of broad-winged Epic, Idyls, Lines, Stanzas,—this one Sonnet to the stars should be miraculously reserved for such a starry fate! passing beatitude!

As they walked silently across the meadow, Richard strove to remember the hour and the mood of mind in which he had composed the notable production. The stars were invoked, as seeing and foreseeing all, to tell him where then his love reclined, and so forth; Hesper was complaisant enough to do so, and described her in a couplet—

> "Through sunset's amber see me shining fair,
> As her blue eyes shine through her golden hair."

And surely no words could be more prophetic. Here were two blue eyes and golden hair; and by some strange chance, that appeared like the working of a Divine finger, she had become the possessor of the prophecy, she that was to fulfill it! The youth was too charged with emotion to speak. Doubtless the damsel had less to think of, or had some trifling burden on her conscience, for she seemed to grow embarrassed. At last she drew up her chin to look at her companion under the nodding brim of her hat (and the action gave her a charmingly freakish air), crying, "But where are you going to? You are wet through. Let me thank you again; and pray leave me, and go home and change instantly."

"Wet?" replied the magnetic muser, with a voice of tender interest: "not more than one foot, I hope? I will leave you while you dry your stockings in the sun."

At this she could not withhold a shy and lovely laugh.

"Not I, but you. You know you saved me, and would try to get that silly book for me, and you are dripping wet. Are you not very uncomfortable?"

In all sincerity he assured her that he was not.

"And you really do not feel that you are wet?"

He really did not; and it was a fact that he spoke truth.

She pursed her sweet dewberry mouth in the most comical way, and her blue eyes lightened laughter out of the half-closed lids.

"I cannot help it," she said, her mouth opening, and sounding harmonious bells of laughter in his ears. "Pardon me, won't you?"

His face took the same soft smiling curves in admiration of her.

"Not to feel that you have been in the water, the very moment after!" she musically interjected, seeing she was excused.

"It's true," he said; and his own gravity then touched him to join a duet with her, which made them no longer feel strangers, and did the work of a month of intimacy. Better than sentiment, laughter opens the breast to love; opens the whole breast to his full quiver, instead of a corner here and there for a solitary arrow. Hail the occasion propitious, O British young! and laugh and treat love as an honest god, and dabble not with the sentimental rouge. These two laughed, and the souls of each cried out to other, "It is I. It is I."

They laughed, and forgot the cause of their laughter; and the sun dried his light river clothing; and they strolled toward the blackbird's copse, and stood near a stile in sight of the foam of the weir and the many-colored rings of eddies streaming forth from it.

Richard's boat, meanwhile, had contrived to shoot the weir, and was swinging, bottom upward, broadside with the current down the rapid backwater.

"Will you let it go?" said the damsel, eying it curiously.

"Yes," he replied, and low, as if he spoke in the core of his thought. "What do I care for it now!"

His old life was whirled away with it, dead, drowned. His new life was with her, alive, divine.

She flapped low the brim of her hat. "You must really not come any farther," she softly said.

"And will you go and not tell me who you are?" he asked, growing bold as the fears of losing her came across him. "And will you not tell me before you go"—his face burned—"how you came by that—that paper?"

She chose to select the easier question to reply to: "You ought to know me: we have been introduced." Sweet was her winning off-hand affability.

"Then who, in heaven's name, are you? Tell me! I never could have forgotten you."

"You have, I think," she said demurely.

"Impossible that we could ever have met, and I forget you!"

She looked up to him quickly.

"Do you remember Belthorpe?"

"Belthorpe! Belthorpe!" quoth Richard, as if he had to touch his brain to recollect there was such a place. "Do you mean old Blaize's farm?"

"Then I am old Blaize's niece." She tripped him a soft curtsy.

The magnetized youth gazed at her. By what magic was it that this divine sweet creature could be allied with that old churl!

"Then what — what is your name?" said his mouth; while his eyes added, "O wonderful creature! how came you to enrich the earth?"

"Have you forgot the Desboroughs of Dorset, too?" She peered at him archly from a side bend of the flapping brim.

"The Desboroughs of Dorset?" A light broke in on him. "And have you grown to this? That little girl I saw there!"

He drew close to her to read the nearest features of the vision. She could no more laugh off the piercing fervor of his eyes. Her volubility fluttered under his deeply wistful look, and now neither voice was high, and they were mutually constrained.

"You see," she murmured, "we are old acquaintances."

Richard, with his eyes still intently fixed on her, returned, "You are very beautiful!"

The words slipped out. Perfect simplicity is unconsciously audacious. Her overpowering beauty struck his heart, and like an instrument that is touched and answers to the touch, he spoke.

Miss Desborough made an effort to trifle with this terrible directness; but his eyes would not be gainsaid, and checked her lips. She turned away from them, her bosom a little rebellious. Praise so passionately spoken, and by one who has been a damsel's first dream, dreamed of nightly many long nights, and clothed in the virgin silver of her thoughts in bud,— praise from him is coin the heart cannot reject, if it would. She quickened her steps to the stile.

"I have offended you!" said a mortally wounded voice across her shoulder.

That he should think so were too dreadful.

"Oh no, no! you would never offend me." She gave him her whole sweet face.

"Then why — why do you leave me?"

"Because," she hesitated, "I must go."

"No. You must not go. Why must you go? Do not go."

"Indeed I must," she said, pulling at the obnoxious broad brim of her hat; and interpreting a pause he made for his assent to her rational resolve, shyly looking at him, she held her hand out, and said "Good-by," as if it were a natural thing to say.

The hand was pure white — white and fragrant as the frosted blossom of a May night. It was the hand whose shadow, cast before, he had last night bent his head reverentially above, and kissed; resigning himself thereupon over to execution for payment of the penalty of such daring — by such bliss well rewarded.

He took the hand, and held it, gazing between her eyes.

"Good-by," she said again, as frankly as she could, and at the same time slightly compressing her fingers on his in token of adieu. It was a signal for his to close firmly upon hers.

"You will not go?"

"Pray let me," she pleaded, her sweet brows suing in wrinkles.

"You will not go?" Mechanically he drew the white hand nearer his thumping heart.

"I must," she faltered piteously.

"You will not go?"

"Oh yes! yes!"

"Tell me — do you wish to go?"

The question was subtle. A moment or two she did not answer, and then forswore herself and said Yes.

"Do you — do you wish to go?" He looked with quivering eyelids under hers.

A fainter Yes responded to his passionate repetition.

"You wish — wish to leave me?" His breath went with the words.

"Indeed I must."

Her hand became a closer prisoner.

All at once an alarming delicious shudder went through her frame. From him to her it coursed, and back from her to him.

Forward and back love's electric messenger rushed from heart to heart, knocking at each till it surged tumultuously against the bars of its prison, crying out for its mate. They stood trembling in unison, a lovely couple under these fair heavens of the morning.

When he could get his voice it said, "Will you go?"

But she had none to reply with, and could only mutely bend upward her gentle wrist.

"Then farewell!" he said; and dropping his lips to the soft fair hand, kissed it, and hung his head, swinging away from her, ready for death.

Strange, that now she was released she should linger by him. Strange, that his audacity, instead of the executioner, brought blushes and timid tenderness to his side, and the sweet words, "You are not angry with me?"

"With you, O Beloved!" cried his soul. "And you forgive me, fair charity!"

She repeated her words in deeper sweetness to his bewildered look; and he, inexperienced, possessed by her, almost lifeless with the divine new emotions she had realized in him, could only sigh and gaze at her wonderingly.

"I think it was rude of me to go without thanking you again," she said, and again proffered her hand.

The sweet heaven-bird shivered out his song above him. The gracious glory of heaven fell upon his soul. He touched her hand, not moving his eyes from her nor speaking; and she, with a soft word of farewell, passed across the stile, and up the pathway through the dewy shades of the copse, and out of the arch of the light, away from his eyes.

And away with her went the wild enchantment. He looked on barren air. But it was no more the world of yesterday. The marvelous splendors had sown seeds in him, ready to spring up and bloom at her gaze; and in his bosom now the vivid conjuration of her tones, her face, her shape, makes them leap and illumine him like fitful summer lightnings — ghosts of the vanished sun.

There was nothing to tell him that he had been making love and declaring it with extraordinary rapidity; nor did he know it. Soft flushed cheeks! sweet mouth! strange sweet brows! eyes of softest fire! — how could his ripe eyes behold you, and not plead

to keep you? Nay, how could he let you go? And he seriously asked himself that question.

To-morrow this place will have a memory,—the river and the meadow, and the white falling weir: his heart will build a temple here; and the skylark will be its high priest, and the old blackbird its glossy-gowned chorister, and there will be a sacred repast of dewberries. To-day the grass is grass; his heart is chased by phantoms and finds rest nowhere. Only when the most tender freshness of his flower comes across him does he taste a moment's calm; and no sooner does it come than it gives place to keen pangs of fear that she may not be his forever.

Ere long he learns that her name is Lucy. Ere long he meets Ralph, and discovers that in a day he has distanced him by a sphere.

RICHARD'S ORDEAL IS OVER

From 'The Ordeal of Richard Feverel'

WHERE are the dreams of the hero when he learns he has a child? Nature is taking him to her bosom. She will speak presently. Every domesticated boor in these hills can boast the same; yet marvels the hero at none of his visioned prodigies as he does when he comes to hear of this most common performance. A father? Richard fixed his eyes as if he were trying to make out the lineaments of his child.

Telling Austin he would be back in a few minutes, he sallied into the air, and walked on and on. "A father!" he kept repeating to himself: "a child!" And though he knew it not, he was striking the keynotes of Nature. But he did know of a singular harmony that suddenly burst over his whole being.

The moon was surpassingly bright; the summer air heavy and still. He left the high-road and pierced into the forest. His walk was rapid: the leaves on the trees brushed his cheeks; the dead leaves heaped in the dells noised to his feet. Something of a religious joy—a strange sacred pleasure—was in him. By degrees it wore; he remembered himself; and now he was possessed by a proportionate anguish. A father! he dared never see his child. And he had no longer his phantasies to fall upon. He was utterly bare to his sin. In his troubled mind it seemed to him that Clare looked down on him—Clare, who saw

him as he was—and that to her eyes it would be infamy for him to go and print his kiss upon his child. Then came stern efforts to command his misery and make the nerves of his face iron.

By the log of an ancient tree, half buried in dead leaves of past summers, beside a brook, he halted as one who had reached his journey's end. There he discovered he had a companion in Lady Judith's little dog. He gave the friendly animal a pat of recognition, and both were silent in the forest silence.

It was impossible for Richard to return; his heart was surcharged. He must advance; and on he footed, the little dog following.

An oppressive slumber hung about the forest branches. In the dells and on the heights was the same dead heat. Here where the brook tinkled, it was no cool-lipped sound, but metallic, and without the spirit of water. Yonder, in a space of moonlight on lush grass, the beams were as white fire to sight and feeling. No haze spread around. The valleys were clear, defined to the shadows of their verges; the distances sharply distinct, and with the colors of day but slightly softened. Richard beheld a roe moving across a slope of sward far out of rifle mark. The breathless silence was significant, yet the moon shone in a broad blue heaven. Tongue out of mouth trotted the little dog after him; couched panting when he stopped an instant; rose wearedly when he started afresh. Now and then a large white night-moth flitted through the dusk of the forest.

On a barren corner of the wooded highland, looking inland, stood gray topless ruins set in nettles and rank grass blades. Richard mechanically sat down on the crumbling flints to rest, and listened to the panting of the dog. Sprinkled at his feet were emerald lights; hundreds of glow-worms studded the dark dry ground.

He sat and eyed them, thinking not at all. His energies were expended in action. He sat as a part of the ruins, and the moon turned his shadow westward from the south. Overhead, as she declined, long ripples of silver cloud were imperceptibly stealing toward her. They were the van of a tempest. He did not observe them, or the leaves beginning to chatter. When he again pursued his course with his face to the Rhine, a huge mountain appeared to rise sheer over him, and he had it in his mind to scale it. He got no nearer to the base of it for all his

vigorous outstepping. The ground began to dip; he lost sight of the sky. Then heavy thunder drops struck his cheek, the leaves were singing, the earth breathed, it was black before him and behind. All at once the thunder spoke. The mountain he had marked was bursting over him.

Up started the whole forest in violet fire. He saw the country at the foot of the hills, to the bounding Rhine, gleam, quiver, extinguished. Then there were pauses: and the lightning seemed as the eye of heaven, and the thunder as the tongue of heaven, each alternately addressing him; filling him with awful rapture. Alone there — sole human creature among the grandeurs and mysteries of storm — he felt the representative of his kind; and his spirit rose and marched and exulted,— let it be glory, let it be ruin! Lower down the lightened abysses of air rolled the wrathful crash; then white thrusts of light were darted from the sky, and great curving ferns, seen steadfast in pallor a second, were supernaturally agitated, and vanished. Then a shrill song roused in the leaves and the herbage. Prolonged and louder it sounded, as deeper and heavier the deluge pressed. A mighty force of water satisfied the desire of the earth. Even in this, drenched as he was by the first outpouring, Richard had a savage pleasure. Keeping in motion, he was scarcely conscious of the wet, and the grateful breath of the weeds was refreshing. Suddenly he stopped short, lifting a curious nostril. He fancied he smelt meadow-sweet. He had never seen the flower in Rhineland — never thought of it; and it would hardly be met with in a forest. He was sure he smelt it fresh in dews. His little companion wagged a miserable wet tail some way in advance. He went on slowly, thinking indistinctly. After two or three steps he stooped and stretched out his hand to feel for the flower,— having, he knew not why, a strong wish to verify its growth there. Groping about, his hand encountered something warm that started at his touch; and he, with the instinct we have, seized it and lifted it to look at it. The creature was very small, evidently quite young. Richard's eyes, now accustomed to the darkness, were able to discern it for what it was,— a tiny leveret; and he supposed that the dog had probably frightened its dam just before he found it. He put the little thing on one hand in his breast, and stepped out rapidly as before.

The rain was now steady; from every tree a fountain poured. So cool and easy had his mind become that he was speculating

on what kind of shelter the birds could find, and how the butterflies and moths saved their colored wings from washing. Folded close they might hang under a leaf, he thought. Lovingly he looked into the dripping darkness of the coverts on each side, as one of their children. Then he was musing on a strange sensation he experienced. It ran up one arm with an indescribable thrill, but communicated nothing to his heart. It was purely physical, ceased for a time, and recommenced, till he had it all through his blood, wonderfully thrilling. He grew aware that the little thing he carried in his breast was licking his hand there. The small rough tongue going over and over the palm of his hand produced this strange sensation he felt. Now that he knew the cause, the marvel ended; but now that he knew the cause, his heart was touched and made more of it. The gentle scraping continued without intermission as on he walked. What did it say to him? Human tongue could not have said so much just then.

A pale gray light on the skirts of the flying tempest displayed the dawn. Richard was walking hurriedly. The green drenched weeds lay all about in his path, bent thick, and the forest drooped glimmeringly. Impelled as a man who feels a revelation mounting obscurely to his brain, Richard was passing one of those little forest chapels, hung with votive wreaths, where the peasant halts to kneel and pray. Cold, still, in the twilight it stood, rain-drops pattering round it. He looked within, and saw the Virgin holding her Child. He moved by. But not many steps had he gone ere his strength went out of him, and he shuddered. What was it? He asked not. He was in other hands. Vivid as lightning the Spirit of Life illumined him. He felt in his heart the cry of his child, his darling's touch. With shut eyes he saw them both. They drew him from the depths; they led him a blind and tottering man. And as they led him, he had a sense of purification so sweet he shuddered again and again.

When he looked out from his trance on the breathing world, the small birds hopped and chirped: warm fresh sunlight was over all the hills. He was on the edge of the forest, entering a plain clothed with ripe corn under a spacious morning sky.

AMINTA TAKES A MORNING SEA-SWIM: A MARINE DUET

From 'Lord Ormont and his Aminta.' Copyright 1894, by Charles Scribner's Sons

A GLORIOUS morning of flushed open sky and sun on a sea chased all small thoughts out of it. The breeze was from the west; and the Susan, lightly laden, took the heave of smooth rollers with a flowing current-curtsy in the motion of her speed. Foresail and aft were at their gentle strain; her shadow rippled fragmentarily along to the silver rivulet and boat of her wake. Straight she flew to the ball of fire now at spring above the waters, and raining red gold on the line of her bows. By comparison she was an ugly yawl, and as the creature of wind and wave beautiful.

They passed an English defensive fort, and spared its walls, in obedience to Matthew Shale's good counsel that they should forbear from sneezing. Little Collett pointed to the roof of his mother's house twenty paces rearward of a belt of tamarisks, green amid the hollowed yellows of shore banks yet in shade, crumbling to the sands. Weyburn was attracted by a diminutive white tent of sentry-box shape; evidently a bather's, quite as evidently a fair bather's. He would have to walk on some way for his dip. He remarked to little Collett that ladies going into the water half-dressed never have more than half a bath. His arms and legs flung out contempt of that style of bathing, exactly in old Matey's well-remembered way.

Half a mile off shore, the Susan was put about to flap her sails, and her boat rocked with the passengers. Turning from a final cheer to friendly Matthew, Weyburn at the rudder espied one of those unenfranchised ladies in marine uniform issuing through the tent-slit. She stepped firmly, as into her element. A plain look at her, and a curious look, and an intent look, fixed her fast, and ran the shock on his heart before he knew of a guess. She waded, she dipped; a head across the breast of the waters was observed: this one of them could swim. She was making for sea, a stone's-throw off the direction of the boat.

Before his wits had grasped the certainty possessing them, fiery envy and desire to be alongside her set his fingers fretting at buttons. A grand smooth swell of the waters lifted her, and her head rose to see her world. She sank down the valley, where another wave was mounding for its onward roll: a gentle

scene of the *βάντ' ἐπιόντα* of Weyburn's favorite Sophoclean chorus. Now she was given to him — it was she. How could it ever have been any other! He handed his watch to little Collett, and gave him the ropes, pitched coat and waistcoat on his knees, stood free of boots and socks, and singing out truly enough the words of a popular cry, "White ducks want washing," went over and in.

Aminta soon had to know she was chased. She had seen the dive from the boat, and received an illumination. With a chuckle of delighted surprise, like a blackbird startled, she pushed seaward for joy of the effort, thinking she could exult in imagination of an escape up to the moment of capture, yielding then only to his greater will; and she meant to try it.

The swim was a holiday; all was new — nothing came to her as the same old thing since she took her plunge; she had a sea-mind — had left her earth-mind ashore. The swim, and Matey Weyburn pursuing her, passed up out of happiness, through the spheres of delirium, into the region where our life is as we would have it be: a home holding the quiet of the heavens, if but midway thither, and a home of delicious animation of the whole frame, equal to wings.

He drew on her; but he was distant, and she waved an arm. The shout of her glee sprang from her: "Matey!" He waved: she heard his voice. Was it her name? He was not so drunken of the sea as she: he had not leapt out of bondage into buoyant waters, into a youth without a blot, without an aim, satisfied in tasting; the dream of the long felicity.

A thought brushed by her: How if he were absent?

It relaxed her stroke of arms and legs. He had doubled the salt sea's rapture, and he had shackled its gift of freedom. She turned to float, gathering her knees for the funny sullen kick, until she heard him near. At once her stroke was renewed vigorously; she had the foot of her pursuer, and she called, "Adieu, Matey Weyburn!"

Her bravado deserved a swifter humiliation than he was able to bring down on her; she swam bravely: and she was divine to see as well as overtake.

Darting to the close parallel, he said, "What sea-nymph sang me my name?"

She smote a pang of her ecstasy into him: "Ask mine!"

"Browny!"

They swam; neither of them panted; their heads were water-flowers that spoke at ease.

"We've run from school; we won't go back."

"We've a kingdom."

"Here's a big wave going to be a wall."

"Off he rolls."

"He's like the High Brent broad meadow under Elling Wood."

"Don't let Miss Vincent hear you."

"They're not waves: they're sighs of the deep."

"A poet I swim with! He fell into the deep in his first of May-morning ducks. We used to expect him."

"I never expected to owe them so much."

Pride of the swimmer and the energy of her joy embraced Aminta, that she might nerve all her powers to gain the half-minute for speaking at her ease.

"Who'd have thought of a morning like this? You were looked for last night."

"A lucky accident to our coach. I made friends with the skipper of the yawl."

"I saw the boat. Who could have dreamed—? Anything may happen now."

For nothing further would astonish her, as he rightly understood her; but he said, "You're prepared for the rites? Old Triton is ready."

"Float, and tell me."

They spun about to lie on their backs. Her right hand, at piano-work of the octave-shake, was touched and taken, and she did not pull it away. Her eyelids fell.

"Old Triton waits."

"Why?"

"We're going to him."

"Yes?"

"Customs of the sea."

"Tell me."

"He joins hands. We say, 'Browny—Matey,' and it's done."

She splashed, crying "Swim," and after two strokes, "You want to beat me, Matey Weyburn."

"How?"

"Not fair!"

"Say what."

"Take my breath. But, yes! we'll be happy in our own way. We're sea-birds. We've said adieu to land. Not to one another. We shall be friends?"

"Always."

"This is going to last?"

"Ever so long."

They had a spell of steady swimming, companionship to inspirit it. Browny was allowed place a little foremost, and she guessed not wherefore, in her flattered emulation.

"I'm bound for France."

"Slue a point to the right: southeast by south. We shall hit Dunquerque."

"I don't mean to be picked up by boats."

"We'll decline."

"You see I can swim."

"I was sure of it."

They stopped their talk — for the pleasure of the body to be savored in the mind, they thought; and so took Nature's counsel to rest their voices awhile.

Considering that she had not been used of late to long immersions, and had not broken her fast, and had talked much for a sea-nymph, Weyburn spied behind him on a shore seeming flat down, far removed.

"France next time," he said: "we'll face to the rear."

"Now?" said she, big with blissful conceit of her powers, and incredulous of such a command from him.

"You may be feeling tired presently."

The musical sincerity of her "Oh no, not I!" sped through his limbs: he had a willingness to go onward still some way.

But his words fastened the heavy land on her spirit, knocked at the habit of obedience. Her stroke of the arms paused. She inclined to his example, and he set it shoreward.

They swam silently, high, low, creatures of the smooth green roller.

He heard the water-song of her swimming. She, though breathing equably at the nostrils, lay deep. The water shocked at her chin, and curled round the under lip. He had a faint anxiety; and not so sensible of a weight in the sight of land as she was, he chattered by snatches, rallied her, encouraged her to continue sportive for this once, letting her feel it was but a once and had its respected limit with him. So it was not out of the world.

Ah, friend Matey! And that was right and good on land; but rightness and goodness flung earth's shadow across her brilliancy here, and any stress on "this once" withdrew her liberty to revel in it, putting an end to a perfect holiday; and silence, too, might hint at fatigue. She began to think her muteness lost her the bloom of the enchantment, robbing her of her heavenly frolic lead, since friend Matey resolved to be as eminently good in salt water as on land. Was he unaware that they were boy and girl again?—she washed pure of the intervening years, new born, by blessing of the sea; worthy of him here!—that is, a swimmer worthy of him, his comrade in salt water.

"You're satisfied I swim well?" she said.

"It would go hard with me if we raced a long race."

"I really was out for France."

"I was ordered to keep you for England."

She gave him Browny's eyes.

"We've turned our backs on Triton."

"The ceremony was performed."

"When?"

"The minute I spoke of it and you splashed."

"Matey! Matey Weyburn!"

"Browny Farrell!"

"O Matey! she's gone!"

"She's here."

"Try to beguile me, then, that our holiday's not over. You won't forget this hour?"

"No time of mine on earth will live so brightly for me."

"I have never had one like it. I could go under and be happy; go to old Triton and wait for you; teach him to speak your proper Christian name. He hasn't heard it yet—heard 'Matey'—never yet has been taught 'Matthew.'"

"Aminta!"

"O my friend! my dear!" she cried, in the voice of the wounded, like a welling of her blood, "my strength will leave me. I may play—not you: you play with a weak vessel. Swim, and be quiet. How far do you count it?"

"Under a quarter of a mile."

"Don't imagine me tired."

"If you are, hold on to me."

"Matey, I'm for a dive."

He went after the ball of silver and bubbles, and they came up together. There is no history of events below the surface.

She shook off her briny blindness, and settled to the full sweep of the arms, quite silent now. Some emotion, or exhaustion from the strain of the swimmer's breath in speech, stopped her playfulness. The pleasure she still knew was a recollection of the outward swim, when she had been privileged to cast away sex with the push from earth, as few men will believe that women, beautiful women, ever wish to do; and often and ardently during the run ahead they yearn for Nature to grant them their one short holiday truce.

But Aminta forgave him for bringing earth so close to her when there was yet a space of salt water between her and shore; and she smiled at times, that he might not think she was looking grave.

They touched the sand at the first draw of the ebb; and this being earth, Matey addressed himself to the guardian and absolving genii of matter-of-fact by saying, "Did you inquire about the tides?"

Her head shook, stunned with what had passed. She waded to shore, after motioning for him to swim on.

Men, in the comparison beside their fair fellows, are so little sensationally complex, that his one feeling now as to what had passed, was relief at the idea of his presence having been a warrantable protectorship. Aminta's return from sea-nymph to the state of woman crossed annihilation on the way back to sentience, and picked-up meaningless pebbles and shells of life, between the sea's verge and her tent's shelter: hardly her own life to her understanding yet, except for the hammer Memory became to strike her insensible, at here and there a recollected word or nakedness of her soul. What had she done, what revealed, to shiver at for the remainder of her days!

He swam along the shore to where the boat was paddled, spying at her bare feet on the sand, her woman's form. He waved, and the figure in the striped tunic and trousers waved her response, apparently the same person he had quitted.

Dry and clad, and decently formal under the transformation, they met at Mrs. Collett's breakfast table; and in each hung the doubt whether land was the dream, or sea.

FROM 'MODERN LOVE'

All other joys of life he strove to warm,
And magnify, and catch them to his lip;
But they had suffered shipwreck with the ship,
And gazed upon him sallow from the storm.
Or if Delusion came, 'twas but to show
The coming minute mock the one that went.
Cold as a mountain in its star-pitched tent
Stood high philosophy, less friend than foe;
Whom self-caged passion, from its prison-bars,
Is always watching with a wondering hate.
Not till the fire is dying in the grate
Look we for any kinship with the stars.
Oh, Wisdom never comes when it is gold,
And the great price we pay for it full worth;
We have it only when we are half earth:
Little avails that coinage to the old!

EVENING

We saw the swallows gathering in the sky,
And in the osier-isle we heard their noise.
We had not to look back on summer joys,
Or forward to a summer of bright dye;
But in the largeness of the evening earth
Our spirits grew as we went side by side.
The hour became her husband and my bride.
Love that had robbed us so, thus blessed our dearth!
The pilgrims of the year waxed very loud
In multitudinous chatterings as the flood
Full brown came from the West, and like pale blood
Expanded to the upper crimson cloud.
Love, that had robbed us of immortal things,
This little moment mercifully gave,
Where I have seen across the twilight wave
The swan sail with her young beneath her wings.

PROSPER MÉRIMÉE

(1803–1870)

BY GRACE KING

ONE of the magisterial critics of Mérimée's day, passing judgment upon his writings, dismisses personal details about the author with the remark: "As for the biography of Prosper Mérimée, it is like the history of a happy people,—it does not exist. One knows only that he was educated in a college of Paris, that he has studied law, that he has been received as a lawyer, that he has never pleaded; and the papers have taken pains to inform us that he is to-day secretary to M. le Comte d'Argout. Those who know him familiarly see in him nothing more than a man of very simple manners, with a solid education, reading Italian and modern Greek with ease, and speaking English and Spanish with remarkable purity."

PROSPER MÉRIMÉE

This was written in 1832, when Mérimée in his thirtieth year had attained celebrity not only in the literary world of Paris, but in the world of literary Europe, as the author of the 'Thèatre de Clara Gazul'; 'La Guzla'; 'La Chronique de Charles IX.'; 'Mateo Falcone'; 'Tamango'; 'La Partie de Tric-Trac'; 'Le Vase Etrusque'; 'La Double Méprise'; 'La Vision de Charles XI.': most of which Taine pronounced masterpieces of fiction, destined to immortality as classics.

No tribute could have been better devised to please Mérimée, and praise his writings, than this one to the impersonality of his art, and the dispensation of it from any obligation to its author. "We should write and speak," he held, "so that no one would notice, at least immediately, that we were writing or speaking differently from any one else." But as that most impersonal of modern critics, Walter Pater, keenly observes: "Mérimée's superb self-effacement, his impersonality, is itself but an effective personal trait, and transferred to art, becomes a markedly peculiar quality of literary beauty." And he pronounces in a sentence the judgment of Mérimée's literary posterity upon him: "For in truth this creature who had no care for half-lights, and like his creations, had no atmosphere about him,—

gifted as he was with pure mind, with the quality which secures flawless literary structures,—had on the other hand nothing of what we call soul in literature."

And the brilliant young secretary and successful author, whose happiness furnishes presumptive evidence against a biography, was no more relieved from the fact of it than the hypothetical happy people of their history. With that unfaltering rectification of contemporaneous values which time and the gravitation to truth bring about, Mérimée's position in regard to his works is quite the reverse of what he contemplated and aimed for. Of the published volumes of his writings, the many containing his artistic works could be better spared than the few containing his letters. And of his letters, that volume will longest carry his name into the future which contains his most intimate, most confidential, least meditated, in short most genuinely personal and most artistically perfect revelations,—his 'Lettres à une Inconnue' (Letters to an Unknown Woman).

Prosper Mérimée was born in Paris in 1803, of parentage that made his vocation, it would seem, mandatory. His father was an artist of note, a pupil of David's, and long secretary of the École des Beaux-Arts. His mother was also, and in a double measure, an artist. Her talent was for portraits of children, whose quiet sittings she secured by her other talent of relating stories,—a gift inherited from her grandmother, Madame de Beaumont, a charming writer of children's stories, and the author of the famous and entrancing 'Beauty and the Beast.' At twenty, having finished his collegiate studies, Mérimée, in obedience to the will of his parents, began to fit himself for the legal profession. Following his own tastes, however, he had already sought and gained admission into the salons of the men of letters, and was already under his first and only literary influence,—that of Henri Beyle, the progenitor of modern French realism. It was in one of these salons that he, not yet twenty-one, read his first composition, a drama, 'Cromwell'; an effort inspired by Shakespeare and composed according to the doctrines of Beyle. It was never published. Shortly afterwards, in the same place and to the same audience, he read aloud his second attempt, 'The Spaniards in Denmark'; and 'Heaven and Hell,' a little dramatic scene which met with spontaneous applause, and was praised as extremely witty and still more undevout. Successive readings followed in successive evenings, under the encouragement of applause; and the collection, by a last stroke of audacious wit, in which author and audience collaborated, was published as the 'Théâtre de Clara Gazul' (an imaginary Spanish actress), with the portrait of Mérimée, in low-necked dress and mantilla, for frontispiece.

The strong individuality of Mérimée's art is as easily discernible to-day, under the thin disguise of his pseudonym, as his features

under his travesty: his clear, cold, impartial realism, unflinching wit, and — a trait attributed also to his mother — his invincible irreligion. The success of the mystification was immediate and effective. His next adventure was of the same kind: the publication of 'La Guzla,' a collection of prose ballads, pseudo-translations from the Dalmatian folk-songs, with prefatory notices, appendices, and biographical sketch of the author, the bard Magdanovitch, accompanied by a dissertation on vampires and the evil eye. The intrinsic beauty of the ballads, the barbaric strength of the imagination, in the musical rhythm of French prose, contributed to render the mystification one of the most perfect in literary history. Goethe wrote an article upon it, Pushkin made translations from it, and German scholars rejoiced in print to find in it some long-lost Illyrian metrical measure. This success disgusted Mérimée with «local color,» — the shibboleth of the young French Romantic school, — seeing, as he said, how easy it was to fabricate it.

The 'Famille Carvajal,' a continuation of the Spanish vein, — a weird, grewsome, and pitiless tale, — and 'Le Jacquerie,' a dramatic historical recital in the Shakespearean vein, followed. His next venture was in historical fiction: 'The Chronicle of Charles IX.,' an evident inspiration from Walter Scott. From an English point of view, it is the masterpiece of French fiction in historical domain; and one, with a few reservations, not unworthy the hand of «Waverley» himself.

In 1830 came the visit to Spain, related in his published letters, and the forming of the friendship with the Countess of Montijo which led to a correspondence, of which the fragments published are warrant that it will prove in the future an invaluable guide to the social, literary, and political history of Paris during the yet controverted period of the Empire. Always sensitive to feminine influence, if not to local color, it is to the Countess of Montijo that Mérimée owes the Spanish inspiration, as it may well be called, which bore fruit in his incomparable relation of 'Carmen.' And while a guest of his friend, listening to her charming tales of the Alhambra and the Generalife, Mérimée formed his historical friendship with the Empress Eugénie, then a little girl playing around her mother's knee.

Appointed inspector-general of the historical monuments of France, Mérimée threw his archæological erudition into diligent performance of official duties. His reports, written with minute and even pedantic conscientiousness, bear out Faguet's assertion that — archæologist, traveler, art critic, historian, and philologist, man of the world and senator, and competent and sure as each — he would and should have belonged to four academies; it was only his discretion that restricted him to two, — the Académie Française and Académie des Inscriptions. As a compatriot states, it was the inspector-general that

related to him two of his most perfect stories, the 'Venus d'Ille' and 'Colomba,' while it was the philologist who found the episode of 'Carmen.'

It was at this point of his life, at the meridian of age and success, that he received his first letter from the Inconnue,—a graceful tribute from the graceful pen of a woman, who yielded to an impulse to express her admiration, yet guarded her identity beyond possibility of discovery. The correspondence ensued that a posthumous publication under the editorship of H. Taine has revealed to the public. In it, for one who knows how to read the letters, as Taine says, Mérimée shows himself gracious, tender, delicate, truly in love, and a poet. After nine years of expostulation and entreaty he obtained an interview; and his mysterious friend proved to be a Mademoiselle Jenny Dacquin, the daughter of a notary of Boulogne. The friendship that ensued waxed into love through the thirty succeeding years, and waned again into a friendship that ended only with Mérimée's life; his last letter to the Inconnue, a few lines, was written two hours before he died.

Mérimée's 'Studies in the History of Rome,' his 'Social War,' and 'Catiline,' were to have been followed and closed by a study of Cæsar. Circumstances, however, adjourned the task, which was afterwards ceded to an illustrious competitor, or collaborator,—Napoleon III. In 1844 he was elected to the French Academy. On the following day he published 'Arsène Guillot.' Had the publication preceded the election, the result might have been different; for repentant Academicians pronounced immoral the tale which Anglo-Saxon critics have generally selected as the most simple, most pathetic, and only human one the author ever wrote.

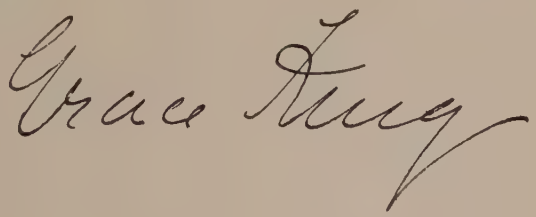
In 1852, the little girl whose growth and development Mérimée had watched with tenderest interest became Empress of the French. He was appointed life senator in the reconstructed government; and became one of the most familiar members of the new and brilliant court at the Tuileries, and always a conspicuous one. His pleased, tender, sad, gay, and always frank and critical commentary of the court and its circles, forms the interest of his weekly bulletins to the Countess of Montijo. His conversational charm, his wit, and his ever ready response to demands upon his artistic and historical lore, in questions of etiquette, costumes, and precedent; his versatility as dramatist and actor, and his genius for friendship with women,—made him not only a favorite, but a spoiled favorite, in the royal circle. His coldness, reserve, cynicism, frank speech, and independent political opinions saved him from even a suspicion of being a courtier. He nevertheless lost none of his diligence in literature. It was the period of his edition of Henri Beyle and of Brantôme, of numerous miscellaneous articles in reviews, and of those excursions into Russian

literature — critical dissertations upon Gogol, Pushkin, and Tourguénieff — which may be considered the pioneer of that advance into Russian literature which has resulted in throwing it open to, and making it one with, the literature of Europe.

To this period also belongs his friendship with Panizzi, the administrator of the British Museum; and the voluminous correspondence in which he reveals himself in all the fineness and breadth of his culture,— as Taine puts it, the possessor of six languages with their literature and history, man of the world and politician, as well as philosopher, artist, and historian.

So shrewd an observer of men and politics could not be unprepared for the catastrophe of 1870. He had never been free from vague apprehensions, and the acute presentiment overshadows the gayety in his letters. In addition he was growing old, and infirm health drove him during the winter months into annual exile at Cannes. It was there that, in a crisis of his malady, the journals, in anticipation of the end, published his death, and M. Guizot in consequence made official announcement of it at the Academy. Mérimée lived, however, to return to Paris, and suffer through to the end of the tragedy. He dragged himself to the Tuileries, had a last interview with his mistress, sat for the last time in his seat in the Senate, and voted for adjournment to a morrow which never came. Four days afterwards he departed for Cannes, where a fortnight later he died. He was buried in the Protestant cemetery.

«A gallant man and a gentleman,» says Faguet, «he has had the reward he would have wished. He has been discreetly and intimately enjoyed by delicate tastes. He has not been brutally balloted about in the tumult of scholastic discussions. He has not been attacked by any one, nor praised with loud cries, nor admired with great reinforcement of adjectives. . . . His glory is of the good ore, as are his character, his mind, and his style. . . . He has entered posterity as one enters a parlor, without discussion and without disturbance; received with the greatest pleasure, without vain effusion, he installed himself comfortably in a good place, from which he will never be moved. . . . It was his rare talent to give us those limpid, rapid, full tales, that one reads in an hour, re-reads in a day, which fill the memory and occupy the thoughts forever.»



FROM 'ARSÈNE GUILLOT'

THE last mass had just come to an end at St. Roch's, and the beadle was going his rounds, closing the deserted chapels. He was about drawing the grating of one of these aristocratic sanctuaries, where certain devotees purchase the permission to pray to God apart and distinguished from the rest of the faithful, when he remarked a woman still remaining in it, absorbed seemingly in meditation, her head bent over the back of her chair. "It is Madame de Piennes," he said to himself, stopping at the entrance of the chapel. Madame de Piennes was well known by the beadle. At that period a woman of the world, young, rich, pretty, who rendered the blessed bread, who gave the altar clothes, who gave much in charity through the mediation of her curate, had some merit for being devout when she did not have some employé of the government for a husband, when she was not an attachée of Madame la Dauphine, and when she had nothing to gain but her salvation by frequenting the church. The beadle wished heartily to go to dinner, for people of his kind dine at one o'clock; but he dared not trouble the devotions of a person so well considered in the parish of St. Roch. He moved away, therefore, making his slipper-shod feet resound against the marble floor, not without hope that, the round of the church made, he would find the chapel empty.

He was already on the other side of the choir, when a young woman entered the church, and walked along one of the side aisles, looking with curiosity about her. She was about twenty-five years old, but one had to observe her with much attention not to think her older. Although very brilliant, her black eyes were sunken, and surrounded by a bluish shadow; her dead-white complexion and her colorless lips indicated suffering; and yet a certain air of audacity and gayety in her glance contrasted with her sickly appearance. Her rose-colored capôte, ornamented with artificial flowers, would have better suited an evening negligé. Under a long cashmere shawl, of which the practiced eye of a woman would have divined that she was not the first proprietor, was hidden a gown of calico, at twenty cents a yard, and a little worn. Finally, only a man would have admired her foot, clothed as it was in common stockings and prunella shoes, very much the worse for wear of the street. You remember, madam, that asphalt was not invented yet.

This woman, whose social position you have guessed, approached the chapel, in which Madame de Piennes still lingered; and after having observed her for a moment with a restless, embarrassed air, she accosted her when she saw her arise and on the point of leaving. "Could you inform me, madam," she asked in a low voice and with a timid smile,—"could you inform me to whom I should go for a candle?" Such language was too strange to the ears of Madame de Piennes for her to understand it at once. She had the question repeated. "Yes, I should like to burn a candle to St. Roch, but I do not know whom to give the money to."

Madame de Piennes was too enlightened in her piety for participation in these popular superstitions. Nevertheless she respected them; for there is something touching in every form of adoration, however gross it may be. Supposing that the matter was a vow, or something of the kind, and too charitable to draw from the costume of the young woman of the rose-colored bonnet the conclusions that you perhaps have not feared to form, she showed her the beadle approaching. The unknown one thanked her, and ran towards the man, who appeared to understand her at a word. While Madame de Piennes was taking up her prayer-book and rearranging her veil, she saw the lady of the candle draw out a little purse from her pocket, take from a quantity of small-change a five-franc piece, and hand it to the beadle, giving him at the same time, in a low voice, some long instructions and recommendations, to which he listened with a smile.

Both left the church at the same time; but, the lady of the candle walking very fast, Madame de Piennes soon lost sight of her, although she followed in the same direction. At the corner of the street she lived in, she met her again. Under her temporary cashmere the unknown was trying to conceal a loaf of bread bought in a neighboring shop. On recognizing Madame de Piennes she bent her head, could not suppress a smile, and hastened her step. Her smile seemed to say: "Well, what of it? I am poor. Laugh at me if you will. I know very well that one does not go to buy bread in a rose-colored capôte and cashmere shawl." The mixture of false shame, resignation, and good-humor did not escape Madame de Piennes. She thought, not without sadness, of the probable position of the young woman. "Her piety," she said to herself, "is more meritorious

than mine. Assuredly her offering of a five-franc piece is a much greater sacrifice than what I give to the poor out of my superfluity, without the imposition of a single privation.» She then recalled the widow's mite, more acceptable to God than the gaudy charities of the rich. «I do not do enough good,» she thought; «I do not do all that I might.» While mentally addressing these reproaches to herself, she entered her house.

The candle, the loaf of bread, and above all the offering of an only five-franc piece, engraved upon the memory of Madame de Piennes the figure of the young woman, whom she regarded as a model of piety. She met her rather often afterwards, in the street, near the church, but never at service. Every time the unknown passed her she bent her head and smiled slightly. The smile by its humility pleased Madame de Piennes. She would have liked to find an occasion to serve the poor girl, who had first interested her, but who now excited her pity; for she remarked that the rose-colored capôte had faded and the cashmere shawl had disappeared. No doubt it had returned to the second-hand dealer. It was evident that St. Roch was not paying back a hundredfold the offering made him.

One day Madame de Piennes saw enter St. Roch a bier, followed by a man rather poorly dressed and with no crape on his hat. For more than a month she had not met the young woman of the candle, and the idea came to her that this was her funeral. Nothing was more probable, she was so pale and thin the last time Madame de Piennes saw her. The beadle, questioned, interrogated in his turn the man following the bier. He replied that he was the concierge of a house, Rue Louis-le-Grand, and that one of his tenants dying,—a Madame Guillot, who had no friends nor relations, only a daughter,—he, the concierge, out of pure kindness of heart, was going to the funeral of a person who was nothing whatever to him. Immediately Madame de Piennes imagined that her unknown one had died in misery, leaving a little girl without help; and she promised herself to make inquiries, by means of an ecclesiastic whom she ordinarily employed for her good deeds.

Two days following, a cart athwart the street stopped her carriage for a few seconds, as she was leaving her door. Looking out of the window absent-mindedly, she saw standing against a wall the young girl whom she believed dead. She recognized her without difficulty, although paler and thinner than ever,

dressed in mourning, but shabbily, without gloves or a hat. Her expression was strange. Instead of her habitual smile, her features were all contracted; her great black eyes were haggard; she turned them towards Madame de Piennes, but without recognizing her, for she saw nothing. In her whole countenance was to be read, not grief, but furious determination. The image of the young girl and her desperate expression pursued Madame de Piennes for several hours.

On her return she saw a great crowd in the street. All the porters' wives were at their doors, telling their neighbors some tale that was being listened to with vivid interest. The groups were particularly crowded before a house near to the one in which Madame de Piennes lived. All eyes were turned towards an open window in the third story, and in each little circle one or two arms were raised to point it out to the attention of the public; then all of a sudden the arms would fall towards the ground, and all eyes would follow the movement. Some extraordinary event had happened.

"Ah, madame!" said Mademoiselle Josephine, as she unfastened the shawl of Madame de Piennes, "My blood is all frozen! Never have I seen anything so terrible — that is, I did not see, though I ran to the spot the moment after. But all the same —"

"What has happened? Speak quickly, Mademoiselle."

"Well, madame — three doors from here, a poor young girl threw herself out of the window, not three minutes ago; if madame had arrived a moment earlier, she could have heard the thud."

"Ah, heaven! And the unfortunate thing has killed herself!"

"Madame, it gave one the horrors to look at it. Baptiste, who has been in the wars, said he had never seen anything like it. From the third story, madame!"

"Did the blow kill her?"

"Oh, madame! she was still moving, she talked even. 'I want them to finish me!' she was saying. But her bones were in a jelly. Madame may imagine what a terrible fall it was."

"But the unhappy creature! Did some one go to her relief; was a physician sent for — a priest?"

"A priest, madame knows that as well as I. But if I were a priest — A wretched creature, so abandoned as to kill herself! And besides, she had no behavior, — that is easily seen. She

belonged to the Opera, so they told me: all those girls end badly. She put herself in the window; she tied her skirts with a pink ribbon, and—flop!»

«It is the poor young girl in mourning!» cried Madame de Piennes, speaking to herself.

«Yes, madame: her mother died three or four days ago. It must have turned her head. And with that, her lover perhaps had left her in the lurch. And then rent day came—and no money. And that kind doesn't know how to work.»

«Do you know if the unhappy girl has what she needs in her condition,—linen, a mattress? Find out immediately.»

«I shall go for madame, if madame wishes,» cried the maid; enchanted to think of seeing, close by, a woman who had tried to kill herself. «But,» she added, «I don't know if I should have the strength to look at her,—a woman fallen from the third story! When they bled Baptiste I felt sick: it was stronger than I.»

«Well then, send Baptiste,» cried Madame de Piennes; «but let me know immediately how the poor thing is getting along.»

Luckily her physician, Dr. K——, arrived as she was giving the order. He came to dine with her, according to his custom, every Tuesday, the day for Italian opera.

«Run quick, doctor!»—without giving him time to put down his cane or take off his muffler. «Baptiste will take you. A poor girl has just thrown herself from a third-story window, and she is without attention.»

«Out of the window!» said the doctor. «If it was high, I shall probably have nothing to do.»

At the end of an hour the doctor reappeared, slightly unpowdered, and his handsome jabot of batiste in disorder.

«These people who set out to kill themselves,» he said, «are born with a caul. The other day they brought to my hospital a woman who had sent a pistol shot into her mouth. A poor way! she broke three teeth and made an ugly hole in her left cheek. She will be a little uglier, that is all. This one throws herself from a third-story window. A poor devil of an honest man, falling by accident from a first-story, would break his skull. This girl breaks her leg, has two ribs driven in, and gets the inevitable bruises—and that is all. But the worst of it is, the ratin on this turbot is completely dried up, I fear for the roast, and we shall miss the first act of Othello.»

«And the unfortunate creature — did she tell you what drove her to it?»

«Oh, madame, I never listen to those stories. I ask them, 'Had you eaten before?' and so forth, and so forth, — because that is necessary for the treatment. Parbleu! When one kills one's self, it is because one has some bad reason for it. You lose a sweetheart, a landlord puts you out of doors, — and you jump from the window to get even with him. And one is no sooner in the air than one begins to repent.»

«I hope she repents, poor child.»

«No doubt, no doubt. She cried and made fuss enough to distract me. What makes it the more interesting in her case is, that if she had killed herself she would have been the gainer, in not dying of consumption — for she is consumptive. To be in such a hurry, when all she had to do was to let it come!»

The girl lay on a good bed sent by Madame de Piennes, in a little chamber furnished with three straw-seated chairs and a small table. Horribly pale, with flaming eyes. She had one arm outside of the covering, and the portion of that arm uncovered by the sleeve of her gown was livid and bruised, giving an idea of the state of the rest of her body. When she saw Madame de Piennes, she lifted her head, and said with a sad faint smile: —

«I knew that it was you, madame, who had had pity upon me. They told me your name, and I was sure that it was the lady whom I met near St. Roch.»

«You seem to be in a poor way here, my poor child,» said Madame de Piennes, her eyes traveling over the sad furnishment of the room. «Why did they not send you some curtains? You must ask Baptiste for any little thing you need.»

«You are very good, madame. What do I lack? Nothing. It is all over. A little more or a little less, what difference does it make?»

And turning her head, she began to cry.

«Do you suffer much, my poor child?» said Madame de Piennes, sitting by the bed.

«No, not much. Only I feel all the time in my ears the wind when I was falling, and then the noise — crack! when I fell on the pavement.»

«You were out of your mind then, my dear friend: you repent now, do you not?

«Yes; but when one is unhappy, one cannot keep one's head.»

"I regret not having known your position sooner. But, my child, in no circumstances of life should we abandon ourselves to despair."

"Ah! I do not know," cried the sick girl, "what got into me; there were a hundred reasons if one. First, when mamma died, that was a blow. Then I felt myself abandoned—no one interested in me. And at last, some one of whom I thought more than of all the rest of the world put together—madame, to forget even my name! Yes, I am named Arsène Guillot,—G, u, i, double l: he writes it with a y!"

"And so you have been deceived, poor child?" resumed Madame de Piennes after a moment of silence.

"I? No. How can a miserable girl like myself be deceived? Only he did not care for me any longer. He was right: I am not the kind for him. He was always good and generous. I wrote to him, telling him how it was with me, and if he wished—Then he wrote to me—what hurt me very much.—The other day, when I came back to my room, I let fall a looking-glass that he had given me; a Venetian mirror, he called it. It broke. I said to myself, 'That is the last stroke! That is a sign that all is at an end.' I had nothing more from him. All the jewelry I had pawned. And then I said to myself, that if I destroyed myself that would hurt him, and I would be revenged. The window was open, and I threw myself out of it."

"But, unfortunate creature that you are! the motive was as frivolous as the action was criminal."

"Well—what then? When one is in trouble, one does not reflect. It is very easy for happy people to say, 'Be reasonable.'"

"I know it,—misfortune is a poor counselor; nevertheless, even in the midst of the most painful trials there are things one should not forget. I saw you a short while ago perform an act of piety at St. Roch. You have the happiness to believe. Your religion, my dear, should have restrained you, at the very moment you were abandoning yourself to despair. You received your life from God. It does not belong to you. But I am wrong to scold you now, poor little one. You repent, you suffer: God will have mercy upon you."

Arsène bent her head, and tears moistened her eyelids.

"Ah, madame!" she said with a great sigh, "you believe me to be better than I am.—You believe me to be pious.—I am not

very much so.—I was not taught—and if you saw me at church burning a candle, it was because I—did not know what else to put my wits at."

"Well, my dear, it was a good thought. In misfortune, it is always to God that one must turn."

"They told me—that if I burned a candle to St. Roch— But no, madame, I cannot tell you that. A lady like you does not know what one can do when one has not a sou."

"One must ask God for courage above all."

"Anyway, madame, I do not wish to make myself out better than I am; and it would be stealing to profit by the charity you show me, without knowing what I am. I am an unfortunate girl— But in this world one lives as one can.—To come to an end, madame, I burned a candle because my mother said that when one burned a candle to St. Roch, eight days never passed without finding some one—"

Madame de Piennes with downcast eyes murmured faintly: "Your mother! Poor thing! how can you dare to say it?"

"Oh, my mother was like all mothers—all the mothers of such as we. She supported her mother; I supported her;—fortunately I have no child— I see, madame, that it frightens you—but what would you have? You have been well reared; you have never lacked. When one is rich, it is easy to be honest. As for me, I would have been honest had I had the means. I never loved but one man, and he left me.—See, madame, I am talking to you this way, so frankly, although I see what you think of me; and you are right. But you are the only honest woman I ever talked to in my life—and you look so good—that a while ago I said to myself, 'Even when she knows what I am, she will take pity on me. I am going to die, and I ask of you only one favor: to have a mass said for me in the church where I first saw you. One single prayer, that is all, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart."

"No, you will not die," cried Madame de Piennes, greatly moved. "God will have pity upon you, poor sinful one. You will repent of your faults and he will pardon you. Those who have reared you are more guilty than you are. Only have courage and hope. Try above all to be calmer, my poor child. The body must be cured; the soul is ill too; but I will answer for its cure."

She had risen while speaking, rolling in her fingers a piece of paper that contained a few louis.

« Take this, » she said, « if you have any little fancy — » slipping it under the pillow.

« No, madame! » cried Arsène impetuously, thrusting back the paper: « I do not wish anything from you but what you have promised. Good-by. We shall see one another no more. Have me taken to a hospital, so that I can die without bothering any one. You would never be able to make anything out of me. A great lady like you will have prayed for me; I am content. Adieu. »

And turning around as much as the apparatus that held her to the bed would permit, she hid her head in the pillow, so as to keep from seeing anything further.

« Listen, Arsène, » said Madame de Piennes in a grave tone. « I have plans for you: I want to make an honest woman of you. I have confidence in your repentance. I shall see you often, I shall take care of you. One day you will owe me your self-esteem, » — taking her hand, which she pressed lightly.

« You have touched me, » cried the poor girl, « you have pressed my hand. »

And before Madame de Piennes could withdraw her hand, she seized it and covered it with tears and kisses.

« Calm yourself, calm yourself, my dear, » said Madame de Piennes. « You must not talk any more. Now I know all, and I understand you better than you understand yourself. It is I who am to be the doctor of your head — your poor weak head. And you must obey me — I insist upon that — just like any other doctor. I shall send you in a priest, one of my friends. You must listen to him. I shall choose good books for you; you must read them. We will talk together sometimes. And when you get better, we will busy ourselves about your future. »

The nurse entered, fetching a vial from the druggist. Arsène continued to weep.

Repentance was not difficult for poor Arsène, who, with the exception of a few hours of gross pleasure, had known only the miseries of life.

The poor girl was in a pitiable condition. It was evident that her last hour was near. Her respiration was nothing more than a painful rattle; and Madame de Piennes was told that several times during the morning she had been delirious, and that the physician did not think she could last until the next day. Arsène, however, recognized her protectress and thanked her for coming.

"You will not tire yourself any more by mounting my stairs," she said in a faint voice.

Every word seemed to cost her a painful effort, and exhaust the little strength she had left. They had to bend over her to hear her. Madame de Piennes took her hand; it was already cold and inanimate.

Max arrived shortly after, and silently approached the bed of the dying girl. She made him a slight sign of the head, and noticing that he had a book in his hand,—"You will not read to-day," she murmured faintly.

Abbé Dubignon, who had been all the morning with Arsène, observing with what rapidity her strength was being exhausted, wished to use for her salvation the few moments that yet remained to her. He motioned Madame de Piennes and Max aside; and bending over the bed of suffering, he spoke to the poor girl those solemn and consoling words that religion reserves for such moments. In a corner of the room, madame was on her knees praying; Max, standing at a window, seemed transformed into a statue.

"You pardon all those who have offended you, my daughter?" said the priest in a moved voice.

"Yes. May they be happy," said the dying girl, making an effort to be heard.

"Trust in the mercy of God, my daughter," resumed the Abbé: "repentance opens the gates of heaven."

For several minutes longer the Abbé continued his exhortations; then he ceased to speak, in doubt whether he had not a corpse before him. Madame de Piennes softly arose to her feet, and each one remained for awhile motionless, anxiously looking at the livid face of Arsène. Each one was holding breath, for fear of disturbing the terrible slumber that perhaps had commenced for her; the ticking of a watch on the stand by the bed was distinctly heard in the room.

"She has passed away, the poor young lady," at last said the nurse, after holding her snuff-box before the lips of Arsène: "see, the glass is not dimmed. She is dead."

"Poor child," cried Max, coming out of the stupor in which he seemed sunk, "what happiness has she known in this world!"

Of a sudden, as if recalled by his voice, Arsène opened her eyes: "I have loved," she said in a lifeless voice. "I have loved," she repeated with a sad smile. They were her last words.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by Grace King.

THE MEXICAN NUN

LA MONJA DE MEXICO—JUANA YÑEZ DE LA CRUZ

(1651–1695)

BY JOHN MALONE

WHILE, in the middle of the seventeenth century, that portion of North America which now comprises the United States was unexplored wilderness, the empire of Spain held a brilliant court in the city of the Montezumas. Scholars, artists, and philosophers, boasting the best blood of proud Castilian races, were gathered in the New World about the persons who represented the Crown and its authority. Great must have been the surprise of the learned and able in the imperial city of Madrid, when in 1689, in that city, Maria Luisa, Countess of Parades, wife of the viceroy of Mexico, caused to be published a volume of poems by a native of the wonderful country in which Cortez and his daring followers had set up the triumphant standard of Spain. Still greater was the wonder when upon reading, it was found that these poems of "La Monja de Mexico" (The Mexican Nun) were brilliant enough to compare with any from the pen of the most admired and distinguished authors of the home land. So eagerly was the book read, and so passionately admired, that in three years it went through as many editions, and gained for the cloistered writer the unanimous tribute of the title "La Decima Musa" (The Tenth Muse). Her world called her simply "The Mexican Nun"; but subsequent generations have added to that title the name of "Immortal honor of her sex and native land."

THE MEXICAN NUN

The distinguished Father Luis Morales, abbot of the monastery of San Joaquin in Madrid, who approved the printing of the book, said of

it, «No greater treasure has been wafted by happy breezes from the Indies into Spain.»

The person whose humble state of life was thus glorified bore the name in her convent of Sister Juana Yñez de la Cruz; and was born on the 12th of November 1651, at a country place about forty miles from the City of Mexico, called San Miguel de Nepanthla. Her parents were Don Manuel Asbaje, a gentleman of good rank belonging to the city of Vegara, and Doña Isabel Ramirez de Santillana, a native of the city of Ayacapixtla. As a child the gift of poetry approved itself in this Mexican country girl as early as her eighth year, when it is said she accomplished the marvelous task of writing a dramatic eulogy or «Auto» in honor of the Blessed Sacrament. So earnest was her disposition towards study, that having heard there was a school of sciences in the City of Mexico devoted exclusively to the education of boys, she earnestly begged her father to allow her to assume male attire, and go to Mexico for the purpose of entering this college. Her maternal grandmother, a resident of the City of Mexico, learning of the child's impatience for larger opportunities of study than were afforded by her father's house, obtained permission to take the little one under her own roof and there superintend her education. Finding in her grandmother's house a great store of books, the future poetess eagerly, but with a discrimination beyond the ordinary, absorbed a vast amount of knowledge. Under the direction of Master Olivas, a teacher of Latin grammar, she easily and quickly acquired a knowledge of classical authors, and became proficient as a writer of prose and verse in the speech of Virgil.

The fame of this talented girl soon came to the ears of the viceroy, and caused his lady, the Marquesa de Macera, to bestow upon the young poetess a position in the palace as one of the ladies of honor. While occupying this distinguished place, Juana Yñez gave so great evidence of the pre-eminence of her mental power, and was withal so gentle and attractive, that many noble and brilliant offers of marriage were laid at her feet.

In spite of the great praise and flattering hopes of social rank poured daily down before her, she determined to take up a religious life. In this she was encouraged by the direction and advice of Father Antonio Nuñez, a very learned Jesuit, who was at that time the confessor of the viceroy. Doña Juana at first assumed the habit of the barefooted Carmelites in the convent of San José, of the City of Mexico; but shortly realizing that the rigor of their rule was too great for her, and acting upon the advice of her physician, she removed to the house of the Jeromite nuns, where she made her solemn profession before the end of her eighteenth year. For twenty-seven years she remained in this house, devoted to the study of the Scriptures and sacred theology, as well as mathematics, history, and

poetry. Her collected works, the best edition of which was published in Madrid in the year 1725, in three quarto volumes, show that the power of her Muse extended to all pleasing and soul-elevating topics, whether connected with religion or with social life. Many of her light and humorous sonnets to her private friends reveal the very soul of wit. Her charming comedy on the obligations of hospitality displays a delicate and masterful knowledge of the laws of love and family, as well as of the somewhat severe and complicated rules by which the Spanish comedy of the 'Cloak and Sword' was constructed. So perfect is this social comedy, that it causes one to wonder how this secluded Mexican nun could have acquired a knowledge of the practical needs of the stage as complete as any that illuminated the work of Calderon or of Lope de Vega.

The greatest triumph of her genius, however, is the Corpus Christi play entitled 'The Divine Narcissus'; in which, by a simple yet wonderful allegory, she weaves the fable of the pagan lover into a marvelous broidery of the life and passion of the Christ. The daring of the thought and its treatment is Shakespearean in convincing mastery.

But it was not in her impassioned verse alone that the genius of this remarkable woman found expression. She was an artist in paint as well, and her own exquisitely refined features have been preserved for us by her own hand. The vignette which is here reproduced is after a life-size copy in oil of the portrait that she painted of herself. Beneath it is a Spanish inscription of direct and simple eloquence:—"Faithful copy of another which she herself made and painted with her own hand. The Rev. Mother Juana Yñez de la Cruz, Phœnix of America, glorious perfection of her sex, honor of the nation of the New World, and subject of the admiration and praises of the Old."

This copy was purchased by Dr. Robert H. Lamborn, and placed in his collection of Mexican colonial works of art in Memorial Hall, Philadelphia.

The quiet of the convent walks did not save the poetess from the noise of envy and detraction. Many rude assaults were made upon her name and fame; but her unassuming modesty, her virtue, and her generous and unselfish devotion, drew finally even those who most maligned her into the ranks of her true friends. It was about two years before her death, and while her name and the music of her song were being chanted in a chorus of the highest praise, that she at once and willingly gave up all efforts toward any of the world's works, and under the care of her old confessor, Father Nuñez, devoted herself and her remaining years to the study and hope of eternity. Of this time of her life Father Nuñez said, "She seemed to long for Heaven as the white dove longs for its nest."

The plague broke out in the City of Mexico in the early spring of 1695; and amongst the devoted women of God who went to the care of the sick and dying was Sister Juana Yñez. One day she came back to her cell with the dread infection heavy upon her; and on the 17th of April of this year, having been forty-four years and five months amongst men, her soul departed. Her death was bemoaned by the people of two continents, and her obsequies were attended with almost royal honors.

ON THE CONTRARIETIES OF LOVE

(Second Sonnet)

One loves me though his homage I disdain;
And one for whom I languish mocks my smile.
To double torment thus doth pride beguile.
And make me loathe and love at once in vain;
On him who honors casting wanton stain,
And hazarding to be esteemèd vile
By wooing where I am not sought, the while
I waste the patience of a gentler swain.
So must I fear despite to my good fame;
For here with vanity, with conscience there,
My blushing cheeks betray my needless shame:
'Tis I am guilty towards this guiltless pair.
For shame! to court a light-love's woeful name,
And leave an earnest lover to despair.

LEARNING AND RICHES

Why should the world be apt to censure me?
Wherein have I offended that I sought
To grace my mind with jewels dearly bought,
Nor turned my heart to jeweled vanity?
From greed of riches I am fancy-free;
But deem no work of fancy fairly wrought
Till crowned with diamonds from the mine of thought,
That worth my wealth, not wealth my worth, may be.
I am not Beauty's votary. I know
Her conquests fall a spoil to age at last;

I find no joy in money's gaudy show;
For gold like chaff into the furnace cast
Fits but to feed Art's flame, and keep the glow
Of golden Truth a glory unsurpassed.

DEATH IN YOUTH

I NOTED once a fair Castilian rose,
All blushing with the bloom of life new-born,
Flaunt lovingly her beauty to the morn,
Whose whisper wooed the coy bud to unclose
Her dewy petals to his kiss. "Thy foes,"
I cried, "the cankering elves of darkness, scorn!
The joys of purity thy day adorn,
And guard thee through the night's despoiling woes.
And thus, though withering Death may touch thy leaf,
And in his dusky veil thy fragrance fold,
Thy youth and beauty ever smile at grief.
Thy little life and story quickly told
Make blest the teaching of a sweet belief:
'Tis fairer fortune to die young than old."

THE DIVINE NARCISSUS

A Sacramental Play

[NOTE. — The action begins with a Loa or prologue in which the Western World and America appear as persons habited in the dress of Indians. They are about to offer sacrifice to the god of seed-time, when Zeal, a Spanish soldier, interrupts them, and with his armed companions endeavors to compel them to desist. He is prevented and rebuked by Religion in the person of a virgin, who invites the attention of all to the story of the passion of the Divine Narcissus.

The persons of the play then take the place of those of the Loa. The Hebrew and the Gentile as Synagogue and Gentility, in the guise of nymphs accompanied by an unseen chorus, alternate in songs of praise,— the first to the Divine Narcissus, the Son of God, the second to the spirit of fountains and flowers. Human Nature, another nymph, asks them to reconcile their songs, and declares the divinity of Narcissus and her love for him. Grace, Echo as Angelic Nature, Pride, Self-Love, and other nymphs, together with a band of shepherds and the chorus, take part with Human Nature and her loving Narcissus in acting a beautiful allegory in which the heathen myth is wedded to Christ's passion. Echo, as Angelic Nature, sues in vain for the love of Narcissus, and Human Nature comes to the grove to seek him. On her coming she gives voice to the lament on the following page.]

Enter Human Nature

HUMAN NATURE—

Ah, weary me! my perilous quest
I follow still with faith untired.
My wandering steps may have no rest
Until I find my well-desired,
My loved Narcissus, whom in vain
I seek through shady grove and sunny plain.

Hope leads me to this pleasant glade,
With promise of my lost one's sight.
If I may trust her gentle aid,
His presence caused the sweet delight
Which beams in every fragrant flower,
And sets a-tremble all this leafy bower.

How many days, alas! have I
The woodland, flower by flower, searched
With many a heart-consuming sigh,
By thorns empierced, by slime besmirched;
Each woe to new hope giving birth!
Ages my days, my pilgrimage the earth!

My past declares our sacred troth;
The paths I've trod with ceaseless pain,
My sighs and groans commingling both
With tears that wet my cheeks like rain!
Nay, slavery and prison oft
My unforgetting fealty madly scoffed!

Once was I from his city driven,
E'en by the servants of his power,—
My mantle torn, my sceptre riven.
The watchers of his warden tower
My shoulders scourged with whips of flame,
And thrust me forth with Sin and Evil Fame.

O nymphs, who grace this fair retreat!
Your sympathy I pray impart:
Should you my soul's Beloved meet,
Tell him the longings of my heart;
The patience of my passion tell,
My tortured spirit and my anguish fell.

If sign you need my Loved to know,
His brow is fair as rosy morn,
His bosom whiter than the snow,
With light like that by jasper borne.

His eyes are limpid as the dove's,
And all their deep, unfathomed gleams are Love's.

His breath is like the fragrance thrown
From rarest incense; and his hand
Is jeweled with the jacynth stone,
The badge of Glory's knightly band,
The jewel of the sigh and tear,—
The crest of all who triumph over fear.

He stands as stately as the shaft
That lifts the temple dome on high;
His graceful gestures gently waft
A spell o'er every gazer's eye.
O maids! perfections all combine
To mark the person of my Love divine!—

Among the myriads you will know him
O'er all the better or the worse;
His god-like form will ever show him
The flower of the universe.
No other shepherd is there, here
Or elsewhere, equal to this Shepherd dear!

Then tell me where my soul's adored
His swift and busy footsteps turns!
What shady bower he fleeth toward
When high the midday sunlight burns!
For sad and weary is my heart
With wandering through the forest's every part.

[The action passes naturally to a culmination in the following scene of the resurrection of Narcissus after his supposed death in the fountain.]

Enter about the Fountain, Human Nature *with all the nymphs and shepherds. They bewail the death of Narcissus.* Grace *enters, and addressing* Human Nature, *says:*—

Grace— Why weep you thus so grievously, fair nymph?
What seek you, and what is your cause of woe?

Human Nature—
The Master of my love in vain I seek.
I know not where the jealous Fates have hid
Him from my eager sight.

Grace— Lament not! weep not!
Nor seek among the dead the Eternal One.
Narcissus, thy Beloved, lives.

Narcissus, *brilliantly dressed and crowned as from the Resurrection, enters, accompanied by a troop of rejoicing shepherds.* Human Nature *turns and sees him.*

Narcissus— Fair maid,
Thy pearly tears are precious to my sight,
And melt my heart to pity! Why does grief
Thus flood thy gentle eyes?

Human Nature— I weep, my lord,
For my Narcissus. Oh, could you but tell
Me where to seek for my lost love!

Narcissus— Dear spouse,
Has heaven's glory shining on my brow
So masked me that you know me not?

Human Nature—
O spouse adorable! My joy! My heart
Bows to the earth with its great happiness!
I kiss thy feet.

Narcissus— No, dear one, thou must not!
A little longer must thou wait, for I
Go now to join my Father on his throne.

Human Nature—
Thou wilt leave me here alone? Dear Lord, I faint
To think without thine arm to shelter me
My enemy the serpent may destroy me.

Enter Echo, Pride, *and* Self-Love

Echo— True that! for he has laid in wait for her
With wary cunning for these many years.

[Narcissus rebukes the envious nymphs, and calls on Grace to declare the will of God.]

Narcissus— Then to thy greater pain, since thou canst wish
Such evil to another, know my plan
Of safeguard for my chosen spouse. Speak, Grace,
The meaning of this parable which we
So far have acted. Tell my message.

Grace— List
Ye all! The master I obey.

Echo— Alas!
My woe grows heavier at thy words of dole.

Grace— So shall the beauty of Narcissus bloom
In sovereign state while he enjoys the bliss
Eternally prepared for him, the king
Of happiness, dispenser of all joys,

Perfection's treasurer and crownèd cause
Of wonder-making miracles. The orbs
Whose crystal radiance lights the firmament
Shall be his lofty glory's witnesses;
Their circled courses, as with pens of fire,
Shall write his deeds upon the vast of space;
The splendor of the morning stars, the flame
Of purifying fires, the storm-tossed plumes
Of ocean, the uplifted crags of earth,
And the unceasing music of the winds,
Shall praise him, and from him the myriad suns
And brilliant stars shall proudly borrow light.
The sapphire of the deep and placid lakes,
The pearly radiance of the flying mists,
Shall be the mirrors of his smile; the fields
Shall clothe themselves with flowers, and the peaks
With snow, to imitate his glory.
The wild things of the forest and the air
From den and eyrie shall adore his name.
The silent caverns of the deep shall teem
With servants of his word. The sea itself
Shall pile its jeweled waves aloft to make
The thunderous altars of the choir of storms.
All growing things — the lofty pine, the moss
That clings about the desert rock — shall teach
His worship; him the boundless main declares,
Receiving all the waters of the earth
To give them back in helpful rain as he
Receives in adoration and gives back
In bliss.
And this has ever been since time
And movement of created things began.
For all things hold their being from his care.
Should he not care, chaos would mar the world.
This is the happy year that sways the flowers,
The fear that tells the lily to grow pale
And brings a blush upon the rose.
He came
To see in man, creation's prince, the best
Reflection of himself. God-Man, he saw,
And loved the Godlike image of himself.
Godlike to God the only worth can be.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature.'

KONRAD FERDINAND MEYER

(1825–)

FOREMOST among the German poets and novelists of our time stand the two Swiss writers Gottfried Keller and Konrad Ferdinand Meyer. Strongly contrasted as their lives were in external circumstances, and widely different as were the fields from which they chose their materials, in their artistic aims the two men had much in common. Keller's life was a long battle with small things, and fame was slow in coming; Meyer has led a life of literary leisure, devoted to self-cultivation and indifferent to public recognition. But in the work of each of these poets there is the same perfection of form and fastidious polish of style. Keller is perhaps more rugged and vigorous; Meyer depicts life with the keen insight of a contemplative and poetic student of history. In both cases the treatment is realistic. Keller's, however, is obviously the realism of actual observation and experience; Meyer's is the realism of a plastic mind infusing life into the facts and forms of a bygone age. Together these two men are the chief ornaments of modern Swiss literature.

K. F. MEYER

Konrad Ferdinand Meyer was born at Zürich on October 12th, 1825. His younger years were passed in Geneva and Lausanne, where he acquired command of the French language. For a time it was his intention to study law; but after a brief experience at the University of Zürich, he abandoned the idea. Moved solely by his own inclinations, and for years with no other purpose than the gratification of his own tastes, he devoted himself with scholarly ardor to the study of history. It is a curious instance of a blind impulse guiding genius into its proper course. Still unproductive, he went to Paris in 1857 to pursue his historical studies, and spent the following year in Italy. Since 1875 he has lived at his country home, at Kilchberg near Zürich. His life has been free from sordid cares, and filled chiefly with the joys of scholarly labor and poetic creation.

Meyer had reached the prime of life when he first entered the field of literature. His first public venture was a collection of 'Ballads' which came out in 1867, when their author was in his forty-second year. In 1870 came a volume of poems entitled 'Romances and Pictures.' But it was not until the appearance of 'Hutten's Last Days'—a highly original cycle of poems, half lyric, half epic—that Meyer began to attract attention. This was in 1871; and in the same year the idyllic 'Engelberg' was published. Herein also may be found the epic element which reveals the mind of a poet, whose chief intellectual delight is the study of history.

But it was the long array of his vigorous and brilliant stories that brought to Meyer the full measure of fame he now enjoys. 'Der Heilige' (The Saint), in which is told the story of Thomas Becket, is one of the most finished pieces of historical fiction in German literature. Next in finish of execution to this figure of Becket stands that of the sombre and impressive Dante, into whose mouth, as he sits in the halls of Cangrande, is put the thrilling tale of 'The Monk's Wedding.' This book, which appeared in 1884, and 'The Temptation of Pescara' (1889), may perhaps be singled out as the best of these historical romances; but the list of Meyer's works is a long one, and none of them shows hasty workmanship nor flagging powers; and the public interest remains unabated.

Meyer is a master of clear objective treatment. He never interposes himself, nor intrudes historical information. As the reader accompanies the characters through their experiences, he has only to look about to see how things once appeared, and how men once behaved in the dead days which the poet is re-creating. The thing is presented as the author sees it in his plastic imagination, and the vividness of the impression it conveys is independent of all historical accessories and learned elucidation. Meyer is the veteran chief of German novelistic literature at the end of the nineteenth century.

FROM 'THE MONK'S WEDDING'

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"Is it at all necessary that there should be monks?" whispered a voice out of a dim corner, as if to suggest that any sort of escape from an unnatural condition was a blessing.

The audacious question caused no shock; for at this court the boldest discussion of religious matters was allowed,—yes, smiled upon,—whilst a free or incautious word in regard to the person or policy of the Emperor was certain destruction.

Dante's eyes sought the speaker, and recognized in him a young ecclesiastic whose fingers toyed with the heavy gold cross he wore over his priestly robe.

"Not on my account," said the Florentine deliberately. "May the monks die out as soon as a race is born that understands how to unite justice and mercy — the two highest attributes of the human soul — which seem now to exclude one another. Until that late hour in the world's history may the State administer the one, and the Church the other. Since, however, the exercise of mercy requires a thoroughly unselfish heart, the three monastic vows are not only a proper but essential preparation; for experience has taught that total abnegation is less difficult than a reserved and partial self-surrender."

"Are there not more bad than good monks?" persisted the doubting ecclesiastic.

"No," said Dante, "when we take into consideration human weakness; else there are more unjust than righteous judges, more cowards than brave warriors, more bad men than good."

"And is not this the case?" asked the guest in the dim corner.

"No, certainly not," Dante replied, a heavenly brightness suddenly illuminating his stern features. "Is not philosophy asking and striving to find out how evil came into this world? Had the bad formed the majority, we should, on the contrary, have been asking how good came into the world."

This proud enigmatical remark impressed the party forcibly, but at the same time excited some apprehension lest the Florentine was going deeper into scholasticism instead of relating his story.

Cangrande, seeing his pretty young friend suppress a yawn, said, "Noble Dante, are you to tell us a true story, or will you embellish a legend current among the people; or can you not give us a pure invention out of your own laurel-crowned head?"

Dante replied with slow emphasis, "I evolve my story from an inscription on a grave."

"On a grave!"

"Yes, from an inscription on a gravestone which I read years ago, when with the Franciscans at Padua. The stone was in a corner of the cloister garden, hidden under wild rose-bushes, but still accessible to the novices, if they crept on all fours and did not mind scratching their cheeks with thorns. I ordered the

prior — or, I should say, besought him — to have the puzzling stone removed to the library, and there commended to the interest of a gray-headed custodian.

"What was on the stone?" interposed somewhat listlessly the wife of the Prince.

"The inscription," answered Dante, "was in Latin, and ran thus: —

"'Hic jacet monachus Astorre cum uxore Antiope. Sepeliebat Azzolinus.'"

"What does it mean?" eagerly cried the lady on Cangrande's left.

The Prince fluently translated: —

"Here sleeps the monk Astorre beside his wife Antiope. Both buried by Ezzelin."

"Atrocious tyrant!" exclaimed the impressible maiden: "I am sure he had them buried alive, because they were lovers; and he insulted the poor victims even in their graves, by styling her the 'wife of the monk,' — cruel wretch that he was!"

"Hardly," said Dante: "I construe it quite differently, and according to the history this seems improbable; for Ezzelin's rigor was directed rather against breaches of ecclesiastical discipline. He interested himself little either in the making or breaking of sacred vows. I take the 'sepeliebat' in a friendly sense, and believe the meaning to be that he gave the two burial."

"Right," exclaimed Cangrande. "Florentine, I agree with you! Ezzelin was a born ruler, and as such men usually are, somewhat harsh and violent; but nine-tenths of the crimes imputed to him are inventions — forgeries of the clergy and scandal-loving people."

"Would it were so!" sighed Dante; "at any rate, where he appears upon the stage in my romance, he has not yet become the monster which the chronicle, be it true or false, pictures him to be; his cruelty is only beginning to show itself in certain lines about the mouth."

"A commanding figure," exclaimed Cangrande enthusiastically, desiring to bring him more palpably before the audience, "with black hair bristling round his great brow, as you paint him, in your Twelfth Canto, among the inhabitants of hell. But whence have you taken this dark head?"

"It is yours," replied Dante boldly; and Cangrande felt himself flattered.

"And the rest of the characters in my story," he said with smiling menace, "I will also take from among you, if you will allow me,"—and he turned toward his listeners: "I borrow your names only, leaving untouched what is innermost; for that I cannot read."

"My outward self I lend you gladly," responded the Princess, whose indifference was beginning to yield.

A murmur of intense excitement now ran through the courtly circle, and "Thy story, Dante, thy story!" was heard on all sides.

"Here it is," he said, and began:—

[Dante begins his tale with a description of a bridal party returning in festal barges upon the waters of the Brenta to Padua, where the wedding is to be solemnized. Umberto Vicedomini, with his three sons by a former marriage, and his bride, Diana, occupy one barge; an accident overturns the vessel, and the entire party is drowned, with the exception of Diana, who is rescued by Astorre, Umberto's younger brother. The news of this accident is brought to the aged head of the house of Vicedomini, who thus sees all his hopes of a posterity cut off, for his only surviving son has already assumed monastic vows. Upon his willingness to renounce these vows now depends the future of the house of the Vicedomini. The old man is in the midst of a heated interview with the ruler Ezzelin when Diana enters his chamber.]

Just then he caught sight of his daughter-in-law, who had pressed through the crowd of servants in advance of the monk, and was standing on the threshold. Spite of his physical weakness he rushed towards her, staggering; seized and wrenched her hands apart, as if to make her responsible for the misfortune which had befallen them.

"Where is my son, Diana?" he gasped out.

"He lies in the Brenta," she answered sadly, and her blue eyes grew dim.

"Where are my three grandchildren?"

"In the Brenta," she repeated.

"And you bring me yourself as a gift—you are presented to me?" and the old man laughed discordantly.

"Would that the Almighty," she said slowly, "had drawn me deeper under the waves, and that thy children stood here in my stead!" She was silent; then bursting into sudden anger,—

«Does my presence insult you, and am I a burden to you? Impute the blame to him (pointing to the monk). He drew me from the water when I was already dead, and restored me to life.»

The old man now for the first time perceived his son; and collecting himself quickly, exhibited the powerful will which his bitter grief seemed to have steeled rather than lamed.

«Really — he drew you out of the Brenta? H'm! Strange. The ways of God are marvelous!»

He grasped the monk by the shoulder and arm at once, as if to take possession of him body and soul, and dragged him along to his great chair, into which the old man fell without relaxing his pressure on the arm of his unresisting son. Diana followed, knelt down on the other side of the chair, and leaned her head upon the arm of it, so that only the coil of her blond hair was visible — like some inanimate object. Opposite the group sat Ezzelin, his right hand upon the rolled-up letter, like a commander-in-chief resting upon his staff.

«My son — my own one,» whimpered the dying man, with a tenderness in which truth and cunning mingled, «my last and only consolation! Thou staff and stay of my old age, thou wilt not crumble like dust under my trembling fingers. Thou must understand,» he went on, already in a colder and more practical tone, «that as things are, it is not possible for thee to remain longer in the cloister. It is according to the canons, my son, is it not, that a monk whose father is sick unto death, or impoverished, should withdraw in order to nurse the author of his days, or to till his father's acres? But I need thee even more pressingly: thy brothers and nephews are gone, and now thou must keep the life torch of our house burning. Thou art a little flame I have kindled, and I cannot suffer it to glimmer and die out in a narrow cell. Know one thing»— he had read in the warm brown eyes a genuine sympathy, and the reverent bearing of the monk appeared to promise blind obedience: «I am more ill than you suppose — am I not, Issacher?» He turned to look in the face a spare little man, who, with phial and spoon in his hands, had stept behind the chair of the old Vicedomini, and now bowed his white head in affirmation. «I travel toward the river; but I tell thee, Astorre, if my wish is not granted, thy father will refuse to step into Charon's boat, and will sit cowering on the twilight strand.»

The monk stroked the feverish hand of the old man with tenderness, but answered quietly in two words: "My vows!"

Ezzelin unfolded the letter. "Thy vows," said the old man in a wheedling tone — "loosened strings; filed-away chains. Make a movement and they fall. The Holy Church, to which thy obedience is due, has declared them null and void. There it stands written," and his thin finger pointed to the parchment with the Pope's seal.

The monk approached the governor, took the letter from him respectfully, and read it through, closely watched the while by four eyes. Completely dazed, he took one step backward, as if he were standing on the top of a tower, and all at once saw the rampart give way.

Ezzelin seized the reeling man by the arm with the curt question, "To whom did you make your vows, monk,— to yourself, or to the Church?"

"To both, of course," shrieked the old man angrily: "these are cursed subtleties. Take care, son, or he will reduce us, Vicedomini, to beggary."

Without a trace of feeling or resentment, Ezzelin laid his right hand on his beard and swore — "If Vicedomini dies, the monk here inherits his property; and should the family become extinct with him, if he love me and his native city, he shall found a hospital of such size and grandeur that the hundred cities" (he meant the Italian) "will envy us. Now, godfather, having cleared myself from the charge of rapacity, may I put to the monk a few questions? — have I your permission?"

The fury of the old man now rose to such a pitch as to bring on a fit of convulsions; but even then he did not release the arm of the monk.

Issacher put carefully to the pale lips a spoon filled with some strong-smelling essence. The sufferer turned his head away with an effort. "Leave me in peace," he groaned: "you are the governor's physician as well," and closed his eyes again.

The Jew looked at the tyrant as if to beg forgiveness for this suspicion. "Will he return to life?" asked Ezzelin. "I think so," replied the Jew, "but not for long; I fear he will not live to see the sun go down."

The tyrant took advantage of the moment to speak to the monk, who was exerting himself to the utmost to restore his father.

«And whither do your own thoughts tend, monk?» he inquired.

«They are unchanged and persistent; yet, God forgive me, I would my father never woke again, that I should be forced to oppose him so cruelly. If he had but received extreme unction!»

He kissed passionately the cheek of the fainting man; who thereupon returned to consciousness, and heaving a deep sigh, raised his weary eyelids, from under whose gray bushy brows he directed toward the monk a supplicating look. «How is it?» he asked: «to what hast thou doomed me, dearest,—to heaven, or to hell?»

«Father,» prayed Astorre in a tremulous voice, «thy time has come; only a short hour remains: banish all earthly cares and interests, think of thy soul. See, thy priests» (he meant those of the parish church) «are gathered together waiting to perform the last sacrament.»

It was so! The door of the adjacent room had softly opened, in which the faint glimmer of lighted candles was perceptible, whilst a choir was intoning a prelude, and the gentle vibration of a bell became audible.

Now the old man, who already felt his knees sinking into Lethe's flood, clung to the monk, as once St. Peter to the Savior on the Sea of Gennesaret. «Thou wilt do it for my sake?» he stammered.

«If I could; if I dared,» sighed the monk. «By all that is holy, my father, think on eternity; leave the earthly. Thine hour is come!»

This veiled refusal kindled the last spark of life in the old man to a blaze. «Disobedient, ungrateful one!» he cried.

Astorre beckoned to the priests.

«By all the devils, spare me your kneadings and salvings,» raved the dying man. «I have nothing to gain; I am already like one of the damned, and must remain so in the midst of Paradise, if my son wantonly repudiates me and destroys my germ of life.»

The horror-struck monk, thrilled to the soul by this frightful blasphemy, pictured his father doomed to eternal perdition. (This was his thought, and he was as firmly convinced of the truth of it as I should have been in his place.) He fell on his knees before the old man, and in utter despair, bursting into tears, said: «Father, I beseech thee, have pity on thyself and on me!»

« Let the crafty one go his way,» whispered the tyrant.

The monk did not hear him. Again he gave the astounded priests a sign, and the litany for the dying was about to begin.

At this the old man doubled himself up like a refractory child, and shook his head.

« Let the sly fox go where he must,» admonished Ezzelin in a louder tone.

« Father, father!» sobbed the monk, his whole soul dissolved in pity.

« Illustrious signor and Christian brother,» said the priest with unsteady voice, « are you in the frame of mind to meet your Creator and Savior?» The old man took no notice.

«Are you firm as a believer in the Holy Trinity? Answer me, signor,» said the priest; and then turned pale as a sheet, for « Cursed and denied be it for ever and ever,» fell from the dying man's lips. « Cursed and — »

« No more,» cried the monk, springing to his feet. « Father, I resign myself to thy will. Do with me what you choose, if only you will not throw yourself into the flames of hell.»

The old man gasped as after some terrible exertion; then gazed about him with an air of relief,— I had almost said, of pleasure. Groping, he seized the blond hair of Diana, lifted her up from her knees, took her right hand,— which she did not refuse,— opened the cramped hand of the monk, and laid the two together.

« Binding, in presence of the most holy sacrament!» he exclaimed triumphantly, and blessed the pair. The monk did not gainsay it; while Diana closed her eyes.

« Now quick, reverend fathers: there is need of haste, I think, and I am now in a Christian frame of mind.»

The monk and his affianced bride would fain have stepped behind the train of priests. « Stay,» muttered the dying man; « stay where my comforted eyes may look upon you until they close in death.» Astorre and Diana were thus with clasped hands obliged to wait and watch the expiring glance of the obstinate old man.

The latter murmured a short confession, received the last sacrament, and breathed his final breath as they were anointing his feet, while the priests uttered in his already deaf ears those sublime words, « Rise, Christian Soul.» The dead face bore the unmistakable expression of triumphant cunning.

The tyrant sat, whilst all around were upon their knees; and with calm attention observed the performance of the sacred office, much like a savant studying on a sarcophagus the representation of some religious rites of an ancient people. He now approached the dead man and closed his eyes.

He then turned to Diana. «Noble lady,» said he, «let us go home: your parents, even if assured of your safety, will long to see you.»

«Prince, I thank you, and will follow,» she answered; but she did not withdraw her hand from that of the monk, whose eyes until then she had avoided. Now she looked her betrothed full in the face, and said in a deep but melodious voice, whilst her cheeks glowed:—«My lord and master, we could not let your father's soul perish: thus have I become yours. Hold your faith to me better than to the cloister. Your brother did not love me; forgive me for saying it,—I speak the simple truth. You will have in me a good and obedient wife; but I have two peculiarities which you must treat with indulgence. I am hot with anger if any attack is made on my honor or my rights, and I am most exacting in regard to the fulfillment of a promise once made. Even as a child I was so. I have few wishes, and desire nothing unreasonable: but when a thing has once been shown and promised me, I insist upon possessing it; and I lose my faith, and resent injustice more than other women, if the promise I have received is not faithfully kept. But how can I allow myself to talk in this way to you, my lord, whom I scarcely know? I have done. Farewell, my husband; grant me nine days to mourn your brother.» At this she slowly released her hand from his and disappeared with the tyrant.

Meanwhile the band of priests had borne away the corpse to place it upon a bier in the palace chapel, and to bless it.

[In thus yielding to his father's importunities Astorre has weakened the mainstays of his character; and if one vow may be broken, so may another also. He loves a fair shy girl, Antiope, and marries her; but the imperious and implacable Diana insists upon her prior rights. Contemptuously she condescends to return her betrothal ring if Antiope will come to her in humble supplication. Astorre's sense of justice leads him to give his consent to this humiliation, and Antiope now prepares to obey his wishes. This brings about the final catastrophe.]

Antiope now hastily completed her toilet. Even the frivolous Sotte was frightened at the pallor of the face reflected in the

glass. There was no sign of life in it, save the terror in the eyes and the glistening of the firmly set teeth. A red stripe, caused by Diana's blow, was visible upon her white brow.

When at last arrayed, Astorre's wife rose with beating pulse and throbbing temples; and leaving her safe chamber, hurried through the halls to find Diana. She was urged on by the excitement of both hope and fear. She would fly back jubilantly, after she had recovered the ring, to meet her husband, whom she wished to spare the sight of her humiliation.

Soon among the masqueraders she distinguished the conspicuous figure of the goddess of the chase, recognized her enemy, and followed, as with measured steps she passed through the main hall and retired into one of the dimly lighted small side rooms. It seemed the goddess desired not public humiliation, but lowliness of heart.

Quickly Antiope bowed before Diana, and forced her lips to utter, «Will you give me the ring?» while she touched the powerful finger.

«Humbly and penitently?» asked Diana.

«How else?» the unhappy child said feverishly. «But you trifle with me; cruelly—you have doubled up your finger!»

Whether Antiope imagined it, or whether Diana really was trifling with her, a finger is so easily curved! Cangrande, you have accused me of injustice. I will not decide.

Enough! the Vicedomini raised her willowy figure, and with flaming eyes fixed on the severe face of Diana, cried out, «Will you torture a wife, maiden?» Then she bent down again, and tried with both hands to pull the ring off her finger. Like a flash of lightning a sharp pain went through her. The avenging Diana, while surrendering to her the left hand, had with the right drawn an arrow from her quiver and plunged it into Antiope's heart. She swayed first to the left, then to the right, turned a little, and fell with the arrow still deep in her warm flesh.

The monk, who, after bidding farewell to his rustic guests, hastened back and eagerly sought his wife, found her lifeless. With a shriek of horror he threw himself upon her and drew the arrow from her side; a stream of blood followed. Astorre dropped senseless.

When he recovered from his swoon, Germano was standing over him with crossed arms. «Are you the murderer?» asked

the monk. «I murder no women,» replied the other sadly. «It is my sister who has demanded justice.»

Astorre groped for the arrow and found it. Springing up with a bound, and grasping the long weapon with the bloody point, he fell in blind rage upon his old playfellow. The warrior shuddered slightly before the ghastly figure in black, with disheveled hair, and crimson-stained arrow in his hand.

He retreated a step. Drawing the short sword which in place of armor he was wearing, and warding off the arrow with it, he said compassionately, «Go back to your cloister, Astorre, which you should never have left.»

Suddenly he perceived the tyrant, who, followed by the entire company, was just entering the door opposite to them.

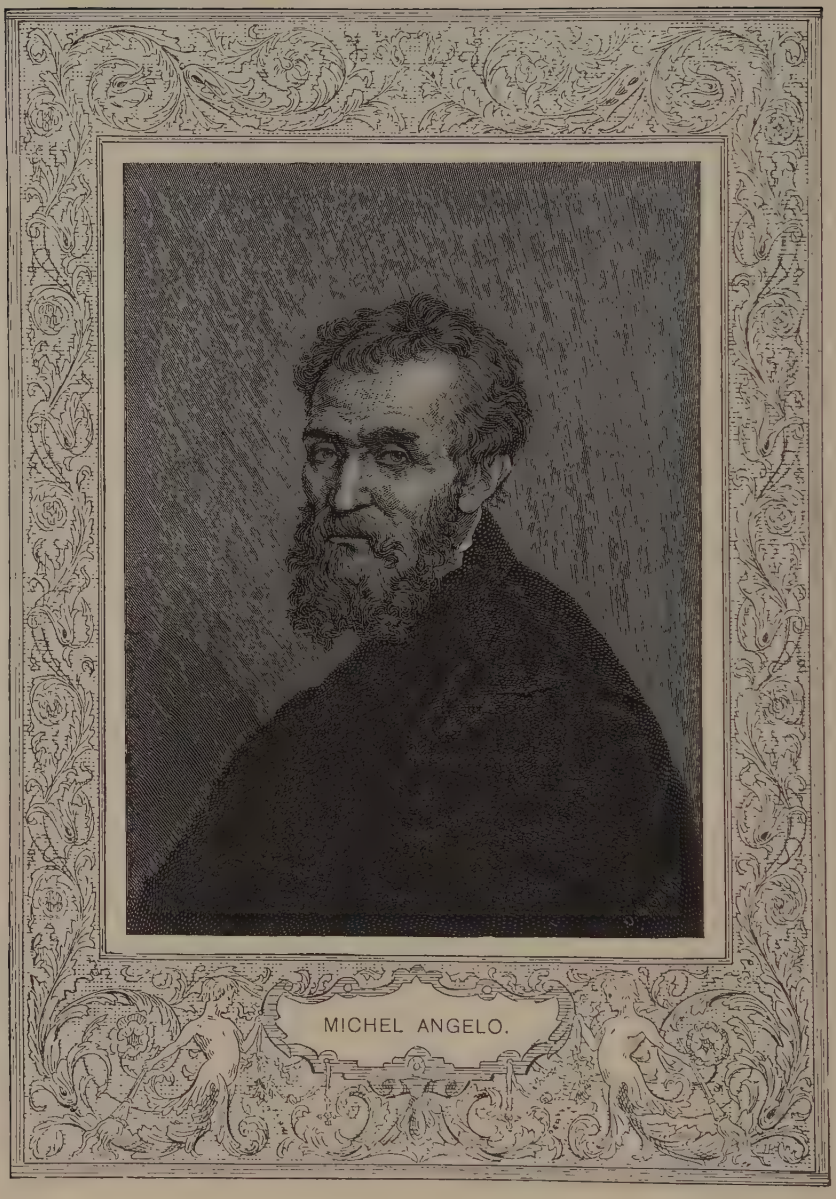
Ezzelin stretched out his right hand and commanded peace. Germano dutifully lowered his weapon before his chief. The infuriated monk seized the moment, and plunged the arrow into the breast of the knight, whose eyes were directed toward Ezzelin. But he also met his death pierced by the soldier's sword, which had been raised again with the speed of lightning.

Germano sank to the ground. The monk, supported by Ascanio, made a few tottering steps toward his wife, and laying himself by her side, mouth to mouth, expired.

The wedding guests gathered about the husband and wife. Ezzelin gazed upon them for a moment; then knelt upon one knee, and closed first Antiope's and then Astorre's eyes. In the hush, through the open windows came the sound of revelry. Out of the darkness was heard the words, «Now slumbers the monk Astorre beside his wife Antiope,» and a distant shout of laughter.

Dante arose. «I have paid for my place by the fire,» he said, «and will now seek the blessing of sleep. May the God of peace be with you!» He turned and stepped toward the door, which the page had opened. All eyes followed him, as by the dim light of a flickering torch he slowly ascended the staircase.

Translation of Miss Sarah Holland Adams.



MICHEL ANGELO.

MICHEL ANGELO

(1475–1564)

THE most famous of Florentine artists, whose literary fame rests on his sonnets and his letters, was born in Caprese, Italy, March 6th, 1475. His father was Ludovico Buonarotti, a poor gentleman of Florence, who loved to boast that he had never added to his impoverished estates by mercantile pursuits. The story of Michel Angelo's career as painter, sculptor, and architect, belongs to the history of art. Under the patronage of Lorenzo de' Medici, Angelo Doni, Pope Julius II., and Pope Paul III., his genius flowered. In the decoration of the Sistine Chapel he seems to have put forth his greatest energy both as poet and as painter. He described the discomforts of working on this ceiling in a humorous sonnet addressed to Giovanni da Pistoja; on the margin of which he drew a little caricature of himself, lying upon his back and using his brush. For a long time after these paintings were completed, he could read only by holding the page above his head and raising his eyes. His impaired sight occasioned a medical treatise on the eyes, which is preserved in the MSS. of the Vatican. The twelve years between 1522 and 1534 he spent in Florence, occupied with sculpture and architecture, under the capricious patronage of the Medici family.

His fine allegory of Night, sculptured upon the Medici tomb, was celebrated in verse by the poets of the day. To Strozzi this quatrain is attributed:—

«La Notte, che tu vedi in si dolci atti
Dormire, fu da un angelo scolpita
In questo sasso: e perche dorme, ha vita;
Destala, se no'l credi, e parleratti.»

[This Night, which you see sleeping in such sweet abandon, was sculptured by an angel. She is living, although she sleeps in marble. If you doubt, wake her: she then will speak.]

Michel Angelo replied thus:—

«Grato mi e il sonno, e piu d'esser di sasso;
Mentre che il danno e la vergogna dura,
Non veder, non sentir m'e gran ventura;
Pero non mi destar; deh! parla basso.»

[It is sweet to sleep, sweeter to be of marble. While evil and shame live, it is my happiness to hear nothing and to feel nothing. Ah! speak softly, and wake me not.]

In 1535 he removed to Rome, where he spent the rest of his life; dying there in 1564 at the ripe age of eighty-nine. During this period he executed the 'Last Judgment,' and built the Farnese Palace.

Although Symonds considers his literary work merely "a scholastic exercise upon the emotions," and says that "his stock in trade consists of a few Platonic notions and a few Petrarchian antitheses," the Italian critics place Michel Angelo's sonnets immediately after those of Dante and Petrarch. It may be mentioned here that the sculptor was a devoted student of Dante, as his sonnets to the great poet show. Not only did he translate into painting much symbolical imagery of the 'Inferno,' but he illustrated the 'Divina Commedia' in a magnificent series of drawings, which unfortunately perished at sea. The popular interest in so universal a genius lies not in descriptions of his personality and traits of character, but in his theories of art and life, and in those psychological moods which explain the source of the intellectual and spiritual power expressed in his mystical conceptions. These moods have free utterance in his poems, written at all periods of his life.

The name most frequently associated with his poetry is that of Vittoria Colonna, Marchesa di Pescara, whom he met in Rome after he had passed the meridian of life. She had been for two years a widow; and refusing to reward Michel Angelo's devotion by the gift of her hand, finally entered a convent. Their friendship lasted from 1527 to her death in 1547. Whether she was the Egeria of his spiritual life, or a romantic love, has long been the subject of critical speculation. The first editor of Michel Angelo's poems attributed most of his sonnets and madrigals to her inspiration; but only a few may be thus credited with certainty. His extravagant admiration for Tommaso dei Cavalieri, a young Roman gentleman of extraordinary physical beauty and grace of manner,—the only person of whom Michel Angelo ever drew a cartoon portrait,—is expressed with as much devotion. Symonds speaks thus of Michel Angelo's ambiguous beauty-worship: "Whether a man or a woman is in the case (for both were probably the objects of his æsthetical admiration), the tone of feeling, the language, and the philosophy do not vary. He uses the same imagery, the same conceits, the same abstract ideas, for both sexes; and adapts the leading motive which he had invented for a person of one sex to a person of the other when it suits his purpose." In his art too is found no imaginative feeling for what is specifically feminine. With few exceptions, his women, as compared with those of Raphael, Correggio, Titian, and Tintoretto, are really colossal companions for primeval gods; such as, for example, his Sibyls and Fates, which are Titanic in their majesty. Although tranquil women of maturity exist by means of his marvelous brush and chisel, to woman in the magic of youthful beauty his art seems insensible.

The inference is, that emotionally he never feels the feminine spirit, and reverences alone that of eternal and abstract beauty.

The literature that clusters around the name of Michel Angelo is enormous. The chief storehouse of material is preserved in the Casa Buonarotti in Florence. This consists of letters, poems, and memoranda in Michel Angelo's autograph; copies of his sonnets made by his grandnephew and Michel Angelo the younger; and his correspondence with famous contemporaries. In 1859 the British Museum purchased a large manuscript collection of memoranda, used first by Hermann Grimm in his 'Leben Michelangelos' (1860), the fifth edition of which was published in Hanover in 1875. Public and private libraries possess valuable data and manuscripts, more or less employed by the latest biographers. To celebrate Michel Angelo's fourth centenary, a volume of his 'Letters' was edited by Gaetano Milanesi and published in Florence in 1875. The first edition of the artist's poems was published in 1623 by Michel Angelo the younger, as 'Le Rime di Michelangelo Buonarotti'; and they were known only to the world in this distorted form until 1863, when a new edition was brought out in Florence by Cesare Guasti. This is considered the first classical and valuable presentation of his poetry. The earliest lives of Michel Angelo are by Vasari, in his first edition of the 'Lives of Italian Artists,' published in 1550, enlarged and republished in 1579; and by Condovi, who published his biography in 1553, while his master was still living. Other important biographies are by Aurelio Gotti in two volumes (Florence, 1875); by Charles Heath Wilson (London, 1876); and by John Addington Symonds (two volumes, London, 1892), which contains a bibliography, a portrait, and valuable guidance for research upon Michel Angelo's genius, works, and character. The same author translated his sonnets, and published them with those of Campanella (London, 1878). His translations are used in the following selections.

A PRAYER FOR STRENGTH

BURDENED with years and full of sinfulness,
With evil custom grown inveterate,
Both deaths I dread that close before me wait,
Yet feed my heart on poisonous thoughts no less.
No strength I find in my own feebleness
To change or life, or love, or use, or fate,
Unless Thy heavenly guidance come, though late,
Which only helps and stays our nothingness.

'Tis not enough, dear Lord, to make me yearn
For that celestial home where yet my soul
May be new-made, and not, as erst, of naught:
Nay, ere thou strip her mortal vestment, turn
My steps toward the steep ascent, that whole
And pure before thy face she may be brought.

THE IMPEACHMENT OF NIGHT

WHAT time bright Phœbus doth not stretch and bend
His shining arms around this terrene sphere,
The people call that season dark and drear,
Night,—for the cause they do not comprehend.
So weak is Night that if our hand extend
A glimmering torch, her shadows disappear,
Leaving her dead; like frailest gossamere,
Tinder and steel her mantle rive and rend.
Nay, if this Night be anything at all,
Sure she is daughter of the sun and earth;
This holds, the other spreads that shadowy pall.
Howbeit, they err who praise this gloomy birth,
So frail and desolate and void of mirth
That one poor firefly can her might appall.

LOVE, THE LIFE-GIVER

To Tommaso de' Cavalieri

WITH your fair eyes a charming light I see,
For which my own blind eyes would peer in vain;
Stayed by your feet, the burden I sustain
Which my lame feet find all too strong for me;
Wingless, upon your pinions forth I fly;
Heavenward your spirit stirreth me to strain,
E'en as you will, I blush and blanch again,
Freeze in the sun, burn 'neath a frosty sky.
Your will includes and is the lord of mine;
Life to my thoughts within your heart is given;
My words begin to breathe upon your breath:
Like to the moon am I, that cannot shine
Alone; for lo! our eyes see naught in heaven
Save what the living sun illumineth.

IRREPARABLE LOSS

After the Death of Vittoria Colonna

When my rude hammer to the stubborn stone
Gives human shape, now that, now this, at will,
Following his hand who wields and guides it still,
It moves upon another's feet alone:
But that which dwells in heaven, the world doth fill
With beauty by pure motions of its own;
And since tools fashion tools which else were none,
Its life makes all that lives with living skill.
Now, for that every stroke excels the more
The higher at the forge it doth ascend,
Her soul that fashioned mine hath sought the skies:
Wherefore unfinished I must meet my end,
If God, the great Artificer, denies
That aid which was unique on earth before.

JULES MICHELET

(1798–1874)

BY GRACE KING

MICHELET said of himself: «My book created me; it was I that was its work.» The book he referred to was his 'Histoire de France,' in sixteen volumes, the laborious task of forty years; the work of his life, the work that was his life. His other books were accessory to it; the sprouts, as it were, from its roots in the over-rich soil of his mind. «I have been much favored by destiny,» he continued. «I have possessed two rare gifts which have made this work: First, liberty, which was the soul of it; then, useful duties, which, by dragging it out and retarding its execution, made it more reflective and stronger, — gave it the solidity, the robust foundation of time. . . I was free, by my solitude, by my poverty, and by my teaching. . . . I had but one master, Vico. His principle of vital force — Humanity, which created itself — made my book and made my education.»

JULES MICHELET

Michelet's life confirms this personal testimony. He was born in 1798, of humble parentage; and his childhood was a hard, sad, poverty-stricken one. His father and uncle were printers; and he himself, as soon as he was old enough, was apprenticed to the same trade. But at the same time he began his other apprenticeship to the spiritual head of printing, — Literature; and while learning to set type he made his first efforts at study under an old librarian, an ex-schoolmaster. It was proposed to his family to enter him in the «Imprimerie Royale.» This his father not only refused, but on the contrary employed his last meagre resources to enter the youth in the Lycée Charlemagne. Here Michelet began his career at once by hard study, and received his degree in 1821 after passing a brilliant examination. This obtained for him a professorship of history in the Collège Rollin, where he remained until 1826. His first writings date from this period, and were sketches and chronological tables of modern history. Although elementary in

character and purpose, and precise in style, they give evidence of the latent tendencies, the personal coloring, which became the distinguishing force of his later work. In 1827 he was appointed «Maître de Conférences» at the École Normale; and in 1831 he wrote an 'Introduction to Universal History,' in which his literary originality appears still more marked, and his confidence in his own erudition assured.

The revolution of 1830, by putting in power his old professors, Guizot and Villemain, secured him the position of «Chef de la Section Historiques aux Archives»; and he became Guizot's deputy in the professorship of history in the University. He also obtained a chair of history in the Collège de France, from which he delivered a course of lectures, attended by all the students of the day. It was from this chair that he also gained popular acclamation by his attack upon ecclesiasticism and the Jesuits, denouncing the latter for their intrigues and encroachments. The 'History of France' had already been begun in 1833. The results of his lectures were published in 1843 as 'Le Prêtre' (The Priest), 'La Femme' (Woman), 'La Famille' (The Family), 'Le Peuple' (The People). By the influence of the clergy, Michelet's course of lectures was suspended, and his career seemed permanently arrested. The revolution of 1848 favored him, and he could have obtained reinstatement in his chair; but he refused to avail himself of the opportunity, having resolved to devote himself thenceforth to his studies and his work. As he has said, his history henceforth became his life; interrupted again and again by other work, but always resumed with increasing ardor and passion. «Augustin Thierry,» he said, «called history narrative; Guizot called it analysis: but I call it resurrection.» And to quote him again, as his own master authority:—«I had a fine disease that clouded my youth, but one very proper to a historian. I loved death. I lived nine years at the gates of Père la Chaise, and there was my only promenade. Then I lived near La Bièvre, in the midst of great convent gardens; more tombs. I lived a life that the world would have called buried, with no society but the past, my only friends buried people. The gift that St. Louis asked, and did not obtain, I had,—the gift of tears. All those I wept over—peoples and gods—revived for me. I had no other art.»

All the criticism that has been written about Michelet is little more than sermons from this text, furnished by himself. In it he himself furnishes all the commentary needed upon his work; it is a *résumé* of all his talent, and of his faults,—which are only the faults of this talent, as Taine points out. Michelet's exalted sensibility he calls «imagination of the heart.» To summarize Taine's conclusions:

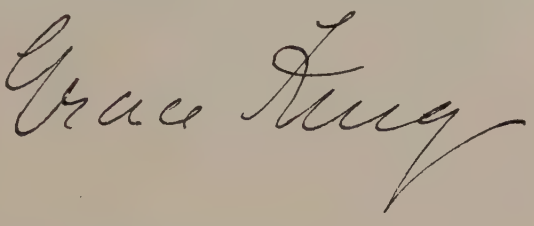
«His impressionable imagination is touched by general as well as by particular facts, and he sympathizes with the life of centuries as with the life of

men. He sees the passions of an epoch as clearly as the passions of a man, and paints the Middle Age or the Renaissance with as much vivacity as Philippe le Bel or François I. . . . Every picture or print he sees, every document he reads, touches and impresses his imagination; vividly moved and eloquent himself, he cannot fail to move others. His book, the 'History,' seizes the mind fast at the first page; in vain you try to resist it, you read to the end. You think of the dialogue where Plato describes the god drawing to himself the soul of the poet, and the soul of the poet drawing to himself the souls of his auditors. . . . Is it possible, where facts and men impress themselves so vividly upon an inflamed imagination, to keep the tone of narration? No, the author ends by believing them real;—he sees them alive, he speaks to them. Michelet's emotions thus become his convictions; history unrolls before him like a vision, and his language rises to Apocalyptic.»

In his first design or vision of the 'History of France,' Michelet saw men and facts not chained to one another, and to past and future, by chains of logical sequence,—he saw them as episodes rising in each period to a culminating and dramatic point of interest; and however interrupted his work was, he pursued his original design. Hence his volumes bear the titles of episodes: 'The Renaissance,' 'The Reformation,' 'Religious Wars,' 'The League and Henry IV.,' 'Henry IV. and Richelieu,' 'Richelieu and the Fronde,' 'Louis XIV.,' 'The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes,' 'Louis XV.,' 'Louis XV. and Louis XVI.,' 'The French Revolution.' The Renaissance he incarnated in Michel Angelo, the Revolution in Danton. He in fact breathed a human soul into every epoch, period, and event that came under his pen: and «a soul,» he says, «weighs infinitely more than a kingdom or an empire; at times, more than the human race.» «He wrote as Delacroix painted,» Taine says: «risking the crudest coloring; seeking means of expression in the gutter mud itself; borrowing from the language of medicine, and the slang of the vulgar, details and terms which shock and frighten one.» His prolific suggestions swarm and multiply over the diseased tissue of a character, in the tainted spot of a heart, until, as in the description of the moral decadence of Louis XV., the imaginative reader shudders and stops reading; for suggestion has suggested what it is unbearable to think.

It is to the perfect happiness of his marriage to a second wife—an incomparable companion—that we owe that series of books whose dithyrambic strains were poured out under the silvery light of a continuous honey-moon, as a biographer expresses it: 'L'Oiseau,' 'L'Insecte,' 'L'Amour,' 'La Mer,' to which later a fifth, 'La Montagne,' was added; and which Taine says adds him to the three great poets of France during the century,—De Musset, Lamartine, and Hugo: «for art and genius, his prose is worth their poetry.» The 'Bible of Humanity' and some volumes of collected essays complete the series of his published writings.

In 1870 the Franco-Prussian war called out his 'France before Europe,' a passionate appeal to the common fraternity of all peoples. He was ardently engaged upon a history of the nineteenth century, his last return to his 'History of France,' when he died in 1874 of heart disease contracted during the Prussian invasion of his country. He lies buried in Père la Chaise, where in youth he used to wander among the dead he loved so well; who, responding to the passionate evocation of his imagination, resumed their being before his mental vision with such vivified reality, that in their turn they evoked from his heart the genius that was henceforth to be his life.



THE DEATH OF JEANNE D'ARC

From the 'History of France'

The end of the sad journey was the Vieux-Marché, the fish-market. Three scaffolds had been erected. Upon one were the episcopal and royal chairs, and the throne of the cardinal of England amid the seats of his prelates. On the other were to figure the personages of the dismal drama: the preacher, the judges, the bailiff, and lastly the condemned one. Apart was seen a large scaffold of masonry, loaded and overloaded with wood. As to the pyre, there was nothing to complain of: it frightened by its height. This was not merely to make the execution more solemn: there was an intention in it; it was that the pile being built so high, the executioner could only reach the bottom portion to light it, and thus he could not abridge the martyrdom nor expedite the end, as he sometimes did to others, sparing them the flame. Here there was no idea of defrauding justice, or giving a dead body to the fire; they wished her to be well burned, alive, and so that, placed on the summit of this mountain of wood, and dominating the circle of lances and swords around her, she could be seen from all parts of the place. Slowly burned under the eyes of a curious crowd, there was reason to believe that at the end she would be surprised into some weakness, that something would escape her that might pass as a disavowal; at the least, confused words to be interpreted, low prayers, humiliating cries for mercy, as from a distracted woman.

The ghastly ceremony began by a sermon. Master Nicolay Midy, one of the lights of the University of Paris, preached on this edifying text: "When a member of the Church is ill, the whole Church is ill." This poor Church could only cure itself by cutting off a member. He concluded by the formula, "Jeanne, go in peace: the Church cannot defend you."

Then the judge of the Church, the bishop of Beauvais, benignly exhorted her to think of her soul, and to recall all her misdeeds in order to excite herself to contrition. The Assertors had judged that it was according to law to read to her her abjuration: the bishop did not do anything of the kind,—he feared her denials, her reclamations. But the poor girl did not dream of thus quibbling for her life: she had far other thoughts. Before they could even exhort her to contrition, she was on her knees invoking God, the Virgin, St. Michael, and St. Catherine; forgiving everybody, and asking forgiveness; saying to the assistants, "Pray for me." She requested each of the priests, particularly, to say a mass for her soul. All this in such a devout fashion, so humble, so touching, that emotion spreading, no one could control himself: the bishop of Beauvais began to weep, he of Boulogne sobbed; and behold the English themselves crying and weeping also—Winchester with the others.

But the judges, who had for a moment lost countenance, recovered and hardened themselves. The bishop of Beauvais, wiping his eyes, began to read the condemnation. He reminded the culprit of her crimes,—schism, idolatry, invocation of demons; how she had been admitted to penitence; and how, seduced by the Prince of Lies, she had fallen again—oh sorrow!—like the dog which returns to his vomit. "Therefore we pronounce you a rotten member, and as such, cut off from the Church. We deliver you over to the secular power, praying it nevertheless to moderate its judgment, by sparing you death and the mutilation of your members."

Thus forsaken by the Church, she committed herself in all confidence to God. She asked for the cross. An Englishman passed to her a cross, which he made of sticks: she received it none the less devoutly; she kissed it, and placed it, this rough cross, beneath her clothes and on her flesh. But she wished to hold the Church's cross before her eyes till death; and the good bailiff Massieu and brother Isambart were so moved by her insistence that they brought her that of the parish church of Saint-Sauveur. As she was embracing this cross and being

couraged by Isambart, the English began to find all this very long: it must be at least midday; the soldiers grumbled, the captains said, "How, priest, will you make us dine here?" Then losing patience, and not awaiting the order of the bailiff, who nevertheless alone had authority to send her to death, they made two soldiers climb up to remove her out of the priests' hands. At the foot of the tribunal she was seized by armed men, who dragged her to the executioner and said to him, "Do your work." This fury of the soldiers caused horror; several of the assistants, even the judges, fled in order not to see more. When she found herself below in the open square amid these Englishmen, who laid hands on her, nature suffered and the flesh was troubled; she cried anew, "O Rouen! you will then be my last dwelling-place." She said no more, and sinned not by her lips even in this moment of terror and trouble; she accused neither her king nor his saints. But, the top of the pile reached, seeing that great city, that immovable and silent crowd, she could not keep from saying, "O Rouen! Rouen! I have a great fear that you will have to suffer for my death!" She who had saved the people and whom the people abandoned, expressed in dying only admirable sweetness of soul, only compassion for them. She was tied beneath the infamous writing, crowned with a mitre, on which was to be read, "Heretic, pervert, apostate, idolater"—and then the executioner lighted the fire. She saw it from above, and uttered a cry. Then, as the brother who was exhorting her paid no attention to the flames, she feared for him; forgetting herself, she made him go down.

Which well proves that up to then she had retracted nothing expressedly; and that the unfortunate Cauchon was obliged, no doubt by the high Satanic will which presided, to come to the foot of the pyre, to front the face of his victim, to try to draw out some word. He only obtained one despairing one. She said to him with sweetness what she had already said: "Bishop, I die by your hand. If you had put me in the Church's prisons this would not have happened." They had doubtless hoped that believing herself abandoned by her king, she would at the last accuse him, say something against him. She still defended him. "Whether I did well or ill, my king had nothing to do with it; it was not he who counseled me."

But the flame rose. At the moment it touched her, the unfortunate one shuddered, and asked for holy water; for water—

it was apparently the cry of fright. But recovering herself instantly, she no longer named any but God, his angels and his saints. She testified, "Yes, my voices were from God; my voices did not deceive me!" This vanishing of all doubt, in the flames, should make us believe that she accepted death as the deliverance promised; that she no longer understood salvation in a Judaistic and material sense, as she had done till then; that she saw clear at last, and that coming out of the shadows, she obtained that which she still lacked of light and holiness.

Ten thousand men wept. A secretary of the King of England said aloud, on returning from the execution, "We are lost: we have burned a saint!" This word escaped from an enemy is none the less grave. It will remain. The future will not contradict it. Yes, according to Religion, according to Patriotism, Jeanne d'Arc was a saint.

What legend more beautiful than this incontestable history! But we should take care not to make a legend of it: every feature, even the most human, should be piously preserved; the touching and terrible reality of it should be respected. Let the spirit of romance touch it if it dare: poetry never will do it. And what could it add? The idea which all during the Middle Ages it had followed from legend to legend — this idea was found at last to be a person; this dream was tangible. The helping Virgin of battles, upon whom the soldiers called, whom they awaited from on high — she was here below. In whom! This is the marvel. In that which was despised, in that which was of the humblest, — in a child, in a simple girl of the fields, of the poor people of France. For there was a people, there was a France. This last figure of their Past was also the first of the time that was beginning. In her appeared at the same time the Virgin and already the country.

Such is the poetry of this great fact; such is the philosophy, the high truth of it. But the historical reality is not the less certain; it was only too positively and too cruelly established. This living enigma, this mysterious creature whom all judged to be supernatural, this angel or demon who according to some would fly away some morning, was found to be a young woman, a young girl: she had no wings, but, attached like us to a mortal body, she was to suffer, die; and what a hideous death! But it is just in this reality, which seems degrading, in this sad trial of nature, that the ideal is found again and shines out. The

contemporaries themselves recognized in it Christ among the Pharisees. Yet we should see in it still another thing: the passion of the Virgin, the martyrdom of purity.

There have been many martyrs; history cites innumerable ones, more or less pure, more or less glorious. Pride has had its own, and hatred, and the spirit of dispute. No century has lacked fighting martyrs, who no doubt died with good grace when they could not kill. These fanatics have nothing to see here. The holy maid is not of them; she had a different sign,—goodness, charity, sweetness of soul. She had the gentleness of the ancient martyrs, but with a difference. The early Christians only remained sweet and pure by fleeing from action, by sparing themselves the struggle and trial of the world. This one remained sweet in the bitterest struggle of good amid the bad; peaceful even in war,—that triumph of the Devil,—she carried into it the spirit of God. She took arms when she knew "the pity there was in the kingdom of France." She could not see French blood flow. This tenderness of heart she had for all men; she wept after victories, and nursed the wounded English. Purity, sweetness, heroic goodness—that these supreme beauties of soul should be met in a girl of France may astonish strangers, who only like to judge our nation by the lightness of its manners. Let us say to them (and without self-partiality, since to-day all this is so far from us) that beneath this lightness of manner, amid her follies and her vices, old France was none the less the people of love and of grace.

The savior of France was to be a woman. France was a woman herself. She had the nobility of one; but also the amiable sweetness, the facile and charming pity, the excellence at least of impulse. Even when she delighted in vain elegances and exterior refinements, she still remained at the bottom nearer to nature. The Frenchman, even when vicious, kept more than any one else his good sense and good heart. May new France not forget the word of old France: "Only great hearts know how much glory there is in being good." To be and remain such, amid the injustices of men and the severities of Providence, is not only the gift of a fortunate nature, but it is strength and heroism. To keep sweetness and benevolence amid so many bitter disputes, to traverse experience without permitting it to touch this interior treasure,—this is divine. Those who persist and go thus to the end are the true elect. And even if they

have sometimes stumbled in the difficult pathways of the world, amid their falls, their weakness, and their childishnesses they will remain none the less children of God.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by Grace King.

MICHEL ANGELO

From 'The Renaissance'

WHERE was the soul of Italy in the sixteenth century? In the placid facility of the charming Raphael? In the sublime ataraxy of the great Leonardo da Vinci, the centralizer of arts, the prophet of sciences? He who wished for insensibility, he who said to himself, "Fly from storms," he nevertheless, whether he wished it or not, left in his 'St. John,' in the 'Bacchus,' and even in the 'Jocunda,' in the nervous and sickly memory that all those strange heads express on their lips—he has left a painful trace of the convulsing pains of the Italian mind; of the kind of Maremma fever, which was covered by a false hilarity; of the jesting, rather light than gay, of Pulci and Ariosto. There was a man in these times, a heart, a true hero. Have you seen in the 'Last Judgment,' towards the middle of the immense canvas, him who is disputing with demons and angels,—have you seen in that face and in others those swimming eyes struggling to look above; mortal anxiety of a soul in which two opposing infinities are struggling? True image of the sixteenth century, between old and new beliefs; image of Italy among nations; image of the man of the time, and of Michel Angelo himself.

It has been marvelously well said, "Michel Angelo was the conscience of Italy. From birth to death, his work was the Judgment." One must not pay attention to the first pagan sculptures of Michel Angelo, or to the Christian velleities that crossed his life. In St. Peter he had no thought of the triumph of Catholicism; his only dream was the triumph of the new art, the completion of the great victory of his master Brunelleschi, before whose work he had his tomb placed, in order, as he said, to contemplate it throughout eternity. He proceeded from two men, Savonarola and Brunelleschi. He belongs to the religion of the Sibyls, of that of the prophet Elias, of the savage locust-

eaters of the Old Testament. His one glory and his crown — nothing like it before, nothing afterwards — is his having put into art that eminently novel thing, the thirst for and aspiration towards the good. Ah, how well he deserves to be called the defender of Italy! Not for having fortified the walls of Florence in his last days; but for having, in the infinite number of days that followed and will follow, showed in the Italian soul, martyred like a soul without right, the triumphant idea of a right that the world did not yet see.

To recall his origin is to tell why he alone could do these things. Born in the city of judges, Arezzo, to which all others came to get podestàs, he had a judge for a father. He descended from the counts of Canossa, relatives of the Emperor who founded at Bologna, against the popes, the school of Roman law. We must not be astonished that his family at his birth gave him the name of the angel of justice, Michael, just as the father of Raphael gave him the name of the angel of grace. It was a choleric race. Arezzo, an old Etruscan city, petty fallen republic, was despised by the great banking city; Dante gave it a knock in passing. One of the most ordinary subjects of Italian farces was the podestà, representing the powerlessness of the law in stranger cities that called him, paid him, and drove him out. Again everybody in Italy made mockery of his justice. There was needed a heroic effort, like that of Brancaleone's, to make the sword of justice respected. It needed a lion-hearted man, stranger and isolated as he was, to execute his own judgments disputed by all. Michel Angelo would have been one of these warrior judges of the thirteenth century. By heart and stature he belonged to the great Ghibellines of that time; to the one whom Dante honored on his couch of fire; to the other with the tragic face: "Lombard soul, why the slow moving of thine eyes? one would say a lion in his repose." Not wearing the sword, under the reign of men of money, in its place he took the chisel. He was the Brancaleone, the judge and podestà, of Italian art. He exercised in marble and stone the high censure of his time. For nearly a century his life was a combat, a continual contradiction. Noble and poor, he was reared in the house of the Medici, where we have seen him sculpturing statues of snow. Republican, all his life he served princes and popes. Envy disfigures him, a rival has deformed him forever. Made to love and be loved, always he will remain alone.

What was of great assistance to Michel Angelo was the fact that the Sixtine Chapel, the work of Sixtus IV., uncle of Julius IV., was only a second thought of the latter, who attached the glory of his pontificate to the construction of St. Peter's. He obtained the favor of alone having the key of the chapel, and of not having any visitors. The visits of the Pope, which he dared not refuse, he rendered difficult by leaving no access to his scaffolding save by a steep step-ladder, upon which the old Pope had to risk himself. This obscure and solitary vault, in which he passed five years, was for him the cave of Mount Carmel; and he lived in it like Elias. He had a bed suspended from the arch, upon which he painted with his head stretched back. No company but the prophets and the sermons of Savonarola. It was thus, in the absolute solitude of the years 1507, 1508, 1509, 1510, —it was during the war of the League of Cambray, when the Pope gave a last blow to Italy in killing Venice,—that the great Italian made his prophets and his sibyls, realized that work of sorrow, of sublime liberty, of obscure presentments, of interpenetrating lights.

He put four years into it. And I—I have put thirty years into interrogating it. Not a year at longest has passed without my taking up again this Bible, this Testament, which is never old nor new, but of an age still unknown. Born out of the Jewish Bible, it passes and goes far beyond it. One must take care not to go into the chapel, as is done during the solemnities of Holy Week and with the crowd. One must go there alone, slip in as the Pope sometimes did (only Michel Angelo would frighten him by throwing down a plank); one must confront it, tête-à-tête, alone. Reassure yourself: that painting, extinguished and obscured by the smoke of incense and of candles, has no longer its old trait of inspiring terror; it has lost something of its frightening power, gained in harmony and sweetness; it partakes of the long patience and equanimity of time. It appears blackened from the depths of ages; but all the more victorious, not surpassed, not contradicted. Dante did not see these things in his last circle. But Michel Angelo saw them, foresaw them, dared to paint them in the Vatican, writing the three words of Belshazzar's feast upon the walls, soiled by the Borgias, the murderers of Robera. Happily he was not understood. They would have had it all effaced. We know how for years he defended the door of the Sixtine Chapel, and how Julius II. told him: "If

you are slow, I will throw you down from the top of your scaffold.» On the perilous day when the door was at last opened, and when the Pope entered in processional pomp, Michel Angelo could see that his work remained a dead letter; that in looking at it they saw nothing. Stunned by the enormous enigma, malicious but not daring to malign those giants whose eyes shot thunderbolts, they all kept silence. The Pope, to put a good countenance upon it, and not let himself be subdued by the terrifying vision, grumbled out these words: «There is no gold in it at all.» Michel Angelo, reassured now and certain of not being understood, replied to this futile censure, his bitter tragic mouth laughing: «Holy Father, the people up there, they were not rich, but holy personages, who did not wear gold, and made little of the goods of this world.»

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by Grace King.

SUMMARY OF THE INTRODUCTION TO 'THE RENAISSANCE'

Why did the Renaissance arrive three hundred years too late? Why did the Middle Age live three hundred years after its death? Its terrorism, its police, its stakes and fagots, would not have sufficed. The human mind would have shattered everything. Salvation came from the School, from the creation of a great people of reasoners against Reason. The void became fecund, created. Out of the proscribed philosophy was born the infinite legion of wranglers: the serious, violent disputation of emptiness, nothingness. Out of the smothered religion was born the sanctimonious world of reasoning mystics; the art of raving sagely. Out of the proscription of nature and the sciences was brought forth a throng of impostors and dupes, who read the stars and made gold. Immense army of the sons of Eolus, born of wind and puffed out with words. They blew. At their breath, a babel of lies and humbugs, a solid fog, thickened by magic in which reason would not take hold, arose in the air. Humanity sat at the foot, mournful, silent, renouncing truth. If at least, in default of truth, one could attain justice? The king opposes it against the pope. Great tumult, great combat by our gods! And all for nothing. The two incarnations come to an agreement, and all liberty is despaired of. People fall lower than before. The communes have perished; the burgher class is born,

and with it a petty prudence. The masses thus deadened, what can great souls effect? Superhuman apparitions to awaken the dead will come, and will do nothing. The people see a Joan of Arc pass by, and say, "Who is that girl?" Dante has built his cathedral, and Brunelleschi is making his calculations for Santa Maria del Fiore. But Boccaccio alone is enjoyed. The goldsmith dominates the architect. The old Gothic church, *in extremis*, is overlaid with all kinds of little ornaments, crimpings, lace-work, etc. She is tricking herself off, making herself pretty. The persevering cultivation of the false, continued so many centuries, the sustained care to flatten the human brain, has produced its fruit. To the proscribed natural has succeeded the anti-natural, out of which by spontaneous generation is born the monster with two faces: monster of false science, monster of perverse ignorance. The scholastic and the shepherd, the inquisitor and the witch, represent two opposing peoples. Withal the fools in ermine and the fools in rags have fundamentally the same faith,—faith in Evil as the master and prince of this world. Fools, terrified at the triumph of the Devil, burn fools to protect God. Here lies the deepest depth of the darkness. And a half-century passes without printing's bringing even a little light into it. The great Jewish Encyclopædia, published with its discordance of centuries, schools, and doctrines, confuses at first and complicates the perplexities of the human mind. The fall of Constantinople and Greece's taking refuge in Europe do not help at all: the arriving manuscripts seek serious readers; the principal ones will not be printed until the following century. Thus great discoveries—machinery, material means, fortuitous aids, all—are still useless. At the death of Louis XI., and during the first years that followed, there is naught that permits one to predict the dawn of a new day. All the honor of it will belong to the soul, to heroic will. A great movement is going to take place—of war and events, confused agitations, vague inspirations. These obscure intimations, coming out of the masses and little understood by them, some one (Columbus, Copernicus, or Luther) will take for himself; alone, will rise and answer, "Here I am."

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ADAM MICKIEWICZ

(1798–1855)

BY CHARLES HARVEY GENUNG

With the passing of Poland from the family of European States, the genius of her people received a fresh and passionate impulse. Her political dominion was gone, but she set to work in the world of spirit to create a new and undivided realm. She put her adversity to sweet uses, and won a brilliant place in the history of human culture. In the works of her poets the ancient glories of the annihilated commonwealth regained their lustre; and a host of splendid names bear witness, in this century of her political obliteration, to the fervid strength of the old national spirit. Love of country, pride in her great past, grief at her misfortunes, and inextinguishable hope — these are her poets' themes and the inspiration of her noblest achievements.

Adam Mickiewicz

The golden age of Polish letters was ushered in by the Romanticists. In the presence of the world-stirring events of a great social revolution, the pseudo-classical themes lost their vitality. German culture wrought a widening of the intellectual horizon. Goethe, Schiller, Scott, and Byron became almost Polish poets. In the background loomed Ossian and Shakespeare and Dante. Hermits, knights, and spectres took the place of the ancient gods in the scenery of the new ballads. Mickiewicz began his literary career with a collection of such ballads, and was hailed at once as a leader of the Romantic movement; and this movement, although accompanied by much sound and fury, was yet the necessary prologue to the splendid outburst of Polish poetry in the second quarter of this century. It put an end to the domination of Paris, and set free the national genius. Genuine poets arose, possessing the essentials of high art,— a perfected technique, a deep and sympathetic insight into the most diverse human motives, and a strong individuality. Byron was the dominant literary influence. It is evident in

Malczewski's superb poem, 'Maria,' whose appearance in 1825 marked the beginning of the great age. Malczewski had known Byron in Venice, and had suggested to him the theme of 'Mazeppa'; but Mickiewicz, Krasinski, Slowacki, all bear the marks of Byronic inspiration. The literature of this golden age in Poland was one of exiles and emigrants. Scarcely one of the great works of the time was written on Polish soil, and yet never was a literature more intensely national. The scenes are laid in Poland, the themes are drawn from Polish history, and everything is treated with a passionate patriotism. Even when, as in Krasinski's 'Irydion,' the subject is taken from the history of a foreign people, its application to the situation of Poland is obvious. And it was Mickiewicz, wandering for thirty years far from his native land, who finally gave to the spirit of Poland its highest literary expression; he revived the pride of the Poles in the spiritual achievements of their race, and restored to them the consciousness of their national solidarity. He created the great national poem of Poland in 'Pan Tadeusz' (Pan Thaddeus of Warsaw), which ranks with the finest poetry of the world's literature. It is the crystallized product of all the centuries of Polish culture; in it centre the pride, the hopes, and the ambitions of the Polish people.

Adam Mickiewicz was born at Zaosie, near Novogródek, on December 24th, 1798. His childhood was passed in the midst of the most stirring scenes, which left a deep impression upon him. During the Russian campaign, his father's house was the headquarters of the King of Westphalia. All the hopes of Poland were then founded upon Napoleon; and for Napoleon, Mickiewicz cherished a lifelong enthusiastic reverence, which in his latter days assumed a mystical character. For Byron he felt a similar regard; but it was not Byron but Bürger who gave the impulse to the volume of ballads with which Mickiewicz made his first appearance in literature in 1822. The ballad of 'Lenore' had a wonderful fructifying power: it gave to Scott his earliest inspiration; it caught the youthful fancy of Victor Hugo; it awoke the genius of Mickiewicz. But the first distinctive work of the Polish poet was written in the spirit of 'Werther,' and was wrung from him by his grief over an unfortunate love affair. This was 'Dziady' (In Honor of our Ancestors), a broadly conceived but never finished poem, of which the first installment appeared in 1823. It is not the poet's own sorrow alone that here finds expression, for under this we hear the despairing cry of an enslaved people.

In 1824 Mickiewicz left his native land, never to return. He lived in an age of unions and associations, of unrest and suspicion. Literary societies easily became involved in political discussions, and acquired a reputation for revolutionary sentiments. Mickiewicz belonged

to the Philalethes; and on account of the part he took in a student demonstration, he was arrested and sent to St. Petersburg. Banished thence to Odessa, he obtained permission in the autumn of 1825 to visit the Crimea. In the following year this visit bore fruit in the splendid Oriental series of 'Crimean Sonnets.' Meanwhile Mickiewicz, whose personal relations with the Russian government had always remained cordial, was given a post in the office of the Governor-General at Moscow. He never had pretended to play the martyr; for with his genuine Polish patriotism he combined a coldly objective view of the political situation. When in 1828 he settled in St. Petersburg, he was received into the great world by the leading spirits of the time with an enthusiasm that bordered on glorification. He stood in close spiritual intercourse with Pushkin, the other great Slavic poet of the age, and his junior by just six months. The fame of Mickiewicz in Russia was based upon the translations of the 'Crimean Sonnets' and of 'Konrad Wallenrod.' This powerful epic, written in Moscow in 1827 and published in St. Petersburg in 1828, treats of the relations between Russia and Poland, and the burning questions of the day are presented with cold objectivity. The manner is Byronic. This poem at once took its place as a national epic, contributed incalculably to the strengthening of the national feeling, and furthermore it signalized the triumph of Romanticism.

Mickiewicz never definitely renounced Romanticism as Goethe did. The classic and the romantic existed in him side by side. He freed himself, however, from the shackles of a one-sided tendency, and began to seek the sources of his poetry in reality and truth. And for Mickiewicz truth came more and more to assume a religious coloring. Even where the influence of 'Faust' and 'Cain' and 'Manfred' is most apparent, the heroes of Mickiewicz are at strife only with the sins and evils of humanity; they are never in revolt against the Divine power. But the work in which Mickiewicz first definitely abandoned purely romantic methods was 'Grazyna.' It appeared at about the same time that the publication of 'Konrad Wallenrod' marked the culmination of the Romantic movement. Both poems treat of the Lithuanian struggles against the encroachments of the Teutonic Knights; but 'Grazyna' is full of epic reserve, classic simplicity, and majestic repose. It reveals Mickiewicz as an epic poet of the grand style. By these two works he rose at once above the strife of schools and tendencies into the regions of universal poetry, and became the national poet of his people.

In the adulation with which Mickiewicz was surrounded in St. Petersburg there lurked a certain danger: it threatened to drag his genius down into the epicurean *dolce far niente* of the gay capital; but the deep earnestness of his character saved him. In 1829 he obtained

permission to leave Russia. As when, five years before, he had left Poland forever, so when he crossed the Russian border he crossed it never to return; he never again set foot on Slavic soil. The five years in Russia had given to his genius its universality and cosmopolitan range. And the travels which now began brought him a rich harvest of experience and friends. In Weimar he met Goethe; in Switzerland his two greatest Polish contemporaries, Krasinski and Slowacki; and in the cosmopolitan society of Rome he formed a close friendship with James Fenimore Cooper. In 1830 the revolution which Mickiewicz had foreseen broke out in Warsaw, with the singing of the closing stanzas of his own 'Ode to Youth.' The poet hastened to join his countrymen: but he was met at Posen with the news of Polish defeat. He turned back, saddened and aimless. Sorrow of a keenly personal sort followed close upon the grief of the patriot. In Italy he fell in love with the daughter of a Polish magnate. His love was reciprocated; but encountering the father's haughty opposition, Mickiewicz suddenly departed. The literary result of this sorrow was 'Pan Tadeusz,' written, as Goethe wrote, for self-liberation. It was begun in Paris in 1832 and published in 1834. It is the most perfect work of the poet, the culminating point of Polish poetry,—and indeed, the pearl of all Slavic literature.

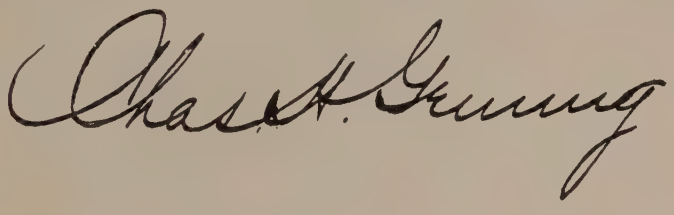
The scene of 'Pan Tadeusz' is laid in Lithuania in 1812, when Poland's hopes were high, and Napoleon's star still in the ascendant. It is the story of the last raid in Lithuania; and the lawlessness of private war is here portrayed in vivid pictures. These civil feuds were a late survival of the many disruptive evils upon which the commonwealth was finally wrecked. The poem abounds in rich poetic scenes of Lithuanian life, the sublime sweep of the landscapes, the solemn gloom and loneliness of vast primeval forests. There is in it all a tone of majesty which reveals a great poet in his loftiest mood.

'Pan Tadeusz' was Mickiewicz's last important work. To be mentioned, however, are 'The Books of the Polish People and of the Polish Pilgrimage,' and the 'Lectures on Slavic Literature.' In the former the poet treats in Biblical style of the function of Poland in history, and of her mission in the future. The Slavic lectures were those delivered at the Collège de France, where in 1840 Cousin had founded a chair of Slavic literature. Mickiewicz was the first incumbent, and his lectures were received with unbounded enthusiasm. All literary Paris flocked to hear the famous poet tell of the spiritual conquests of his countrymen. The lectures are distinguished by felicity of phrase and fineness of fancy; less by careful scholarship.

The last decade of the poet's life was clouded by sorrow, illness, and financial embarrassment. In 1834 he had married the daughter of the celebrated pianiste Szymanówska. It was not a marriage of

love, but seems not to have been unhappy. Mickiewicz's nature was deeply religious; in Italy he had been in close communion with such men as Montalembert and Lamennais; in Paris he became fascinated by the mystic Messianism of the uncultured fanatic Towianski, and with all the poetic fervor of his being he plunged into the depths of mysticism. He was removed from his professorship on this account in 1844. The genius of the poet was darkened; only the patriot remained. In 1848 he tried to raise in Italy a Polish legion against Austria. In 1849 he edited the Tribune des Peuples, but at the end of three months the paper was suppressed. When Napoleon III. seized the imperial throne in 1852, Mickiewicz was made librarian of the Arsenal Library. During the war in the Orient, he was sent as a special emissary of the French government to raise Polish legions in Turkey. The camp life which his duties rendered necessary ruined a constitution already undermined; and at Constantinople, on November 26th, 1855, he died. His body was brought to Montmorency, but in 1890 was removed to the royal vaults at Cracow.

Mickiewicz, with his wide knowledge of literatures and languages, and with his cosmopolitan experience, nevertheless succeeded by sheer force of genius, infused with ardent patriotism, in so blending all the foreign elements of his own culture with the characteristics of his race and country as to create a distinctively Polish literature, and deserve the name of supreme national poet. His poetry exercises in Poland that cohesive force which Greece found in Homer and Italy derived from Dante. He is the rallying-point for the poets and patriots of Poland, and the consolation of a proud and oppressed race.



SONNET

THE tricks of pleasing thou hast aye disdained;
Thy words are plain, and simple all thy ways;
Yet throngs, admiring, tremble 'neath thy gaze,
And in thy queenly presence stand enchained.
Amid the social babble unconstrained,
I heard men speak of women words of praise,
And with a smile each turned some honeyed phrase.
Thou cam'st,—and lo! a sacred silence reigned.
Thus when the dancers with each other vie,

And through the merry mazes whirling go,
Abruptly all is hushed: they wonder why,
And no one can the subtle reason show.
The poet speaks: "There glides an angel by!"
The guest all dimly feel, but few do know.

Translation of Charles Harvey Genung.

[The following poems are from the 'Poets and Poetry of Poland.' Edited, and copyrighted 1881, by Paul Soboleski.]

FATHER'S RETURN

A Ballad

"Go, children, all of you together,
To the pillar upon the hill,
And there before the miraculous picture
Kneel and pray with a fervent will.

"Father returns not. Mornings and evenings
I await him in tears, and fret.
The streams are swollen, the wild beasts prowling,
And the woods with robbers beset."

The children heard, and they ran together
To the pillar upon the hill;
And there before the miraculous picture
Knelt and prayed with a fervent will.

"Hear us, O Lord! Our father is absent,
Our father so tender and dear.
Protect him from all besetting danger!
Guide him home to us safely here!"

They kiss the earth in the name of the Father,
Again in the name of the Son.
Be praised the name of the Trinity holy,
And forever their will be done.

Then they said Our Father, the Ave and Credo,
The Commandments and Rosary too;
And after these prayers were all repeated,
A book from their pockets they drew.

And the Litany and the Holy Mother
They sang while the eldest led:

"O Holy Mother," implored the children,
"Be thy sheltering arms outspread!"

Soon they heard the sound of wheels approaching,
And the foremost wagon espied.
Then jumped the children with joy together:
"Our father is coming!" they cried.

The father leaped down, his glad tears flowing,
Among them without delay.
"And how are you all, my dearest children?
Were you lonesome with me away?

"And is your mother well—your aunt and the servants?
Here are grapes in the basket, boys."
Then the children jumped in their joy around him,
Till the air was rent with their noise.

"Start on," the merchant said to the servants,
"With the children I will follow on;"
But while he spoke the robbers surround them,
A dozen, with sabres drawn.

Long beards had they, and curly mustaches,
And soiled the clothes they wore;
Sharp knives in their belts and swords beside them,
While clubs in their hands they bore.

Then shrieked the children in fear and trembling,
And close to their father clung,
While helpless and pale in his consternation,
His hands he imploringly wrung.

"Take all I have!" he cried; "take my earnings,
But let us depart with life.
Make not of these little children orphans,
Or a widow of my young wife."

But the gang, who have neither heard nor heeded,
Their search for the booty begin.
"Money!" they cry, and swinging their truncheons,
They threaten with curses and din.

Then a voice is heard from the robber captain,
"Hold, hold, with your plundering here!"
And releasing the father and frightened children,
He bids them go without fear.

To the merchant then the robber responded:—
"No thanks—for I freely declare
A broken head you had hardly escaped with,
Were it not for the children's prayer.

"Your thanks belong to the children only;
To them alone your life you owe.
Now listen while I relate to you briefly
How it came to happen, and go.

"I and my comrades had long heard rumors
Of a merchant coming this way;
And here in the woods that skirt the pillar
We were lying in wait to-day.

"And lying in wait behind the bushes,
The children at prayer I heard.
Though I listened at first with laugh derisive,
Soon to pity my heart was stirred.

"I listened, and thoughts of my home came to me;
From its purpose my heart was won.
I too have a wife who awaits my coming,
And with her is my little son.

"Merchant, depart,—to the woods I hasten;
And children, come sometimes here,
And kneeling together beside this pillar
Give me a prayer and a tear!"

PRIMROSE

I

SCARCE had the happy lark begun
To sing of Spring with joyous burst,
When oped the primrose to the sun—
The golden-petaled blossoms first.

II

'TIS yet too soon, my little flower,—
The north wind waits with chilly breath;
Still capped by snow the mountains tower,
And wet the meadows lie beneath.

Hide yet awhile thy golden light,
  Hide yet beneath thy mother's wing,
Ere chilly frosts that pierce and blight
  Unto thy fragile petals cling.

III

PRIMROSE

"Like butterflies our moments are;
  They pass, and death is all our gain:
One April hour is sweeter far
  Than all December's gloomy reign.

"Dost seek a gift to give the gods?
  Thy friend or thy beloved one?
Then weave a wreath wherein there nods
  My blossoms — fairer there are none."

IV

'Mid common grass within the wood,
  Beloved flower, thou hast grown;
So simple, few have understood
  What gives the prestige all thy own.

Thou hast no hues of morning star,
  Nor tulip's gaudy turbaned crest,
Nor clothed art thou as lilies are,
  Nor in the rose's splendor drest.

When in a wreath thy colors blend,
  When comes thy sweet confiding sense
That friends — and more beloved than friend —
  Shall give thee kindly preference?

V

PRIMROSE

"With pleasure friends my buds will greet, —
  They see spring's angel in my face;
For friendship dwells not in the heat,
  But loves with me the shady place.

"Whether of Marion, beloved one,
  Worthy I am, can't tell before?
If she but looks this bud upon,
  I'll get a tear — if nothing more!"

NEW-YEAR'S WISHES

THE old year is dead, and from its ashes blossoms bright
New Phœnix, spreading wings o'er the heavens far and near;
Full of hopes and wishes, earth salutes it with delight.
What should I for myself desire on this glad New Year?

Say, happy moments! I know these lightning flashes swift;
When they the heavens open and gild the wide earth o'er,
We wait the assumption till the weary eyes we lift
Are darkened by a night sadder than e'er known before.

Say, 'tis love I wish!—that youthful frenzy full of bliss
Bears one to spheres platonic—to joys divine I know;
Till the strong and gay are hurled down pain's profound abyss,
Hurled from the seventh heaven upon the rocks below.

I have dreamed and I have pined. I soared, and then I fell.
Of a peerless rose I dreamed, and to gather it I thought,
When I awoke. Then vanished the rose with the dream's bright spell,
Thorns in my breast alone were left—Love I desire not!

Shall I ask for friendship?—that fair goddess who on earth
Youth creates? Ah! who is there who would not friendship crave?
She is first to give imagination's daughter birth;
Ever to the uttermost she seeks its life to save.

Friends, how happy are ye all! Ye live as one, and hence
Ever the selfsame power has o'er ye all control;
Like Armida's palm, whose leaves seemed separate elements
While the whole tree was nourished by one accursed soul.

But when the fierce and furious hail-storms strike the tree,
Or when the venomous insects poison it with their bane,
In what sharp suffering each separate branch must be
For others and itself!—I desire not friendship's pain!

For what, then, shall I wish, on this New Year just begun?
Some lovely by-place—bed of oak—where sweet peace descends,
From whence I could see never the brightness of the sun,
Hear the laugh of enemies, or see the tears of friends!

There until the world should end, and after that to stay
In sleep which all my senses against all power should bind,
Dreaming as I dreamt my golden youthful years away,
Love the world — wish it well — but away from humankind.

TO M——

HENCE from my sight! — I'll obey at once.
Hence from my heart! — I hear and understand.
But hence from memory? Nay, I answer, nay!
Our hearts won't listen to this last command!

As the dim shadows that precede the night
In deepening circles widen far and near,
So when your image passes from my sight
It leaves behind a memory all too dear.

In every place — wherever we became
As one in joy and sorrow that bereft —
I will forever be by you the same,
For there a portion of my soul is left.

When pensively within some lonely room
You sit and touch your harp's melodious string,
You will, remembering, sigh in twilight's gloom,
"I sang for him this song which now I sing."

Or when beside the chess-board — as you stand
In danger of a checkmate — you will say,
"Thus stood the pieces underneath my hand
When ended our last game — that happy day!"

When in the quiet pauses at the ball
You, sitting, wait for music to begin,
A vacant place beside you will recall
How once I used to sit by you therein.

When on the page that tells how fate's decree
Parts happy lovers, you shall bend your eyes,
You'll close the volume, sighing wearily,
"'Tis but the record of our love likewise."

But if the author after weary years
Shall bid the current of their lives reblend,
You'll sit in darkness, whispering through your tears,
"Why does not thus our story find an end?"

When night's pale lightning darts with fitful flash
O'er the old pear-tree, rustling withered leaves,
The while the screech-owl strikes your window-sash,
You'll think it is my baffled soul that grieves.

In every place—in all remembered ways
Where we have shared together bliss or dole—
Still will I haunt you through the lonely days,
For there I left a portion of my soul.

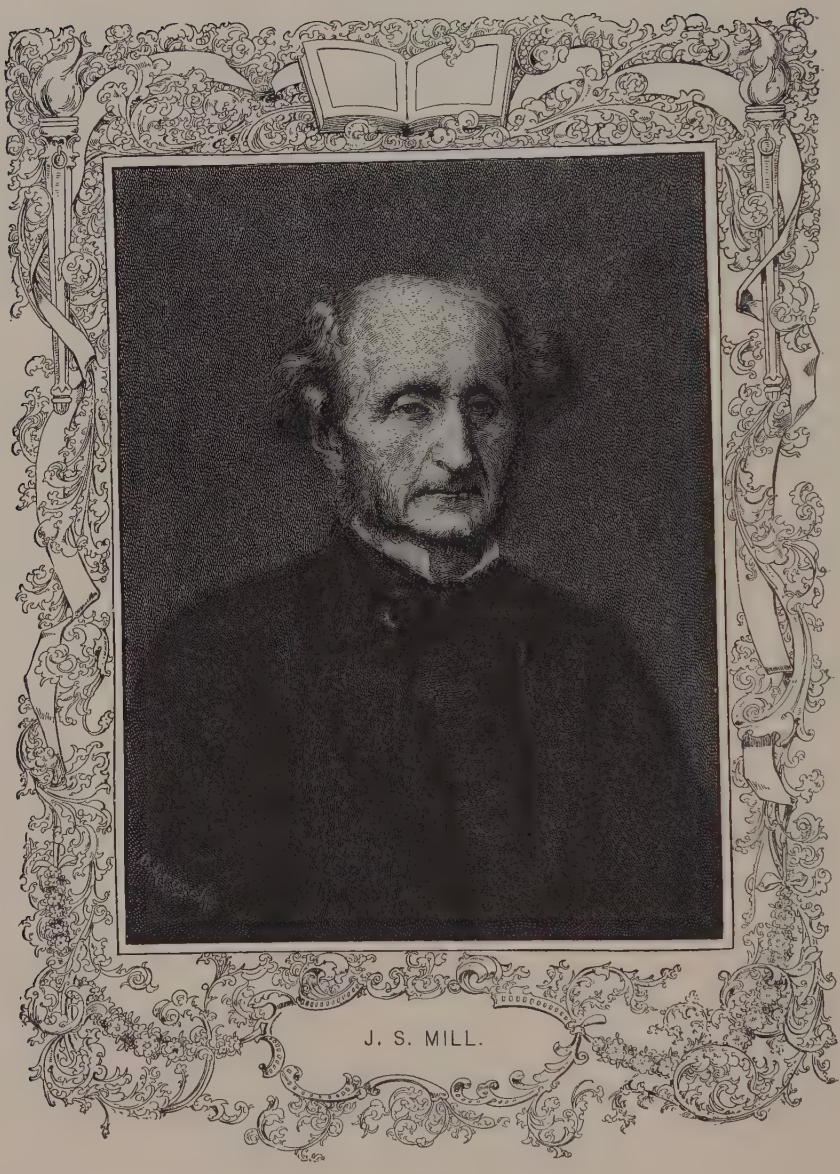
FROM 'THE ANCESTORS'

She is fair as a spirit of light,
That floats in the ether on high,
And her eye beams as kindly and bright
As the sun in the azure-tinged sky.
The lips of her lover join hers
Like the meeting of flame with flame,
And as sweet as the voice of two lutes
Which one harmony weds the same.

FROM 'FARIS'

No palms are seen with their green hair,
Nor white-crested desert tents are there;
But his brow is shaded by the sky,
That flingeth aloft its canopy;
The mighty rocks lie now at rest,
And the stars move slowly on heaven's breast.

My Arab steed is black—
Black as the tempest cloud that flies
Across the dark and muttering skies,
And leaves a gloomy track.
His hoofs are shod with lightning's glare;
I give the winds his flowing mane,
And spur him smoking o'er the plain;
And none from earth or heaven dare
My path to chase in vain.
And as my barb like lightning flies,
I gaze upon the moonlit skies,
And see the stars with golden eyes
Look down upon the plain.



J. S. MILL.

JOHN STUART MILL

(1806–1873)

BY RICHARD T. ELY

THE life of John Stuart Mill is in several particulars one of the most remarkable of which we have any record; and it can scarcely be an exaggeration to call his Autobiography — in which we find presented in simple, straightforward style the main features of his life — a wonderful book. Heredity, environment, and education are the principal forces working upon our original powers and making us what we become. It may be said that John Stuart Mill was favored with respect to each one of these three forces. His father was a philosopher and historian of merit and repute. His environment naturally brought him into close relations with the most distinguished men of his day, even in early youth; and his education, conducted by his father, was an experiment both unique and marvelous.

John Stuart Mill was born in London, May 20th, 1806. His father, James Mill, was a Scotchman, who four years before the birth of his son John Stuart had moved to London. When his son was thirteen years old, James Mill received an appointment at the India House, in which he finally rose to the remunerative position of Head Examiner. John Stuart Mill had just begun his eighteenth year, when on May 21st, 1823, he entered the India House as junior clerk; where he remained, rising also to the position of Head Examiner, until the extinction of the East India Company and the transfer of India to the Crown, in 1858. Both of the Mills were thus associated with India in their practical activities, and one of James Mill's principal works was a 'History of British India.' Two other works by the father must be mentioned, because they both exercised important influence upon the intellectual development and the opinions of the son; viz., the 'Elements of Political Economy' and the 'Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind.'

James Mill decided what he wished his son to become, and began to train him for his destined career almost from infancy. In his Autobiography, John Stuart Mill says that he cannot remember the time when he began the study of Greek, but he was told that it was when he was three years of age. He could only faintly remember

reading Æsop's Fables, his first Greek book. When he was eight, among other authors he had read the whole of Herodotus, the 'Cyropædia' and 'Memorabilia' of Xenophon, and six Dialogues of Plato. At the age of eight he began the study of Latin, and had read more than most college students have in their college course when he was twelve years old. Besides this he had read a marvelous amount of history. It was at the age of thirteen that he began a complete course in political economy under his father's instruction. James Mill lectured to his son during their daily walks; and then the son wrote out an account of the lectures, which was read to his father and criticized by him. The lad was compelled to rewrite again and again his notes until they were satisfactory. These notes were used in the preparation of James Mill's 'Elements of Political Economy'; a work which was intended to present, in the form of a school-book, the principles of his friend Ricardo. Ricardo's writings and Adam Smith's 'Wealth of Nations' were carefully studied under the father's tuition. The son was questioned, and difficulties were not explained until he had done his best to solve them himself.

An important event in Mill's education was a year spent in France, in the house of Sir Samuel Bentham, a brother of the English philosopher and jurist Jeremy Bentham, who was a friend both of father and son. While in France he acquired the French language, and gained an interest in French affairs which he never lost. He also enjoyed the beautiful mountain scenery which he visited while on the Continent. While in Paris, on his way to Sir Samuel Bentham's, he spent nine days in the house of the French political economist Jean Baptiste Say, a distinguished French disciple of Adam Smith. Mill returned to England in 1821, at the age of fifteen, and then began the study of Roman and English law. He began his writing for the press at the age of sixteen; and the day after he was seventeen, as we have seen, he entered upon a service of nearly forty years in the India House.

There has been considerable controversy about the value of the education which he received in his early years, and also about the disadvantages which attended his father's methods of instruction. John Stuart Mill himself states, and with apparent regret, that he had no real boyhood. But he does feel that otherwise his education was a success, and gave him an advantage of starting a quarter of a century ahead of his contemporaries. The following words are found in his Autobiography:—

«In the course of the instruction which I have partially retraced, the point most superficially apparent is the great effort to give, during the years of childhood, an amount of knowledge in what are considered the higher branches of education, which is seldom acquired (if acquired at all) until the age of

manhood. The result of the experiment shows the ease with which this may be done, and places in a strong light the wretched waste of so many precious years as are spent in acquiring the modicum of Latin and Greek commonly taught to schoolboys; a waste which has led so many educational reformers to entertain the ill-judged proposal of discarding these languages altogether from general education. If I had been by nature extremely quick of apprehension, or had possessed a very accurate and retentive memory, or were of a remarkably active and energetic character, the trial would not be conclusive: but in all these natural gifts I am rather below than above par,—what I could do, could assuredly be done by any boy or girl of average capacity and healthy physical constitution; and if I have accomplished anything, I owe it, among other fortunate circumstances, to the fact that through the early training bestowed on me by my father, I started, I may fairly say, with an advantage of a quarter of a century over my contemporaries.»

We are quite safe in calling in question at least the statement that what John Stuart Mill did could be done by any boy or girl of «average capacity and healthy physical constitution.» It may be well to quote in this connection Mill's statement about the impression produced upon him by a perusal of Dumont's 'Traité de Législation' (Treatise on Legislation), which contained an exposition of the principal speculations of Jeremy Bentham:—

«The reading of this book was an epoch in my life, one of the turning-points in my mental history. My previous education had been, in a certain sense, already a course of Benthamism. The Benthamic standard of the 'greatest happiness' was that which I had always been taught to apply; I was even familiar with an abstract discussion of it, forming an episode in an unpublished dialogue on 'Government,' written by my father on the Platonic model. Yet in the first pages of Bentham it burst upon me with all the force of novelty. What thus impressed me was the chapter in which Bentham passed judgment on the common modes of reasoning in morals and legislation, deduced from phrases like 'law of nature,' 'right reason,' 'the moral sense,' 'natural rectitude,' and the like; and characterized them as dogmatism in disguise, imposing its sentiments upon others under cover of sounding expressions which convey no reason for the sentiment, but set up the sentiment as its own reason. It had not struck me before, that Bentham's principle put an end to all this. The feeling rushed upon me that all previous moralists were superseded, and that here indeed was the commencement of a new era in thought. . . . When I laid down the last volume of the 'Traité,' I had become a different being.»

All this, and much more like it, proceeded from a youth of fifteen! Assuredly his native powers were extraordinary.

Among the men with whom Mill came in contact, and who influenced him, may be mentioned Ricardo, Bentham, Grote the historian, John Austin, Macaulay, Frederick Denison Maurice, and John Sterling.

Even in so brief a sketch of John Stuart Mill as the present, mention must not fail to be made of Mill's remarkable attachment to his wife, Mrs. John Taylor, whom he married in 1851, but with whom he had already enjoyed many years of devoted and helpful friendship. Mill's demeanor in general society seems to have been cold, and perhaps almost frigid. Mention is made of his «icy reserve»; but no youth could surpass him in the ardor of his love for his wife, or in the warmth with which he expressed it. His exaggerated statements about her have brought upon him a certain reproach; and his entire relation to his wife, both before and after marriage, forms one of the strangest passages in his remarkable career. Mrs. Mill does not appear to have impressed others with whom she came in contact very strongly; but he speaks of her «all-but unrivaled wisdom.»

Mill was once elected a Member of Parliament; but his career in the House was not especially remarkable, although he appears to have made a strong impression upon Gladstone, who dubbed him the «Saint of Rationalism.» «He did us all good,» writes the statesman.

Mill's moral worth and elevation of character impressed all who knew him. Herbert Spencer speaks of his generosity as «almost romantic»; and his entire life was one of singular devotion to the improvement of mankind, which was with him quite as strong a passion as with Adam Smith.

Mill's intellectual activity was remarkable on account of the various fields to which it extended. He was a specialist of distinction in logic and mental philosophy generally, in moral science, in political philosophy, in political economy, and in social philosophy — of which his political economy was only a part. While attaining high rank in each one of these fields, his interests were so broad that he avoided the dangers of narrow specialism. His interests even extended beyond the humanities; for he was an enthusiastic botanist, and even contributed botanical articles to scientific magazines.

Mill took immense pains in the preparation of all his works, and also in their composition; with the result that whatever he wrote became literature. Taine in his 'History of English Literature' devotes forty pages to the 'Logic'; and the 'Political Economy' is perhaps the only economic treatise which deserves to rank as literature.

Mill's first great work was his treatise on logic, which bears the title, 'A System of Logic, Ratiocinative and Inductive: Being a Connected View of the Principles of Evidence and the Methods of Scientific Investigation.' This was published in 1843. Along with this work should be mentioned his 'Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy and the Principal Philosophical Questions Discussed in his Writings,' although this did not appear until 1865. These two works, together with his father's 'Analysis of the Phenomena of

the Human Mind,' edited by him in 1869, give a view of his philosophy. He belongs to the school of Locke, Hartley, and Hume. Individual experience is the foundation upon which he builds his system of knowledge. The connecting principle binding together what individual experience has given is the principle of association. Innate ideas and *a priori* reason — in fact, all knowledge antecedent and prior to experience — are rejected.

The fearlessness and consistency with which Mill bases all knowledge upon individual experience cannot fail to excite a certain admiration even in those who differ widely with him. He will not acknowledge the universality of causation, but thinks it quite possible that in regions beyond our experience things may happen at random. These are the words in which he expresses this doctrine:—

«I am convinced that any one accustomed to abstraction and analysis, who will fairly exert his faculties for the purpose, will, when his imagination has once learnt to entertain the notion, find no difficulty in conceiving that in some one, for instance, of the many firmaments into which sidereal astronomy now divides the universe, events may succeed one another at random without any fixed law; nor can anything in our experience, or in our mental nature, constitute a sufficient — or indeed any — reason for believing that this is nowhere the case.»

Mill's 'Logic' has in all countries a high reputation, and must take its rank among the great treatises on logic of all times. He is frequently called the founder of the inductive logic, so great was the contribution which he made in his treatment of induction.

In his political philosophy he was an exponent of democracy. What he did for democracy in the nineteenth century has been compared with Locke's contribution to the philosophy of constitutional monarchy in the seventeenth century. His principal work in this field is entitled 'Thoughts on Representative Government.' His work on 'Liberty,' however, belongs in part to the domain of political philosophy; and the volumes entitled 'Dissertations and Discussions' contain many essays on scientific politics.

He advocated government by the people because, among other things, political activity carried with it an intellectual and ethical education. Political interests were the first, he maintained, to enlarge men's minds and thoughts beyond the narrow circle of the family. One marked feature of what he wrote on politics was his advocacy of the enfranchisement of women. He was always a champion of women's rights, and reference should be made in this connection to his work 'The Subjection of Women.' He disliked to think that there were any fundamental differences in mind and character between the sexes. One of his speeches in the House of Commons was on the 'Admission of Women to the Electoral Franchise.'

But Mill was keenly conscious of the dangers of democracy; and he wished that measures should be adopted, on the one hand to prepare men and women by education for self-government, and on the other to prevent a tyranny of the majority. Consequently he was an advocate of a representation of minorities in legislative bodies. He was always known as a friend of the workingman; but he was no demagogue, and would not stoop to flattery. When he was candidate for Parliament, he was asked in a public meeting whether he had ever made the statement that the working classes of England differed from those of other countries in being ashamed of lying, although they were generally liars. The audience was composed largely of workingmen, and his reply was a frank and instantaneous «I did.» The statement was greeted with applause, which was always to him a source of hope for the wage-earning classes. It showed that they wanted friends, not flatterers.

It is noteworthy, however, that as Mill grew older he became less democratic and more socialistic. He says of himself and Mrs. Taylor, referring to the year 1843 or thereabouts:—

«We were now much less democrats than I had been, because so long as education continues to be so wretchedly imperfect, we dreaded the ignorance and especially the selfishness and brutality of the mass; but our ideas of ultimate improvement went far beyond democracy, and classed us under the general designation of socialists. . . . The social problem of the future we considered to be, how to unite the greatest liberty of action with a common ownership of the raw material of the globe, and an equal participation of all in the benefits of combined labor.»

Mill's chief contribution to ethics is found in his little work entitled 'Utilitarianism'; and this gives him a position in the history of ethical thought. His «utilitarianism» was what he himself called the «greatest happiness» principle; not the greatest happiness of the individual merely, but the greatest happiness of society. This thought of the greatest happiness as the ultimate test of conduct in the individual and in society runs all through his writing, and is fundamental. It must always be borne in mind by one who would understand what he wrote; and in it we find at least a certain unity amid many inconsistencies. The greatest-happiness rule was Bentham's principle: but Mill added to considerations of quantity of happiness, the considerations of quality; it was not merely the highest quantity of happiness which must be sought, but the highest sorts of happiness. While this elevated utilitarianism, it introduced an element of idealism which has rightly been held to be inconsistent with the utilitarian philosophy. If happiness is fundamental, how can we distinguish between kinds of happiness on any other grounds than those of mere

quantity? If we are able to say that one sort of happiness is higher than another, then we must have some different test and some more fundamental test than happiness itself.

Mill's 'Political Economy' is a transitional work; and indeed, it may not be too much to say of all his work that it was transitional. He brought to a close a line of development in economics proceeding from Adam Smith through Ricardo, Malthus, and James Mill, and opened a new era. He added on to the superstructure large humanitarian and social considerations which were hardly consistent with the foundations upon which he built; and this he himself recognized late in life. Yet the very imperfections of his book on political economy render it interesting and also instructive. It must be read carefully and in connection with his other writings to be fully understood; but its mastery has been called in itself a liberal education.

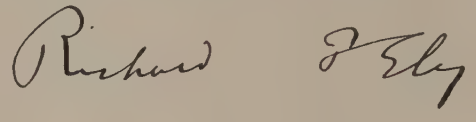
The book is entitled 'Principles of Political Economy, with some of their Applications to Social Philosophy.' It is in truth as a part of a system of social philosophy that Mill's political economy is most interesting This enlargement of the scope of political economy, and its connection with general sociology, is something for which he was chiefly indebted to the French sociologist Auguste Comte, whose works he studied, with whom he formed a warm friendship which lasted for some years, and whom he always admired. It was from Comte that he learned his distinction between social statics and social dynamics: the first dealing with phenomena in their coexistence, and giving us the theory of order; the second dealing with social phenomena in their succession, and giving us the theory of progress.

The view of nature found in his writing is in marked contrast to the eighteenth-century view entertained by Adam Smith. Nature is no longer a beneficent power, but inexpressibly cruel. Man is beneficent, and the good in the world is brought about through the subjugation of nature by man. Civilization means to him a contest with nature and a conquest of her forces. It is for man to overcome her inequalities and injustices.

Mill's thoughts were directed to the improvement of the condition of the masses; and this improvement was to be brought about gradually, through an enlargement of economic and political opportunities. He advocated views of the taxation and regulation of inheritance and bequest which would break down large fortunes and bring about a wider diffusion of property. In the same spirit was conceived his plan for the appropriation of the "unearned increment" of land, or future increments in the rent of land due to the progress of society and not to the exertions of the individual land-owner. His last public act was the foundation of the Land Tenure Reform Association, which was designed to carry out this idea of the appropriation

of the future unearned increment by society, to be used for general social purposes and to encourage co-operative agriculture.

It has already been stated that Mill's views gradually changed in the direction of socialism. He was at work on the problem of socialism at the time of his death, but appears to have reached no definite conclusion. He dreaded anything like tyranny over the individual, and on this account rejected all schemes of socialism with which he was familiar. Nevertheless, he was working towards an ideal kind of socialism, which, as he said, should with the common ownership of the instruments of production and participation in the benefits of combined labor "unite the greatest individual liberty of action."



OF THE STATIONARY STATE OF WEALTH AND POPULATION

From 'Political Economy'

I CANNOT, therefore, regard the stationary state of capital and wealth with the unaffected aversion so generally manifested towards it by political economists of the old school. I am inclined to believe that it would be, on the whole, a very considerable improvement on our present condition. I confess I am not charmed with the ideal of life held out by those who think that the normal state of human beings is that of struggling to get on; that the trampling, crushing, elbowing, and treading on each other's heels, which form the existing type of social life, are the most desirable lot of human kind, or anything but the disagreeable symptoms of one of the phases of industrial progress. It may be a necessary stage in the progress of civilization, and those European nations which have hitherto been so fortunate as to be preserved from it may have it yet to undergo. It is an incident of growth, not a mark of decline, for it is not necessarily destructive of the higher aspirations and the heroic virtues: as America in her great civil war is proving to the world, both by her conduct as a people and by numerous splendid individual examples; and as England, it is to be hoped, would also prove on an equally trying and exciting occasion. But it is not a kind of social perfection which philanthropists to come will feel any very eager desire to assist in realizing. Most fitting indeed is it, that

while riches are power, and to grow as rich as possible the universal object of ambition, the path to its attainment should be open to all, without favor or partiality. But the best state for human nature is that in which, while no one is poor, no one desires to be richer, nor has any reason to fear being thrust back by the efforts of others to push themselves forward.

That the energies of mankind should be kept in employment by the struggle for riches, as they were formerly by the struggle of war, until the better minds succeed in educating the others into better things, is undoubtedly more desirable than that they should rust and stagnate. While minds are coarse they require coarse stimuli; and let them have them. In the mean time, those who do not accept the present very early stage of human improvement as its ultimate type, may be excused for being comparatively indifferent to the kind of economical progress which excites the congratulations of ordinary politicians,—the mere increase of production and accumulation. For the safety of national independence it is essential that a country should not fall much behind its neighbors in these things; but in themselves they are of little importance, so long as either the increase of population or anything else prevents the mass of the people from reaping any part of the benefit of them. I know not why it should be matter of congratulation, that persons who are already richer than any one needs to be, should have doubled their means of consuming things which give little or no pleasure except as representative of wealth; or that numbers of individuals should pass over, every year, from the middle classes into a richer class, or from the class of the occupied rich to that of the unoccupied. It is only in the backward countries of the world that increased production is still an important object; in those most advanced, what is economically needed is a better distribution,—of which one indispensable means is a stricter restraint on population. Leveling institutions, either of a just or of an unjust kind, cannot alone accomplish it; they may lower the heights of society, but they cannot of themselves permanently raise the depths.

On the other hand, we may suppose this better distribution of property attained by the joint effect of the prudence and frugality of individuals, and of a system of legislation favoring equality of fortunes, so far as is consistent with the just claim of the individual to the fruits, whether great or small, of his or her

own industry. We may suppose, for instance (according to the suggestion thrown out in a former chapter), a limitation of the sum which any one person may acquire by gift or inheritance, to the amount sufficient to constitute a moderate independence. Under this twofold influence, society would exhibit these leading features: a well-paid and affluent body of laborers; no enormous fortunes, except what were earned and accumulated during a single lifetime; but a much larger body of persons than at present not only exempt from the coarser toils, but with sufficient leisure both physical and mental, from mechanical details, to cultivate freely the graces of life, and afford examples of them to the classes less favorably circumstanced for their growth. This condition of society, so greatly preferable to the present, is not only perfectly compatible with the stationary state, but, it would seem, more naturally allied with that state than with any other.

There is room in the world, no doubt, and even in old countries, for a great increase of population, supposing the arts of life to go on improving and capital to increase. But even if innocuous, I confess I see very little reason for desiring it. The density of population necessary to enable mankind to obtain, in the greatest degree, all the advantages both of co-operation and of social intercourse, has in all the most populous countries been attained. A population may be too crowded, though all be amply supplied with food and raiment. It is not good for man to be kept perforce at all times in the presence of his species. A world from which solitude is extirpated is a very poor ideal. Solitude, in the sense of being often alone, is essential to any depth of meditation or of character; and solitude in the presence of natural beauty and grandeur is the cradle of thoughts and aspirations which are not only good for the individual, but which society could ill do without. Nor is there much satisfaction in contemplating the world with nothing left to the spontaneous activity of nature: with every rood of land brought into cultivation which is capable of growing food for human beings; every flowery waste or natural pasture plowed up, all quadrupeds or birds which are not domesticated for man's use exterminated as his rivals for food, every hedge-row or superfluous tree rooted out, and scarcely a place left where a wild shrub or flower could grow without being eradicated as a weed in the name of improved agriculture. If the earth must lose that great portion

of its pleasantness which it owes to things that the unlimited increase of wealth and population would extirpate from it, for the mere purpose of enabling it to support a larger, but not a better or a happier population, I sincerely hope, for the sake of posterity, that they will be content to be stationary long before necessity compels them to it.

It is scarcely necessary to remark that a stationary condition of capital and population implies no stationary state of human improvement. There would be as much scope as ever for all kinds of mental culture, and moral and social progress; as much room for improving the Art of Living, and much more likelihood of its being improved when minds ceased to be engrossed by the art of getting on. Even the industrial arts might be as earnestly and as successfully cultivated, with this sole difference: that instead of serving no purpose but the increase of wealth, industrial improvements would produce their legitimate effect, that of abridging labor. Hitherto it is questionable if all the mechanical inventions yet made have lightened the day's toil of any human being. They have enabled a greater population to live the same life of drudgery and imprisonment, and an increased number of manufacturers and others to make fortunes. They have increased the comforts of the middle classes. But they have not yet begun to effect those great changes in human destiny which it is in their nature and in their futurity to accomplish. Only when, in addition to just institutions, the increase of mankind shall be under the deliberate guidance of judicious foresight, can the conquests made from the powers of nature by the intellect and energy of scientific discoveries become the common property of the species, and the means of improving and elevating the universal lot.

OF COMPETITION

From 'Political Economy'

I AGREE, then, with the socialist writers in their conception of the form which industrial operations tend to assume in the advance of improvement; and I entirely share their opinion that the time is ripe for commencing this transformation, and that it should by all just and effectual means be aided and encouraged. But while I agree and sympathize with socialists in

this practical portion of their aims, I utterly dissent from the most conspicuous and vehement part of their teaching — their declamations against competition. With moral conceptions in many respects far ahead of the existing arrangements of society, they have in general very confused and erroneous notions of its actual working; and one of their greatest errors, as I conceive, is to charge upon competition all the economical evils which at present exist. They forget that wherever competition is not, monopoly is; and that monopoly, in all its forms, is the taxation of the industrious for the support of indolence, if not of plunder. They forget too that with the exception of competition among laborers, all other competition is for the benefit of the laborers, by cheapening the articles they consume; that competition even in the labor market is a source not of low but of high wages, wherever the competition *for* labor exceeds the competition *of* labor, — as in America, in the colonies, and in the skilled trades, — and never could be a cause of low wages save by the overstocking of the labor market through the too great numbers of the laborers' families; while if the supply of laborers is excessive, not even socialism can prevent their remuneration from being low. Besides, if association were universal, there would be no competition between laborer and laborer; and that between association and association would be for the benefit of the consumers, — that is, of the associations, of the industrious classes generally.

I do not pretend that there are no inconveniences in competition, or that the moral objections urged against it by socialist writers, as a source of jealousy and hostility among those engaged in the same occupation, are altogether groundless. But if competition has its evils, it prevents greater evils. As M. Feugueray well says, "The deepest root of the evils and iniquities which fill the industrial world is not competition, but the subjection of labor to capital, and the enormous share which the possessors of the instruments of industry are able to take from the produce. . . . If competition has great power for evil, it is no less fertile of good, especially in what regards the development of the individual faculties and the success of innovations."

It is the common error of socialists to overlook the natural indolence of mankind; their tendency to be passive, to be the slaves of habit, to persist indefinitely in a course once chosen. Let them once attain any state of existence which they consider tolerable, and the danger to be apprehended is that they will

thenceforth stagnate; will not exert themselves to improve; and by letting their faculties rust, will lose even the energy required to preserve them from deterioration. Competition may not be the best conceivable stimulus, but it is at present a necessary one; and no one can foresee the time when it will not be indispensable to progress. Even confining ourselves to the industrial department,—in which, more than in any other, the majority may be supposed to be competent judges of improvements,—it would be difficult to induce the general assembly of an association to submit to the trouble and inconvenience of altering their habits by adopting some new and promising invention, unless their knowledge of the existence of rival associations made them apprehend that what they would not consent to do, others would, and that they would be left behind in the race.

Instead of looking upon competition as the baneful and antisocial principle which it is held to be by the generality of socialists, I conceive that, even in the present state of society and industry, every restriction of it is an evil, and every extension of it—even if for the time injuriously affecting some class of laborers—is always an ultimate good. To be protected against competition is to be protected in idleness, in mental dullness; to be saved the necessity of being as active and as intelligent as other people: and if it is also to be protected against being underbid for employment by a less highly paid class of laborers, this is only where old custom or local and partial monopoly has placed some particular class of artisans in a privileged position as compared with the rest; and the time has come when the interest of universal improvement is no longer promoted by prolonging the privileges of a few. If the slop-sellers and others of their class have lowered the wages of tailors and some other artisans, by making them an affair of competition instead of custom, so much the better in the end. What is now required is not to bolster up old customs, whereby limited classes of laboring people obtain partial gains which interest them in keeping up the present organization of society, but to introduce new general practices beneficial to all; and there is reason to rejoice at whatever makes the privileged classes of skilled artisans feel that they have the same interests, and depend for their remuneration on the same general causes, and must resort for the improvement of their condition to the same remedies, as the less fortunately circumstanced and comparatively helpless multitude.

MILL'S FINAL VIEWS ON THE DESTINY OF SOCIETY

From the 'Autobiography'

In this third period (as it may be termed) of my mental progress, which now went hand in hand with hers [his wife's], my opinions gained equally in breadth and depth; I understood more things, and those which I had understood before, I now understood more thoroughly. I had now completely turned back from what there had been of excess in my reaction against Benthamism. I had, at the height of that reaction, certainly become much more indulgent to the common opinions of society and the world; and more willing to be content with seconding the superficial improvement which had begun to take place in those common opinions, than became one whose convictions on so many points differed fundamentally from them. I was much more inclined than I can now approve to put in abeyance the more decidedly heretical part of my opinions, which I now look upon as almost the only ones the assertion of which tends in any way to regenerate society. But in addition to this, our opinions were far *more* heretical than mine had been in the days of my most extreme Benthamism. In those days I had seen little further than the old school of political economists into the possibilities of fundamental improvement in social arrangements. Private property, as now understood, and inheritance, appeared to me as to them the *dernier mot* of legislation; and I looked no further than to mitigating the inequalities consequent on these institutions, by getting rid of primogeniture and entails. The notion that it was possible to go further than this in removing the injustice — for injustice it is, whether admitting of a complete remedy or not — involved in the fact that some are born to riches and the vast majority to poverty, I then reckoned chimerical; and only hoped that by universal education, leading to voluntary restraint on population, the portion of the poor might be made more tolerable. In short, I was a democrat, but not the least of a socialist. We were now much less democrats than I had been, because so long as education continues to be so wretchedly imperfect, we dreaded the ignorance and especially the selfishness and brutality of the mass; but our ideal of ultimate improvement went far beyond democracy, and would class us decidedly under the general designation of socialists. While we repudiated

with the greatest energy that tyranny of society over the individual which most socialistic systems are supposed to involve, we yet looked forward to a time when society will no longer be divided into the idle and the industrious; when the rule that they who do not work shall not eat, will be applied not to paupers only, but impartially to all; when the division of the produce of labor, instead of depending, as in so great a degree it now does, on the accident of birth, will be made by concert on an acknowledged principle of justice; and when it will no longer either be, or be thought to be, impossible for human beings to exert themselves strenuously in procuring benefits which are not to be exclusively their own, but to be shared with the society they belong to.

The social problem of the future we considered to be, how to unite the greatest individual liberty of action with a common ownership in the raw material of the globe and an equal participation of all in the benefits of combined labor. We had not the presumption to suppose that we could already foresee by what precise form of institutions these objects could most effectually be attained, or at how near or how distant a period they would become practicable. We saw clearly that to render any such social transformation either possible or desirable, an equivalent change of character must take place both in the uncultivated herd who now compose the laboring masses, and in the immense majority of their employers. Both these classes must learn by practice to labor and combine for generous, or at all events for public and social purposes, and not, as hitherto, solely for narrowly interested ones. But the capacity to do this has always existed in mankind, and is not, nor is ever likely to be, extinct. Education, habit, and the cultivation of the sentiments, will make a common man dig or weave for his country as readily as fight for his country. True enough, it is only by slow degrees, and a system of culture prolonged through successive generations, that men in general can be brought up to this point. But the hindrance is not in the essential constitution of human nature. Interest in the common good is at present so weak a motive in the generality, not because it can never be otherwise, but because the mind is not accustomed to dwell on it as it dwells from morning till night on things which tend only to personal advantage. When called into activity, as only self-interest now is, by the daily course of life, and spurred from behind by the love of distinction

and the rear of shame, it is capable of producing, even in common men, the most strenuous exertions as well as the most heroic sacrifices. The deep-rooted selfishness which forms the general character of the existing state of society is *so* deeply rooted, only because the whole course of existing institutions tends to foster it; and modern institutions in some respects more than ancient, since the occasions on which the individual is called on to do anything for the public, without receiving its pay, are far less frequent in modern life than in the smaller commonwealths of antiquity. These considerations did not make us overlook the folly of premature attempts to dispense with the inducements of private interest in social affairs, while no substitute for them has been or can be provided; but we regarded all existing institutions and social arrangements as being (in a phrase I once heard from Austin) "merely provisional."

JUSTICE AND UTILITY

From 'Utilitarianism'

Is THEN the difference between the Just and the Expedient a merely imaginary distinction? Have mankind been under a delusion in thinking that justice is a more sacred thing than policy, and that the latter ought only to be listened to after the former has been satisfied? By no means. The exposition we have given of the nature and origin of the sentiment recognizes a real distinction; and no one of those who profess the most sublime contempt for the consequences of actions as an element in their morality, attaches more importance to the distinction than I do. While I dispute the pretensions of any theory which sets up an imaginary standard of justice not grounded on utility, I account the justice which is grounded on utility to be the chief part, and incomparably the most sacred and binding part, of all morality. Justice is a name for certain classes of moral rules which concern the essentials of human well-being more nearly, and are therefore of more absolute obligation, than any other rules for the guidance of life; and the notion which we have found to be of the essence of the idea of justice,—that of a right residing in an individual,—implies and testifies to this more binding obligation.

The moral rules which forbid mankind to hurt one another (in which we must never forget to include wrongful interference with each other's freedom) are more vital to human well-being than any maxims, however important, which only point out the best mode of managing some department of human affairs. They have also the peculiarity, that they are the main element in determining the whole of the social feelings of mankind. It is their observance which alone preserves peace among human beings: if obedience to them were not the rule, and disobedience the exception, every one would see in every one else a probable enemy, against whom he must be perpetually guarding himself. What is hardly less important, these are the precepts which mankind have the strongest and most direct inducements for impressing upon one another. By merely giving to each other prudential instruction or exhortation, they may gain, or think they gain, nothing: in inculcating on each other the duty of positive beneficence they have an unmistakable interest, but far less in degree, —a person may possibly not need the benefits of others, but he always needs that they should not do him hurt. Thus the moralities which protect every individual from being harmed by others, either directly or by being hindered in his freedom of pursuing his own good, are at once those which he himself has most at heart, and those which he has the strongest interest in publishing and enforcing by word and deed. It is by a person's observance of these that his fitness to exist as one of the fellowship of human beings is tested and decided; for on that depends his being a nuisance or not to those with whom he is in contact. Now, it is these moralities primarily which compose the obligations of justice. The most marked cases of injustice, and those which give the tone to the feeling of repugnance which characterizes the sentiment, are acts of wrongful aggression, or wrongful exercise of power over some one; the next are those which consist in wrongfully withholding from him something which is his due: in both cases inflicting on him a positive hurt, either in the form of direct suffering, or of the privation of some good which he had reasonable ground, either of a physical or of a social kind, for counting upon.

The same powerful motives which command the observance of these primary moralities, enjoin the punishment of those who violate them; and as the impulses of self-defense, of defense of others, and of vengeance, are all called forth against such persons,

retribution, or evil for evil, becomes closely connected with the sentiment of justice, and is universally included in the idea. Good for good is also one of the dictates of justice; and this, though its social utility is evident, and though it carries with it a natural human feeling, has not at first sight that obvious connection with hurt or injury, which, existing in the most elementary cases of just and unjust, is the source of the characteristic intensity of the sentiment. But the connection, though less obvious, is not less real. He who accepts benefits, and denies a return of them when needed, inflicts a real hurt, by disappointing one of the most natural and reasonable of expectations, and one which he must at least tacitly have encouraged, otherwise the benefits would seldom have been conferred. The important rank, among human evils and wrongs, of the disappointment of expectation, is shown in the fact that it constitutes the principal criminality of two such highly immoral acts as a breach of friendship and a breach of promise. Few hurts which human beings can sustain are greater, and none wound more, than when that on which they habitually and with full assurance relied, fails them in the hour of need: and few wrongs are greater than this mere withholding of good; none excites more resentment, either in the person suffering, or in a sympathizing spectator. The principle, therefore, of giving to each what they deserve,—that is, good for good, as well as evil for evil,—is not only included within the idea of Justice as we have defined it, but is a proper object of that intensity of sentiment which places the Just, in human estimation, above the simply Expedient.

Most of the maxims of justice current in the world, and commonly appealed to in its transactions, are simply instrumental to carrying into effect the principles of justice which we have now spoken of. That a person is only responsible for what he has done voluntarily or could voluntarily have avoided, that it is unjust to condemn any person unheard, that the punishment ought to be proportioned to the offense, and the like, are maxims intended to prevent the just principle of evil for evil from being perverted to the infliction of evil without that justification. The greater part of these common maxims have come into use from the practice of courts of justice; which have been naturally led to a more complete recognition and elaboration than was likely to suggest itself to others, of the rules necessary to enable them to fulfill their double function, of inflicting punishment when due and of awarding to each person his right.

That first of judicial virtues, impartiality, is an obligation of justice, partly for the reason last mentioned: as being a necessary condition of the fulfillment of the other obligations of justice. But this is not the only source of the exalted rank among human obligations of those maxims of equality and impartiality, which, both in popular estimation and in that of the most enlightened, are included among the precepts of justice. In one point of view they may be considered as corollaries from the principles already laid down. If it is a duty to do to each according to his deserts, returning good for good as well as repressing evil by evil, it necessarily follows that we should treat all equally well (when no higher duty forbids) who have deserved equally well of us, and that society should treat all equally well who have deserved equally well of it,—that is, who have deserved equally well absolutely. This is the highest abstract standard of social and distributive justice; towards which all institutions, and the efforts of all virtuous citizens, should be made in the utmost possible degree to converge. But this great moral duty rests upon a still deeper foundation; being a direct emanation from the first principles of morals, and not a mere logical corollary from secondary or derivative doctrines. It is involved in the very meaning of Utility, or the Greatest-Happiness Principle. That principle is a mere form of words without rational signification, unless one person's happiness, supposed equal in degree (with the proper allowance made for kind), is counted for exactly as much as another's: those conditions being supplied, Bentham's dictum, "Everybody to count for one, nobody for more than one," might be written under the principle of utility, as an explanatory commentary. The equal claim of everybody to happiness, in the estimation of the moralist and the legislator, involves an equal claim to all the means of happiness,—except in so far as the inevitable conditions of human life, and the general interest in which that of every individual is included, set limits to the maxim; and those limits ought to be strictly construed. As every other maxim of justice, so this is by no means applied or held applicable universally; on the contrary, as I have already remarked, it bends to every person's ideas of social expediency. But in whatever case it is deemed applicable at all, it is held to be the dictate of justice. All persons are deemed to have a *right* to equality of treatment, except when some recognized social expediency requires the reverse. And hence all social

inequalities which have ceased to be considered expedient assume the character not of simple inexpediency, but of injustice, and appear so tyrannical that people are apt to wonder how they ever could have been tolerated; forgetful that they themselves perhaps tolerate other inequalities under an equally mistaken notion of expediency, the correction of which would make that which they approve seem quite as monstrous as what they have at last learnt to condemn. The entire history of social improvement has been a series of transitions, by which one custom or institution after another, from being a supposed primary necessity of social existence, has passed into the rank of a universally stigmatized injustice and tyranny. So it has been with the distinctions of slaves and freemen, nobles and serfs, patricians and plebeians; and so it will be, and in part already is, with the aristocracies of color, race, and sex.

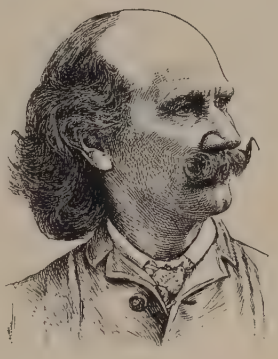
It appears from what has been said that justice is a name for certain moral requirements, which, regarded collectively, stand higher in the scale of social utility, and are therefore of more paramount obligation, than any others; though particular cases may occur in which some other social duty is so important as to overrule any one of the general maxims of justice. Thus, to save a life, it may not only be allowable, but a duty, to steal or take by force the necessary food or medicine, or to kidnap and compel to officiate the only qualified medical practitioner. In such cases, as we do not call anything justice which is not a virtue, we usually say, not that justice must give way to some other moral principle, but that what is just in ordinary cases is, by reason of that other principle, not just in the particular case. By this useful accommodation of language, the character of indefeasibility attributed to justice is kept up, and we are saved from the necessity of maintaining that there can be laudable injustice.

The considerations which have now been adduced resolve, I conceive, the only real difficulty in the utilitarian theory of morals. It has always been evident that all cases of justice are also cases of expediency; the difference is in the peculiar sentiment which attaches to the former, as contradistinguished from the latter. If this characteristic sentiment has been sufficiently accounted for; if there is no necessity to assume for it any peculiarity of origin; . . . that idea no longer presents itself as a stumbling-block to the utilitarian ethics.

JOAQUIN MILLER

(1841–)

CINCINNATUS HEINE MILLER, known to literature under the name of "Joaquin Miller," was born November 10th, 1841, in the Wabash district of Indiana. In 1854 his parents moved to Oregon, where the poet was brought up amid all the picturesque deprivations of pioneer life. With the next turn of destiny's wheel he became a miner in California, living with his associates a life of adventure, of which he afterwards made good use in his long narrative poems. In 1860 he returned to Oregon and studied law until the next year, when he went as express messenger to the gold-mining districts of Idaho. Returning again to Oregon in 1863, he edited the Democratic Register,—a weekly newspaper which was suppressed for disloyalty,—after which he began the practice of law in Cañon City.



JOAQUIN MILLER

From 1866 to 1870 Mr. Miller held the office of judge of the Grant County court, Oregon; and at the same time made his first serious attempts as a poet. By a strange intuition he felt that his work would meet with more favor abroad than at home; and hence his visit in 1870 to England, where the year following he brought out his 'Songs of the Sierras' simultaneously with their publication in Boston, under the imprint of Roberts Brothers. The name "Joaquin," prefixed to his own on the title-page, the author borrowed from the name of a Mexican brigand, Joaquin Murietta, for whom he had once made a legal defense. The appearance of the 'Songs of the Sierras' made a great stir in England; and Mr. Miller was fêted, and lauded with superlative adjectives and epithets, culminating in the illustrious title of the "American Byron." On his return from England, Mr. Miller did journalistic work in Washington, D. C., till the autumn of 1887, when he removed to Oakland, California, which has since been his permanent place of residence.

Besides the volume of poems already mentioned, Mr. Miller published in 1873 'Songs of the Sunlands,' in 1875 'Songs of the Desert,' in 1878 'Songs of Italy,' in 1882 his 'Collected Poems,' and in 1887

'Songs of Mexican Seas.' He is also the author of the following prose works: 'The Baroness of New York (1877), 'The Danites in the Sierras' (1881), 'Shadows of Shasta' (1881), 'Memorie and Rime' (1884), and ''49, or the Gold Seekers of the Sierras' (1884). His last work, 'Songs of the Soul,' was published in the summer of 1896.

Mr. Miller's chief claim to literary fame rests upon his originality, freshness of style, and vigor of thought and expression. In the sweeping rush of his rhythm there is a suggestion of the roaring streams and swaying forests whose music he heard in his youth. The power to report nature by symbols and pagan metaphors, so that she seems in his poetry to be using her own vernacular, is one of his peculiar gifts. His qualities of style are seen at their best in 'The Isles of the Amazon.' In his shorter lyrical poems there is a gentler cadence, with an undertone of deep melancholy that haunts the reader. This effect is well illustrated in 'The Last Hymn' and 'Down into the Dust.'

In spite of his claim to a high rank among American poets,—a claim which England freely granted him,—Mr. Miller has worked out more bitterly than most authors the Scriptural sentence concerning a prophet in his own country, and the allied one of Solomon which declares that «the race is not to the swift, . . . nor yet favor to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all.»

FROM 'THE SHIP IN THE DESERT'

A CHIEF from out the desert's rim
Rode swift as twilight swallows swim,
Or eagle blown from eyrie nest.
His trim-limbed steed was black as night;
His long black hair had blossomed white
With feathers from the koko's crest;
His iron face was flushed and red,
His eyes flashed fire as he fled,—
For he had seen unsightly things,
Had felt the flapping of their wings.

A wild and wiry man was he,
This tawny chief of Shoshonee;
And oh, his supple steed was fleet!
About his breast flapped panther-skins;
About his eager flying feet
Flapped beaded, braided moccasins;
He rode as rides the hurricane;
He seemed to swallow up the plain;

He rode as never man did ride,—
He rode, for ghosts rode at his side;
And on his right a grizzled, grim—
No, no, this tale is not of him.

An Indian warrior lost his way
While prowling on this desert's edge
In fragrant sage and prickly hedge,
When suddenly he saw a sight,
And turned his steed in eager flight.
He rode right through the edge of day,
He rode into the rolling night.
He leaned, he reached an eager face,
His black wolf-skin flapped out and in,
And tiger claws on tiger-skin
Held seat and saddle to its place;
But that gray ghost that clutched thereat—
Arrête! the tale is not of that.

A chieftain touched the desert's rim
One autumn eve; he rode alone,
And still as moon-made shadows swim.
He stopped, he stood as still as stone;
He leaned, he looked, there glistened bright
From out the yellow yielding sand
A golden cup with jeweled rim.
He leaned him low, he reached a hand,
He caught it up, he galloped on.
He turned his head, he saw a sight . . .
His panther-skins flew to the wind,
The dark, the desert lay behind;
The tawny Ishmaelite was gone;
But something sombre as death is—
Tut, tut! the tale is not of this.

A mountaineer, storm-stained and brown,
From farthest desert touched the town;
And striding through the crowd, held up
Above his head a jeweled cup.
He put two fingers to his lip,
He whispered wild, he stood a-tip,
And leaned the while with lifted hand,
And said, "A ship lies yonder, dead;"
And said, "Doubloons lie sown in sand
In yon far desert dead and brown,

Beyond where wave-washed walls look down,
As thick as stars set overhead.
That three ship-masts uplift like trees—»
Away! the tale is not of these.

An Indian hunter held a plate
Of gold above his lifted head,
Around which kings had sat in state.
«'Tis from that desert ship,» they said,
«That sails with neither sail nor breeze,
Or galleon, that sank below
Of old, in olden dried-up seas,
Ere yet the red men drew the bow.»
But wrinkled women wagged the head,
And walls of warriors sat that night
In black, nor streak of battle red,
Around against the red camp-light;
And told such wondrous tales as these
Of wealth within their dried-up seas.
And one, girt well in tiger's skin,
Who stood, like Saul, above the rest,
With dangling claws about his breast,
A belt without, a blade within,—
A warrior with a painted face,
And lines that shadowed stern and grim,—
Stood pointing east from his high place,
And hurling thought like cannon shot,
Stood high with visage flushed and hot—
But stay! this tale is not of him.

. . . . . .

The day glared through the eastern rim
Of rocky peaks, as prison bars;
With light as dim as distant stars
The sultry sunbeams filtered down
Through misty phantoms weird and dim,
Through shifting shapes bat-winged and brown.

Like some vast ruin wrapped in flame,
The sun fell down before them now.
Behind them wheeled white peaks of snow,
As they proceeded.
Gray and grim
And awful objects went and came

Before them then. They pierced at last
The desert's middle depths, and lo!
There loomed from out the desert vast
A lonely ship, well-built and trim,
And perfect all in hull and mast.

No storm had stained it any whit,
No seasons set their teeth in it.
Her masts were white as ghosts, and tall;
Her decks were as of yesterday.
The rains, the elements, and all
The moving things that bring decay
By fair green lands or fairer seas,
Had touched not here for centuries.

Lo! date had lost all reckoning;
And Time had long forgotten all
In this lost land, and no new thing
Or old could anywise befall,—
Or morrows or a yesterday,—
For Time went by the other way.

The ages had not any course
Across this untracked waste.
The sky
Wears here one blue, unbending hue,
The heavens one unchanging mood.
The far, still stars, they filter through
The heavens, falling bright and bold
Against the sands as beams of gold.
The wide white moon forgets her force;
The very sun rides round and high,
As if to shun this solitude.

What dreams of gold or conquest drew
The oak-built sea-king to these seas,
Ere Earth, old Earth, unsatisfied,
Rose up and shook man in disgust
From off her wearied breast, and threw
And smote his cities down, and dried
These measured, town-set seas to dust?
Who trod these decks?
What captain knew
The straits that led to lands like these?
Blew south-sea breeze or north-sea breeze?
What spiced winds whistled through this sail?

What banners streamed above these seas?
And what strange seamen answered back
To other sea-king's beck and hail,
That blew across his foamy track?

Sought Jason here the golden fleece?
Came Trojan ship or ships of Greece?
Came decks dark-manned from sultry Ind,
Wooed here by spacious wooing wind,—
So like a grand, sweet woman, when
A great love moves her soul to men?

Came here strong ships of Solomon
In quest of Ophir by Cathay?
Sit down and dream of seas withdrawn,
And every sea-breath drawn away—
Sit down, sit down!
What is the good
That we go on still fashioning
Great iron ships or walls of wood,
High masts of oak, or anything?

Lo! all things moving must go by.
The sea lies dead. Behold, this land
Sits desolate in dust beside
His snow-white, seamless shroud of sand;
The very clouds have wept and died,
And only God is in the sky.

KIT CARSON'S RIDE

From 'Songs of the Sierras'

RUN? Now you bet you; I rather guess so!
But he's blind as a badger. Whoa, Paché boy, whoa!
No, you wouldn't believe it to look at his eyes,
But he is badger-blind, and it happened this wise:—

We lay in the grasses and the sunburnt clover,
That spread on the ground like a great brown cover
Northward and southward, and west and away
To the Brazos, to where our lodges lay,
One broad and unbroken sea of brown,
Awaiting the curtains of night to come down

To cover us over and conceal our flight
With my brown bride, won from an Indian town
That lay in the rear the full ride of a night.

We lounged in the grasses—her eyes were in mine,
And her hands on my knee, and her hair was as wine
In its wealth and its flood, pouring on and all over
Her bosom wine-red, and pressed never by one;
And her touch was as warm as the tinge of the clover
Burnt brown as it reached to the kiss of the sun;
And her words were as low as the lute-throated dove,
And as laden with love as the heart when it beats
In its hot eager answer to earliest love,
Or a bee hurried home by its burthen of sweets.

We lay low in the grass on the broad plain levels,
Old Revels and I, and my stolen brown bride;
And the heavens of blue and the harvest of brown
And beautiful clover were welded as one,
To the right and the left, in the light of the sun.
"Forty full miles if a foot to ride,
Forty full miles if a foot, and the devils
Of red Camanches are hot on the track
When once they strike it. Let the sun go down
Soon, very soon," muttered bearded old Revels
As he peered at the sun, lying low on his back,
Holding fast to his lasso. Then he jerked at his steed,
And he sprang to his feet, and glanced swiftly around,
And then dropped, as if shot, with his ear to the ground;
Then again to his feet, and to me, to my bride,
While his eyes were like fire, his face like a shroud,
His form like a king, and his beard like a cloud,
And his voice loud and shrill, as if blown from a reed:—
"Pull, pull in your lassos, and bridle to steed,
And speed you if ever for life you would speed,
And ride for your lives, for your lives you must ride!
For the plain is aflame, the prairie on fire,
And feet of wild horses hard flying before
I hear like a sea breaking high on the shore;
While the buffalo come like a surge of the sea,
Driven far by the flame, driving fast on us three
As a hurricane comes, crushing palms in his ire."

We drew in the lassos, seized saddle and rein,
Threw them on, cinched them on, cinched them over again,

And again drew the girth, cast aside the macheers,
Cut away tapidaros, loosed the sash from its fold,
Cast aside the catenas red-spangled with gold,
And gold-mounted Colts, the companions of years,
Cast the silken serapes to the wind in a breath,
And so bared to the skin sprang all haste to the horse—
As bare as when born, as when new from the hand
Of God—without word, or one word of command.
Turned head to the Brazos in a red race with death,
Turned head to the Brazos with a breath in the hair
Blowing hot from a king leaving death in his course;
Turned head to the Brazos with a sound in the air
Like the rush of an army, and a flash in the eye
Of a red wall of fire reaching up to the sky,
Stretching fierce in pursuit of a black rolling sea
Rushing fast upon us, as the wind sweeping free
And afar from the desert blew hollow and hoarse.

Not a word, not a wail from a lip was let fall;
Not a kiss from my bride, not a look nor low call
Of love-note or courage: but on o'er the plain
So steady and still, leaning low to the mane,
With the heel to the flank and the hand to the rein,
Rode we on, rode we three, rode we nose and gray nose,
Reaching long, breathing loud, as a creviced wind blows;
Yet we broke not a whisper, we breathed not a prayer;
There was work to be done, there was death in the air,
And the chance was as one to a thousand for all.

Gray nose to gray nose, and each steady mustang
Stretched neck and stretched nerve till the arid earth rang,
And the foam from the flank and the croup and the neck
Flew around like the spray on a storm-driven deck.
Twenty miles!—thirty miles!—a dim distant speck—
Then a long reaching line, and the Brazos in sight,
And I rose in my seat with a shout of delight.
I stood in my stirrup and looked to my right—
But Revels was gone: I glanced by my shoulder
And saw his horse stagger; I saw his head drooping
Hard down on his breast, and his naked breast stooping
Low down to the mane, as so swifter and bolder
Ran reaching out for us the red-footed fire.
To right and to left the black buffalo came,
A terrible surf on a red sea of flame
Rushing on in the rear, reaching high, reaching higher.

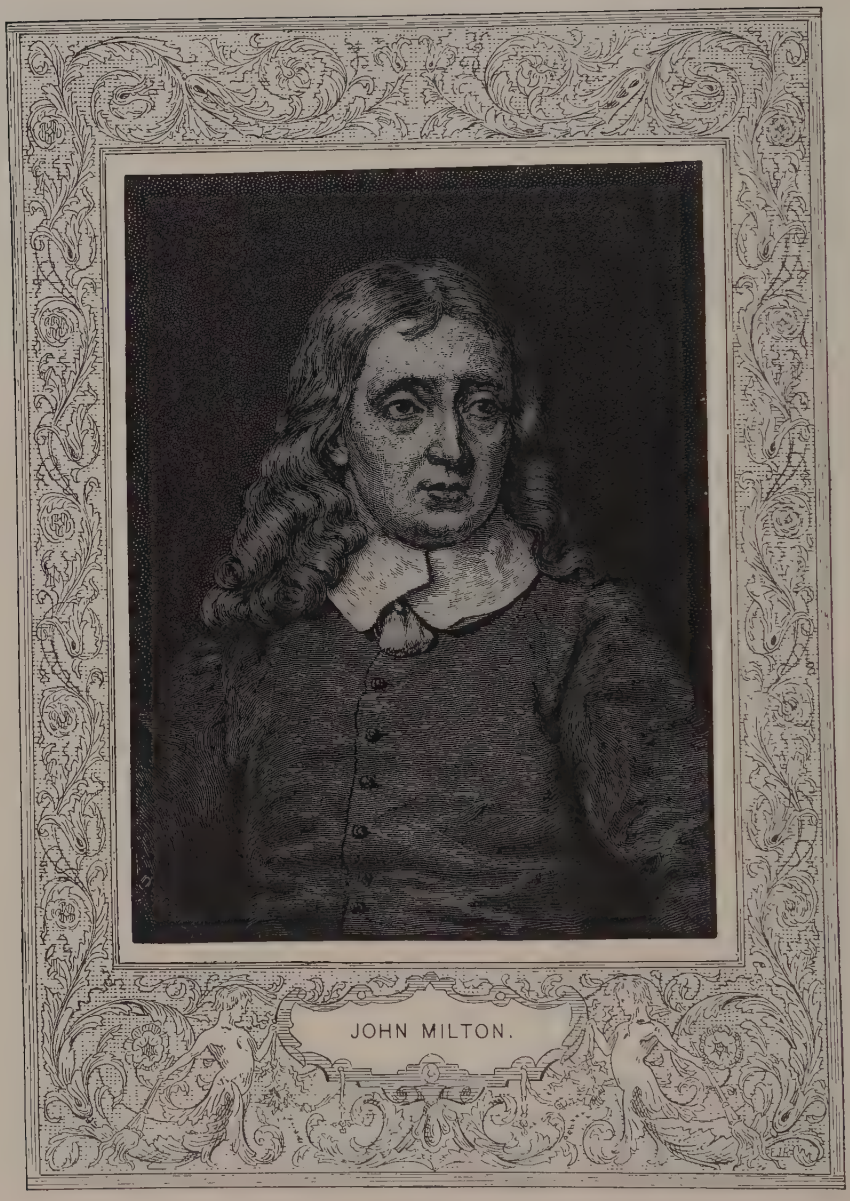
And he rode neck to neck to a buffalo bull,
The monarch of millions, with shaggy mane full
Of smoke and of dust, and it shook with desire
Of battle, with rage and with bellowings loud
And unearthly, and up through its lowering cloud
Came the flash of his eyes like a half-hidden fire,
While his keen crooked horns, through the storm of his mane,
Like black lances lifted and lifted again;
And I looked but this once, for the fire licked through,
And he fell and was lost, as we rode two and two.

I looked to my left then — and nose, neck, and shoulder
Sank slowly, sank surely, till back to my thighs;
And up through the black blowing veil of her hair
Did beam full in mine her two marvelous eyes,
With a longing and love, yet a look of despair
And of pity for me, as she felt the smoke fold her,
And flames reaching far for her glorious hair.
Her sinking steed faltered, his eager ears fell
To and fro and unsteady, and all the neck's swell
Did subside and recede, and the nerves fell as dead.
Then she saw sturdy Paché still lorded his head,
With a look of delight; for nor courage nor bribe,
Nor aught but my bride, could have brought him to me.
For he was her father's, and at South Santafee
Had once won a whole herd, sweeping everything down
In a race where the world came to run for the crown.
And so when I won the true heart of my bride,—
My neighbor's and deadliest enemy's child,
And child of the kingly war-chief of his tribe,—
She brought me this steed to the border the night
She met Revels and me in her perilous flight
From the lodge of the chief to the North Brazos side;
And said, so half guessing of ill as she smiled,
As if jesting, that I, and I only, should ride
The fleet-footed Paché, so if kin should pursue
I should surely escape without other ado
Than to ride, without blood, to the North Brazos side,
And await her — and wait till the next hollow moon
Hung her horns in the palms, when surely and soon
And swift she would join me, and all would be well
Without bloodshed or word. And now as she fell
From the front, and went down in the ocean of fire,
The last that I saw was a look of delight
That I should escape — a love — a desire —

Yet never a word, not one look of appeal,
Lest I should reach hand, should stay hand or stay heel
One instant for her in my terrible flight.
Then the rushing of fire around me and under,
And the howling of beasts and a sound as of thunder—
Beasts burning and blind and forced onward and over,
As the passionate flame reached around them, and wove her
Red hands in their hair, and kissed hot till they died—
Till they died with a wild and a desolate moan,
As a sea heart-broken on the hard brown stone;—
And into the Brazos I rode all alone—
All alone, save only a horse long-limbed,
And blinded and bare and burnt to the skin.
Then just as the terrible sea came in
And tumbled its thousands hot into the tide,
Till the tide blocked up and the swift stream brimmed
In eddies, we struck on the opposite side.

* * *

Sell Paché—blind Paché? Now, mister, look here:
You have slept in my tent and partook of my cheer
Many days, many days, on this rugged frontier,
For the ways they are rough and Camanches were near;
But you'd better pack up, sir! That tent is too small
For us two after this! Has an old mountaineer,
Do you book-men believe, got no tum-tum at all?
Sell Paché!—you buy him!—a bag full of gold!—
You show him!—tell of him the tale I have told!
Why, he bore me through fire, and is blind, and is old!—
Now pack up your papers, and get up and spin
To them cities you tell of— Blast you and your tin!



JOHN MILTON.

JOHN MILTON

(1607–1674)

BY E. S. NADAL

MILTON was born in London, on December 9th, 1607; the son of John Milton, who had amassed a competency as a scrivener. The elder Milton, besides his professional success, attained to considerable eminence as a musician. This talent, we know, descended to his son; and it may be that this inheritance had some bearing upon the genius of the poet, who was gifted with perhaps the finest ear possessed by any English writer, and whom critics have described as a musical rather than a picturesque poet. Milton tells us that he was instructed early, both at grammar schools and by private masters, «as my age would suffer.» It was at St. Paul's School, however, which he had entered by the year 1620, that he began that career of diligent study which he was to pursue through life. «From my twelfth year of age,» he says, «I scarcely ever went from my studies to bed before midnight.» Milton left school at the end of 1624, when he was sixteen; as Mr. Masson says, «as scholarly, as accomplished, and as handsome a youth as St. Paul's School has sent forth.» Early in the following year he entered Christ's College, Cambridge. It has been supposed that his career at college was not a happy one; and there was a story, now discarded, to which Johnson lent some kind of countenance, from which it appeared that he was one of the last students of the university to undergo corporal punishment. He was of a rebellious disposition, and may have found much to condemn both in the system of instruction then followed in the university and in his instructors. There is also evidence that the «lady of Christ's College,» as he was termed in allusion to his beauty and the purity of his morals, was not popular with his fellow collegians. He however took his degree in due course, and remained at the university some years after graduation. Among the incidents of his college life was his friendship with Edward King, the young poet celebrated in 'Lycidas.' He added French, Italian, and Hebrew to the university Greek and Latin; and he became an expert swordsman.

It was in 1632, at the end of his seven years' life at Cambridge, that he went to live with his father, who had just removed from

London to the small village of Horton in Buckinghamshire, not far from Windsor. The idea with which he entered college, that of being a priest, had been abandoned, and he had decided upon a life devoted to learning and the pursuit of literature. He lived at Horton for the next six years. At Horton he wrote, besides other poetry, 'L'Allegro,' 'Il Penseroso,' 'Comus,' and 'Lycidas.' 'Comus,' like much of his poetry, was the result of an occasion. The musician Lawes, who was his friend, had been employed to write a masque to be played at Lord Bridgewater's place in Wales; and for this entertainment Milton wrote the words. There is perhaps not in all our literature so perfect an expression as 'Comus' of the beauty of a youthful mind filled with lofty principles; and this quality of the poem is all the more impressive, because we know that the ideals cherished in those days of hope and health and lettered enthusiasm are to be re-asserted with deeper emphasis amid the tragic circumstances of the closing period of his career. It was the loss of his friend Edward King, by the foundering of a ship in the Irish Channel, which was the occasion of 'Lycidas,' a poem which is throughout a treasury of literary beauty.

His mother died in 1637, and his brother and his wife came to live with his father; and Milton now felt that he might carry out his long-contemplated project of a journey to Italy. He started upon this journey in 1637, and passed fifteen months on the Continent. This period was one of the brightest of his life, and is one of the most pleasing chapters of literary biography. After having visited Paris, Florence, Rome, Naples, and Geneva,—at all of which places he was received with a distinction and kindness due more, no doubt, to his character and accomplishments and his engaging personal qualities than to his fame, which could not at that time have been great,—he returned to England. It was the alarming state of affairs at home which determined him to bring this charming episode of his career to an end. The words in which he stated the motive for this decision are significant of the abrupt change which was about to take place in his life:—"I considered it to be dishonorable to be enjoying myself at my ease in foreign lands while my countrymen were striking a blow for freedom."

On reaching England he went to live in London, receiving into his house as pupils his two nephews and some other boys, to whom he gave instruction. He of course continued his life of study; but he wrote no poetry. His exertions from now on to the time of the Restoration were to be mainly those of the pamphleteer and the politician. In the ranks of the triumphant party, which had successfully opposed the purposes of Charles and Laud, there had arisen several divisions, mainly over the question of Episcopacy. Milton belonged to what was termed the "root and branch party," which wished to

do away with the bishops altogether. In answer to a manifesto published by the High Church division of the party, five Puritan ministers had issued a pamphlet signed "Smectymnuus,"—a word made up of the initials of its five authors. Milton wrote during 1641 and 1642 a number of pamphlets in support of the views of this party. In 1643 he issued a pamphlet the motive of which was chiefly personal. In May of that year he had taken a journey into the country, and had brought back with him a wife. She was Mary Powell, a girl of seventeen, the daughter of a Royalist gentleman of Oxfordshire. The honeymoon was scarcely over before the young girl, who had found the abode of the Puritan scholar not so pleasant a place to live as the free and easy cavalier house in Oxfordshire, went to her family on a visit; and Milton was presently informed that she had no intention of returning. It was in the following August that he wrote his 'Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce,' in which he attacked the accepted views of marriage, and expressed the hope that Parliament would legislate for the relief of persons in his situation. This, of course, Parliament failed to do; and Milton made few converts to his views upon this subject, although among the numerous sects of the day there was one known as Miltonists or Divorcers. In 1645 Milton's wife returned to him. The triumph of the Puritan party had brought ruin to her family. Milton received into his house the entire family, twelve in all, including the mother-in-law, who had been the chief cause of the quarrel. Mary Powell was the mother of his three children. She died nine years later.

In 1644 Milton published, without a license, a second edition of his pamphlet on 'Divorce.' The criticisms made upon this disregard of the license law resulted in his writing, in the same year, his famous 'Areopagitica,' perhaps the most magnificent and the most known and admired of all his prose writings. There now seems to have succeeded a period of inactivity, which lasted till 1649. On January 30th of that year the King was beheaded, and within a fortnight Milton published a pamphlet in defense of the act. It may have been owing to his having written this pamphlet that he was, in the following month, made Latin Secretary to the Council of State, which governed the country. His business in this new office was to translate from and into Latin the communications received from abroad by the Council, and those sent in reply. But he had other duties, of an indefinite character. One was that of official pamphleteer for the new government, in which capacity he was to defend it from its critics at home and abroad. If the Irish Presbyterians attacked the government, Milton, who belonged to the Independents and favored toleration, must answer them in behalf of Cromwell and his Council, who were also Independents. His special duty, however, proved to be that of replying to assaults made in the interests of the

monarchy. When the 'Eikon Basilike' (Royal Image) was published, a pamphlet believed to be written by the King, the Council directed Milton to reply. This he did in the 'Eikonoklastes' (Image Breaker). Charles II. was at that time living at The Hague, and he employed the learned Salmasius, the great ornament of the University of Leyden, to write a defense of his father. Milton, having been ordered by the Council to answer Salmasius, wrote his 'Defense of the English People.' His labors in preparing this pamphlet were the cause of his blindness. He had been warned by his doctor that such would be the result, but he considered it to be his duty to make a deliberate sacrifice of his eyesight in the fulfillment of this task. He thus became blind at the age of forty-three. Another monograph, 'Regii Sanguinis Clamor' (Cry of the Royal Blood), having been issued from The Hague, Milton wrote his 'Second Defense'—a paper of extraordinary interest and eloquence, spoiled however by fanaticism, and by a simplicity of combativeness which at times seems to approach the borders of puerility. We get some idea of the heroic elements and proportions of the scene which it discloses, when we hear the blind sage and patriot exclaim of Cromwell that he "had either extinguished, or by habit had learned to subdue, the whole host of vain hopes, fears, and passions which infest the soul." One incident of Milton's domestic life during this period should be mentioned: in 1656 he had married Katherine Woodcock, the "late espousèd saint" of the sonnet, and with her had fifteen months of great happiness, which her death terminated. The aspect of public affairs soon began, from Milton's point of view, to darken. From the time of Oliver's death the tide of reaction was setting in, bearing irresistibly in the direction of a return of the monarchy. This result Milton set himself to the work of fighting with desperate energy. It is interesting to see that his proposal for the cure of the disorders of the time was the establishment of some such scheme of federal government as was destined more than a century later to be devised in the Constitution of the United States. How Milton succeeded in escaping the scaffold, after the Restoration had been accomplished, is not clear. But his escape was probably due to his literary eminence and to the secret services of friends and admirers. He was for a time in hiding, but from 1660 was without fear of molestation. He was then indeed "fallen on evil days." Besides his public causes of unhappiness, he was miserable at home. He found himself neglected by daughters whom he had failed to educate. He was not a worldly-wise man, nor a man of common worldly prudence: witness many facts of his life,—such, for instance, as his thinking that an article was worth the sacrifice of his eyes, and his scheme of education founded on the belief that any boy could do what he did at school. In 1663 Milton married his third wife, a woman thirty years younger than himself,—

a marriage which proved fortunate. In his loneliness he was still visited by a few friends who were faithful to him, such as Andrew Marvell and Cyriac Skinner.

It was this period of his life which he occupied with the composition of 'Paradise Lost.' During the long interval which had elapsed since 'Lycidas,' Milton's only poems had been the sonnets; which, among the noblest poems of our language as they are, relate chiefly to the incidents of the political life in which he was throughout that time immersed. In 1658, the last year of Cromwell's Protectorate, Milton had taken up 'Paradise Lost.' But the beginnings of the work far antedate that time. As early as 1638 he had determined to make the composition of a great poem the chief work of his life. His intention at that time was to take the subject of the poem from the legend of King Arthur. In 1640–42 he was debating the subject and manner of the poem. More than ninety possible themes — the greater part of them Biblical, although some were historical — were considered by him. After his selection of the theme of 'Paradise Lost' as the subject, his first intention was that the form of the poem should be dramatic. About 1642 he worked upon parts of it. Satan's Address to the Sun was written at that time, and repeated by Milton to his nephew, Edward Philips. When in 1658 the poem was resumed, it was under the epic form. It was finished in 1665 and published in 1666.

It is not possible within the limits of this article to attempt a description or criticism of 'Paradise Lost.' It is of course one of the world's great epics. The drama and story are of the grandest, especially in the first two books, and the entire subject and scenery of the work have entered into and profoundly influenced the mind of the English-speaking world. Nevertheless a story which concerns spirits is at a disadvantage by the side of stories which concern men, as the other great epics do. To most readers the work is perhaps lyrical rather than epic; a wonderful strain of music, rising now and again into still grander harmonies, rather than a relation of incidents. It is the splendid bursts of poetry scattered through the work, and expressing the mind of the poet, that interest us even more than the story. The poet himself is as much before us as in his more strictly lyrical productions. He is never absent from our thoughts. Thus, when the newly erected Pandemonium is likened to the pipes of an organ, we have before us the blind musician of the little house in Jewin Street. When we find the gods of Olympus among the hosts of hell, it is with a feeling of regret to see the friends of the young scholar of Horton in such company. What else than the most beautiful lyric poetry is the pathetic opening of the third book?

A word should be said of the scheme of the physical universe which the story of 'Paradise Lost' supposes. How is it that Satan in going from hell to earth at one time flies downward? How is it that in this journey he passes the gate of heaven? Milton supposes all space to be divided into two halves, an upper and a lower, the upper heaven and the lower chaos. From the floor of heaven is hung our starry universe, a hollow sphere with a hard crust, with the earth in the centre and the sun and stars revolving round it. It was so our starry universe (solar system, as we should now call it) was regarded by the Ptolemaic astronomy, which Milton selected as the cosmogony of 'Paradise Lost.' When Satan and his angels are cast out of heaven they fall to the bottom of chaos and are there inclosed in hell, which is roofed over. Between heaven and hell is the rest of chaos. Our starry universe, as has been said, hangs from the floor of heaven near the gate of heaven. At this point there is a hole in the crust of our universe, which is the place of entrance to it. Satan gets out of hell, finds his way through chaos, passes near the gate of heaven, enters the aperture in the crust of our universe, and thence drops to the earth.

It was Ellwood, the young Quaker to whom Milton had shown 'Paradise Lost,' who suggested 'Paradise Regained.' He said to Milton on returning the MS., "Thou hast said much here of Paradise Lost, but what hast thou to say of Paradise Found?" Ellwood, in relating the interview, says, "He made no answer, but sat some time in a muse." It is probable that at this time Milton conceived the idea of writing 'Paradise Regained.' This was published in 1671. It is a poem upon which its author set great store; and which, whatever may be its deficiencies, has great beauties. It is especially a correct poem, very devoid of ornament. 'Samson Agonistes,' the concluding poem of his life, has a sad autobiographical interest as the poem of his old age. To that old age many elements of sadness contributed. Blind and ill, neglected by his daughters at home, he was witnessing the triumph without of the enemies of all he held sacred. The poem is an exact picture of such an old age.

In speaking of Milton's literary characteristics, it is natural to mention first the subject of style, in which he is perhaps the greatest of English writers. He has that power, which only the greatest poets have, of commanding a beautiful style, no matter what may be the nature of the subject. It should, of course, be within the power of a true poet to write well upon a theme which is of a character to awaken his feeling and imagination; for the excited feeling then prompts him to a style worthy of the subject. But to write in a fine style upon themes which are not in their nature dignified is far more difficult. It is done only by the great poets. It is no doubt

true that Milton does not have occasion to exhibit this power as often as Homer and Virgil. But when the occasion comes, he is equal to it. It does not seem to be in his power to speak meanly or weakly. Even in passages where the subject is not only not poetical but seems to border upon the ridiculous,—as for instance, that in which he describes the inhabitants of hell as having the capacity to reduce their bulk at will to the smallest dimensions,—even in such passages the style does not falter. When we come to his manner of expression in treating great subjects, we find a dignity, a splendor, and a grace which are unequaled in English literature. In particular, there is a loveliness of elegance in which no English poet approaches him. Here he is unique; and like

> «That self-begotten bird
> In Arabian woods embost,»

of 'Samson Agonistes,' «no second knows nor third.» A hundred examples crowd upon the memory or disclose themselves as we turn the pages. It is perhaps better, by the way, not to know such passages by heart; since a verbal familiarity with them may deprive you of that surprise with which the mind at each fresh perusal recognizes their incomparable, their almost miraculous felicity.

Matthew Arnold, the English writer of our day who has had the best things to say upon literature, has selected Milton as the one English poet whose style resembles what he calls the «grand style,» as seen in the great epic poets of antiquity and in Dante, and through whom the great mass of English readers must know that style if they are to know it at all. This resemblance may be due in part to the fact that Milton's mind had been deeply influenced by the study of these great models. It is certainly true that no other English poetry so suggests the spirit of antiquity as his does. The result of his studies had been to infuse a classic essence into his words and sentences. A similar education has produced a similar quality in other English poets; in Gray, for instance,—the English poet who in this respect most resembles him. Milton was deeply versed in ancient literature, because in his time that was the chief literature; and he had great devotion to literature and profound faith in it. Literature was for him education rather than acquisition. For mere extent of reading he had no great respect, nor did he consider books interesting and valuable because written in an antique tongue. He wisely selected from among the writings of all time the worthiest and best, and diligently studied them; bringing to the appreciation of them the powers of his profound nature. He had indeed a special practical aim in these studies. They were pursued with a conscious purpose of fitting him for the work of poetry. To literature he went rather than to the world and nature for this preparation, although of

course he was a student of both. He indeed considers them to be in a sense one and the same; for he says, «Whichever thing we see or hear sitting, walking, traveling, or conversing, may be fitly called our book.» The result of his absorption in literature is that he sees everything by the light of literature, even nature. He does not seem to look at nature directly and immediately, but rather as remembered in the library. Thus, Milton's sun is not the sun as Shakespeare saw it, as in «Jocund day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops.» Take for instance this passage, of such richness and splendor,—which, by the way, came near being lost to us because the censor of the Restoration hesitated at the suggestion of monarchs being perplexed:

> «As when the sun, new risen,
> Looks through the horizontal misty air,
> Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,
> In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
> On half the nations, and with fear of change
> Perplexes monarchs.»

Here we have the sun indeed, but the sun as seen through the medium of literature and history. A very accomplished man to whom I had mentioned this characteristic of Milton (it has no doubt been observed by many writers on Milton,—by Pattison, among the rest) thought it was to be noticed in his later writings, and was due to blindness; but not in the earlier writings. As to blindness, surely even when blind, Milton might yet see with the eye of memory and imagination. «Yet not the more cease I to wander where the Muses haunt clear spring,» etc. But I find the same characteristic in the earlier poems. This description of the sun from 'Lycidas'—one of the finest passages of the poem (what lovely vagueness in the phrase «repairs his drooping head»!)—is not so much the real sun as the sun reflected from the mirror of literature and art:—

> «So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
> And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
> And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
> Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.»

Even those «high lawns» which appeared «under the opening eyelids of the morn» are not so much beheld with the direct vision as seen through some ethereal medium of the poet's fancy, under the influence of a literary and classic enchantment. It should not, however, be thought that Milton contradicts nature. This indeed has been charged. His description of the pine as «rooted deep as high,» when that tree does not send its roots deep into the ground, and his use of the beautiful epithet «star-proof» as applied to the elm, which has not a thick foliage, have been said to indicate an eye inattentive

to nature. But a poet is not of necessity a naturalist. Poets differ greatly in their manner of looking at nature. Milton saw nature closely enough for his purposes and for our enjoyment. We think there can be no question that in going to literature for his preparation, he chose the best education for himself. Had he not done so, we might have lost the most perfect of English literary artists without gaining a great poet of nature and the world. His chief strength did not lie in the portraiture of the visible world, whether of nature or humanity. We have seen his manner of regarding nature; at man he looked rather with the disposition of the priest than of the dramatic or epic poet. He had not the variety and humor, the play of mind, the pliant and many-sided sympathies, of that English poet in whose pages nature and the world were already mirrored.

Milton's prose has the greatness of his verse,—the same greatness both of style and mind. The style often has a splendid way of advancing; the reader having the same sense of buoyant and powerful movement which he feels when he commits himself to the full tide and river of the verse. It is true that the prose has not the exquisite care of the verse. The language is frequently difficult. The sentence sometimes runs down a good part of the page; and if you would understand it, you must first go through the labor of finding subject and predicate, and correctly distinguishing principal and subordinate clauses. It does not often happen, however, that this is necessary; and even when it is necessary, the result is of course well worth the labor. That "cloth of gold," as Macaulay termed it, is thick with imagery, passion, thought, and splendid phrases. As one reads, one gets very near to the greatness of the man's intellect and nature,—to his heroic ardor,—and very near to some qualities which whether great or not, are surely not to be applauded. We see also much of him in one character in which he less often appears in verse,—that of the satirist. There was in Milton the making of a satirist like Juvenal or Swift; for he had that insight into mind which is a chief condition of satire. The writer of this paper was once taken to task for having expressed the opinion that Byron had not the insight or weight of mind for satire,—that his greatness lay elsewhere than in the intellect. Now Milton, to my thinking, had the constitution of mind fitted to write satire. He could see a state of mind, seize it, and hold it in his strong imagination as in a vise. It is for this reason that his phrases cut to the bone as they do. The point of the blade is infinitely fine and sharp, but there is in the implement immense weight and force. Another characteristic of Milton's prose is that the thought is frequently more novel than that of his verse, which tends rather to the expression with unequal perfection of truths that are universal and important, and for that reason have been often uttered.

From the time of the publication of 'Paradise Lost' till his death in 1674, Milton seemed to enjoy, so far as his afflictions and the public prejudice against him would permit, a kind of Indian summer, such as sometimes comes at the close of the lives of celebrated men. The astonishment produced by the work was very great; although one would think that anything might have been expected from the author of the earlier poems, of which an edition had been published in 1645. The accounts we have of the personal appearance, manners, habits, etc., of Milton date mostly from this time. We know from the touching vanity of the allusion to the subject in his 'Second Defense' that his eyes were "externally uninjured"; his answer to the indecent taunts of his antagonists being:—"They shine with an unclouded light, like the eyes of one whose vision is perfect." That insults could pass between men of education upon such a subject, seems to indicate that men's hearts and manners have got gentler with the spread and advance of that democratic civilization of which Milton was one of the chief friends and leaders. The accounts of the time, given by Mr. Masson, describe him as led about the street near his Bunhill house, a slender man, slightly under middle height, dressed in a gray cloak and wearing sometimes a small silver-hilted sword; looking in feeble health, but with his fair complexion and lightish hair, younger than he was. He was to be seen sitting in his garden near the door in warm weather, wearing a gray overcoat. Within doors his dress was neat black. He rose very early, giving his mornings to study and writing. Music was his chief afternoon and evening relaxation. "His manner with friends and visitors," says Mr. Masson, "was extremely courteous and affable, with just a shade of stateliness." Nevertheless there was a marked tendency in his talk to be sarcastic and satirical. He had a habit of pronouncing hard the letter *r*, the *litera canina* of the Romans, a characteristic which Dryden thought "a sure sign of a satirical disposition." In these days his house was frequented by persons of learning and rank, it is said, "much more than he did desire." Up to the time of his death he was a diligent student and writer. It is scarcely necessary to enumerate the prose writings with which Milton occupied himself in the years just previous to his death. An incident of the last year of his life, 1674, was the rearrangement of 'Paradise Lost' into twelve books, in the place of the original ten in which it was first published. He died on November 8th of that year, which was a Sunday, and was buried in the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, by the side of his father.

E. S. Nadal

MILTON'S HOME
AT CHALFONT ST. GILES

ON SHAKESPEARE

WHAT needs my Shakespeare for his honored bones
The labor of an age in pilèd stones?
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a livelong monument.
For whilst to the shame of slow-endeavoring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,—
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make *us* marble with too much conceiving,
And so sepúlchred in such pomp dost lie
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

ON HIS BLINDNESS

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide;
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

TO CYRIACK SKINNER

CYRIACK, this three-years' day these eyes,—though clear,
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,—
Bereft of light their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear

Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
In Liberty's defense,—my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask
Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshiped stocks and stones,
Forget not; in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who, having learnt thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

THE HYMN ON THE NATIVITY

IT WAS the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapped in the rude manger lies:
Nature, in awe to him,
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize;
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the Sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She wooes the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,

And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw:
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But he, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace:
She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

No war or battle's sound
Was heard the world around;
The idle spear and shield were high uphung;
The hookèd chariot stood,
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armèd throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began.
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmèd wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warned them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The Sun himself withheld his wonted speed,

And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new-enlightened world no more should need:
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright throne or burning axletree could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they than
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below:
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet
As never was by mortal finger strook,—
Divinely warbled voice
Answering the stringèd noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took;
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

Nature, that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling:
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefaced Night arrayed;
The helmèd cherubim
And sworded seraphim
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes, to heaven's new-born Heir.

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,

While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres!
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow,
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back and fetch the Age of Gold;
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mold;
And hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

LYCIDAS

[In this monody the author bewails a learned friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish Seas, 1637; and by occasion, foretells the ruin of our corrupted clergy, then in their height.—Note in original.]

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
Compels me to disturb your season due;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin, then, Sisters of the sacred well
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain and coy excuse:
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favor *my* destined urn,
And as she passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud!

For we were nursed upon the selfsame hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill;
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,
We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute:
Tempered to the oaten flute
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long;
And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.

But oh, the heavy change, now thou art gone!
Now thou art gone and never must return!
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn.
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers that their gay wardrobe wear
When first the white-thorn blows:
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.
Ay me! I fondly dream

"Had ye been there," — for what could that have done?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with uncessant care
To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears:
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.

. . . . . .

Return, Alpheus, — the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the Swart-Star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enameled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, the pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,

The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
For so, to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled;
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great Vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold,—
Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth;
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more;
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky;
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals gray;

He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay.
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay;
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

FROM 'COMUS'

Song of the Spirits

SABRINA fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
Listen for dear honor's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save!

Listen, and appear to us,
In name of great Oceanus,
By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethys's grave majestic pace;
By hoary Nereus's wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wizard's hook;
By scaly Triton's winding shell,
And old soothsaying Glaucus's spell;
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands;
By Thetis's tinsel-slippered feet,
And the songs of Sirens sweet;
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks
Sleeking her soft alluring locks;
By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance;
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answered have.
Listen and save!

Sabrina *rises, attended by* Water-Nymphs, *and sings:*

By the rushy-fringèd bank,
Where grow the willow and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays,
Thick set with agate, and the azurn sheen
Of turkis blue, and emerald green,
That in the channel strays:
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread.
Gentle swain, at thy request
I am here!

Spirits— Goddess dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmèd band
Of true virgin here distressed
Through the force and through the wile
Of unblessed enchanter vile.

Sabrina— Shepherd, 'tis my office best
To help ensnarèd chastity.
Brightest Lady, look on me.
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops that from my fountain pure
I have kept of precious cure;
Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip:
Next this marble-venomed seat,
Smeared with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold.
Now the spell hath lost his hold;
And I must haste ere morning hour
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

. . . . . .

Spirits— Come, Lady, while heaven lends us grace
Let us fly this cursèd place,
Lest the sorcerer us entice
With some other new device.
Not a waste or needless sound,
Till we come to holier ground;
I shall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy covert wide,
And not many furlongs thence
Is your Father's residence.

L'ALLEGRO

HENCE, loathèd Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There, under ebon shades and low-browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore:
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying,
There, on beds of violets blue,
And fresh blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks and wreathèd Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprovèd pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night,

From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-brier or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before;
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the plowman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landskip round it measures:
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The laboring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied;
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighboring eyes.
Hard by a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis, met,
Are at their savory dinner set
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;

And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tanned haycock in the mead.
Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the chequered shade,
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat:
How Faery Mab the junkets eat,—
She was pinched and pulled, she said:
And he, by Friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
That ten day-laborers could not end;
Then lies him down, the lubber fiend,
And stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.—
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.

Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learnèd sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus's self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO

HENCE, vain deluding Joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred!
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixèd mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sun-beams;
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus's train.
But hail, thou goddess sage and holy!
Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,

Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The Sea-Nymphs, and their powers offended.
Yet thou art higher far descended:
Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she; in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain.
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come; but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commèrcing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet;
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing;
And add to these retirèd Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
But first and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,
The Cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er the accustomed oak.
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!

Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or if the air will not permit,
Some still removèd place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook;
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or underground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops's line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskined stage.
But, O sad Virgin! that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower;
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,

Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made hell grant what love did seek;
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife
That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass
On which the Tartar king did ride:
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys, and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not tricked and flounced, as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchieft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute-drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
To archèd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heavèd stroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
There, in close covert, by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep.
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings, in airy stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid;

And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowèd roof,
With antique pillars massy-proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew,
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give:
And I with thee will choose to live.

THE APPEAL OF SATAN

From 'Paradise Lost'

"Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,"
Said then the lost Archangel, "this the seat
That we must change for heaven?—this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so, since he
Who now is sovran can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from him is best,
Whom reason hath equaled, force hath made supreme
Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail,
Infernal world! and thou, profoundest hell,
Receive thy new possessor—one who brings

A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure: and in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell;
Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
The associates and copartners of our loss,
Lie thus astonished on the oblivious pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion, or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regained in heaven, or what more lost in hell?"

So Satan spake; and him Beëlzebub
Thus answered: — "Leader of those armies bright
Which, but the Omnipotent, none could have foiled!
If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, — heard so oft
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle, when it raged, in all assaults
Their surest signal, — they will soon resume
New courage and revive, though now they lie
Groveling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,
As we erewhile, astounded and amazed:
No wonder, fallen such a pernicious height!"

He scarce had ceased when the superior Fiend
Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast. The broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening, from the top of Fesolè,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.
His spear — to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand —
He walked with, to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle, not like those steps

On heaven's azure; and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.
Nathless he so endured, till on the beach
Of that inflamèd sea he stood, and called
His legions — angel forms, who lay entranced,
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades
High overarched embower; or scattered sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion armed
Hath vexed the Red Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcasses
And broken chariot-wheels. So thick bestrown,
Abject and lost, lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He called so loud that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded: — "Princes, potentates,
Warriors, the flower of heaven — once yours; now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal spirits! Or have ye chosen this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the Conqueror, who now beholds
Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood
With scattered arms and ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from heaven-gates discern
The advantage, and, descending, tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linkèd thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf? —
Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!"

MILTON ON HIS BLINDNESS

From 'Paradise Lost'

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born,
Or of the Eternal co-eternal beam!
May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
And never but in unapproachèd light
Dwelt from eternity — dwelt then in thee,

Bright effluence of bright essence increate!
Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the heavens, thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless Infinite!
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight,
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to the Orphean lyre
I sung of chaos and eternal Night,
Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reascend,
Though hard and rare. Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two equaled with me in fate,
So were I equaled with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and, in shadiest covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and, for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works, to me expunged and rased,

And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, Celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate; there plant eyes; all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

ADAM AND EVE

From 'Paradise Lost'

Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
God-like erect, with native honor clad
In naked majesty, seemed lords of all,
And worthy seemed; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude, severe and pure—
Severe, but in true filial freedom placed,
Whence true authority in men: though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seemed;
For contemplation he and valor formed,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him.
His fair large front and eye sublime declared
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
She, as a veil down to the slender waist,
Her unadornèd golden tresses wore
Disheveled, but in wanton ringlets waved
As the vine curls her tendrils,—which implied
Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best received
Yielded, with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay. . . .
So passed they naked on, nor shunned the sight
Of God or Angels; for they thought no ill:
So hand in hand they passed, the loveliest pair
That ever since in love's embraces met—
Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons; the fairest of her daughters Eve.

EVE RELATES HER FIRST MEETING WITH ADAM

From 'Paradise Lost'

"That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awaked, and found myself reposed
Under a shade, on flowers, much wondering where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence, a murmuring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain; then stood unmoved,
Pure as the expanse of heaven. I thither went
With unexperienced thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seemed another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the watery gleam appeared,
Bending to look on me. I started back,
It started back; but pleased I soon returned,
Pleased it returned as soon with answering looks
Of sympathy and love. There I had fixed
Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warned me: 'What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself;
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces — he
Whose image thou art: him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine; to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be called
Mother of human race.' What could I do,
But follow straight, invisibly thus led?
Till I espied thee, fair indeed, and tall,
Under a platane; yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth watery image. Back I turned;
Thou, following, cried'st aloud, 'Return, fair Eve:
Whom fliest thou? Whom thou fliest, of him thou art,
His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
Substantial life, to have thee by my side
Henceforth an individual solace dear:
Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim
My other half.' With that thy gentle hand

Seized mine; I yielded, and from that time see
How beauty is excelled by manly grace
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair."
So spake our general mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unreproved,
And meek surrender, half-embracing leaned
On our first father; half her swelling breast
Naked met his, under the flowing gold
Of her loose tresses hid. He, in delight
Both of her beauty and submissive charms,
Smiled with superior love, as Jupiter
On Juno smiles when he impregns the clouds
That shed May flowers, and pressed her matron lip
With kisses pure. Aside the Devil turned
For envy; yet with jealous leer malign
Eyed them askance.

SONG OF THE PAIR IN PARADISE

From 'Paradise Lost'

Lowly they bowed, adoring, and began
Their orisons, each morning duly paid
In various style; for neither various style
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounced, or sung
Unmeditated; such prompt eloquence
Flowed from their lips, in prose or numerous verse,
More tunable than needed lute or harp
To add more sweetness: and they thus began:—
"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair: thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye Sons of Light,
Angels—for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing—ye in heaven;
On earth join, all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of Night,

If better thou belong not to the Dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon has gained, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fliest,
With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wandering fires, that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise who out of darkness called up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great Author rise;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolored sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls. Ye birds,
That, singing, up to heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,—
Witness if *I* be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord! Be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark."

So prayed they innocent, and to their thoughts
Firm peace recovered soon, and wonted calm.

INVOCATION TO THE MUSE

From 'Paradise Lost'

DESCEND from Heaven, Urania, by that name
If rightly thou art called, whose voice divine
Following, above the Olympian hill I soar,
Above the flight of Pegasean wing!
The meaning, not the name, I call: for thou
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top
Of old Olympus dwell'st; but, heavenly born,
Before the hills appeared or fountain flowed,
Thou with Eternal Wisdom didst converse,
Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play
In presence of the Almighty Father, pleased
With thy celestial song. Up led by thee,
Into the heaven of heavens I have presumed,
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,
Thy tempering. With like safety guided down,
Return me to my native element;
Lest, from this flying steed unreined (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower clime)
Dismounted, on the Aleian field I fall,
Erroneous there to wander and forlorn.
Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound
Within the visible diurnal sphere.
Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,
More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchanged
To hoarse or mute, though fallen on evil days,
On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues,
In darkness, and with dangers compassed round,
And solitude; yet not alone, while thou
Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn
Purples the east. Still govern thou my song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.
But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his revelers, the race
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears
To rapture, till the savage clamor drowned
Both harp and voice; nor could the Muse defend
Her son. So fail not thou who thee implores;
For thou art heavenly, she an empty dream.

FOR THE LIBERTY OF PRINTING

From the 'Areopagitica'

For, as in a body, when the blood is fresh, the spirits pure and vigorous not only to vital but to rationall faculties, and those in the acutest and the pertest operations of wit and suttlety, it argues in what good plight and constitution the body is, so when the cherfulnesse of the people is so sprightly up, as that it has not only wherewith to guard well its own freedom and safety, but to spare, and to bestow upon the solidest and sublimest points of controversie and new invention, it betok'ns us not degenerated, nor drooping to a fatall decay, but casting off the old and wrincl'd skin of corruption to outlive these pangs and wax young again, entring the glorious waies of Truth and prosperous vertue destin'd to become great and honourable in these latter ages. Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant Nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an Eagle muing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazl'd eyes at the full mid-day beam, purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heav'nly radiance, while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amaz'd at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticat a year of sects and schisms.

What should ye doe then, should ye suppresse all this flowry crop of knowledge and new light, sprung up and yet springing daily in this City, should ye set an *Oligarchy* of twenty ingrossers over it, to bring a famin upon our minds again, when we shall know nothing but what is measur'd to us by their bushel? Beleeve it, Lords and Commons, they who counsell ye to such a suppressing doe as good as bid ye suppresse yourselves; and I will soon shew how. If it be desir'd to know the immediat cause of all this free writing and free speaking, there cannot be assign'd a truer then your own mild and free and human government; it is the liberty, Lords and Commons, which your own valorous and happy counsels have purchast us, liberty which is the nurse of all great wits: this is that which hath rarify'd and enlightn'd our spirits like the influence of heav'n; this is that which hath enfranchis'd, enlarg'd and lifted up our apprehensions degrees above themselves. Ye cannot make us now lesse capable, lesse

knowing, lesse eagarly pursuing of the truth, unlesse ye first make your selves, that made us so, lesse the lovers, lesse the founders of our true liberty. We can grow ignorant again, brutish, formall and slavish, as ye found us; but you then must first become that which ye cannot be, oppressive, arbitrary, and tyrannous, as they were from whom ye have free'd us. That our hearts are now more capacious, our thoughts more erected to the search and expectation of greatest and exactest things, is the issue of your owne vertu propagated in us; ye cannot suppresse that unlesse ye reinforce an abrogated and mercilesse law, that fathers may dispatch at will their own children. And who shall then sticke closest to ye, and excite others? Not he who takes up armes for cote and conduct and his four nobles of Danegelt. Although I dispraise not the defence of just immunities, yet love my peace better, if that were all. Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties.

ON ERRORS IN TEACHING

From the 'Treatise on Education'

THE end then of learning is to repair the ruins of our first parents by regaining to know God aright, and out of that knowledge to love him, to imitate him, to be like him, as we may the nearest by possessing our souls of true virtue, which being united to the heavenly grace of faith, makes up the highest perfection. But because our understanding cannot in this body found itself but on sensible things, nor arrive soe clearly to the knowledge of God and things invisible, as by orderly conning over the visible and inferior creature, the same method is necessarily to be followed in all discreet teaching. And seeing every nation affords not experience and tradition enough for all kinds of learning, therefore we are chiefly taught the languages of those people who have at any time been most industrious after wisdom; soe that language is but the instrument conveying to us things useful to be known. And though a linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into, yet if he have not studied the solid things in them, as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing soe much to be esteemed a learned man, as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother dialect only.

Hence appear the many mistakes which have made learning generally soe unpleasing and soe unsuccessful: first, we doe amiss to spend seven or eight years merely in scraping together soe much miserable Latin and Greek, as might be learned otherwise easily and delightfully in one year. And that which casts our proficiency therein so much behind, is our time lost partly in too oft idle vacancies given both toe schools and universities; partly in a preposterous exaction, forcing the empty wits of children to compose themes, verses, and orations, which are the acts of ripest judgment, and the final work of a head filled by long reading and observing, with elegant maxims and copious invention. These are not matters toe be wrung from poor striplings, like blood out of the nose, or the plucking of untimely fruit. Besides the ill habit which they get of wretched barbarizing against the Latin and Greek idiom, with their untutored Anglicisms, odious toe be read, yet not to be avoided without a well-continued and judicious conversing among pure authors digested, which they scarce taste. Whereas, if after some preparatory grounds of speech by their certain forms got into memory, they were led toe the praxis thereof in some chosen short book lessoned thoroughly toe them, they might then forthwith proceed to learn the substance of good things, and arts in due order, which would bring the whole language quickly into their power. This I take toe be the most rationall and most profitable way of learning languages, and whereby we may best hope toe give account toe God of our youth spent herein.

And for the usual method of teaching arts, I deem it toe be an old error of universities, not yet well recovered from the scholastic grossness of barbarous ages, that instead of beginning with arts most easy (and those be such as are most obvious to the sense), they present their young unmatriculated novices, at first coming, with the most intellective abstractions of logic and metaphysics; soe that they, having but newly left those grammatic flats and shallows where they stuck unreasonably, toe learn a few words with lamentable construction, and now on the sudden transported under another climate, toe be tosst and turmoil'd with their unballast'd wits in fathomless and unquiet deeps of controversy, doe for the most part grow into hatred and contempt of learning, mocked and delud'd all this while with ragged notions and battlements, while they expected worthy and delightful knowledge: till poverty or youthful years call them importunately

their several waies, and hasten them, with the sway of friends, either toe an ambitious and mercenary, or ignorantly zealous divinity; some allur'd toe the trade of law, grounding their purposes not on the prudent and heavenly contemplation of justice and equity, which was never taught them, but on the promising and pleasing thoughts of litigious terms, fat contentions, and flowing fees; others betake them to State affairs, with souls so unprincipled in virtue and true generous breeding that flattery and court-shifts and tyrannous aphorisms appear toe them the highest points of wisdom, instilling their barren hearts with a conscientious slavery—if, as I rather think, it be not feigned. Others, lastly, of a more delicious and airy spirit, retire themselves (knowing no better) to the enjoyments of ease and luxury, living out their days in feast and jollity; which indeed is the wisest and safest course of all these, unless they were with more integrity undertaken. And these are the errors, and these are the fruits of misspending our prime youth at the schools and universities as we doe, either in learning mere words, or such things chiefly as were better unlearn'd.

I shall detain you now no longer in the demonstration of what we should not doe, but straight conduct you to a hillside, where I will point you out the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect, and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming. I doubt not but ye shall have more ado to drive our dullest and laziest youth, our stocks and stubs, from the infinite desire of such a happy nurture, than we have now to hale and drag our choicest and hopefullest wits to that asinine feast of sow-thistles and brambles, which is commonly sett before them as all the food and entertainment of their tenderest and most docible age. I call therefore a complete and generous education, that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war. And how all this may be done between twelve and one-and-twenty, less time than is now bestowed in pure trifling at grammar and sophistry, is to be thus ordered.

MIRABEAU

(1749–1791)

BY FRANCIS N. THORPE

THAT unparalleled social upheaval and reorganization called the French Revolution was as productive of literature as of violence and change. To us it seems only literature, and its actors only characters in comedy or tragedy. They believed that they were thinking and doing for mankind, and their eloquence of speech and action moved the world. Revolutionists who take charge of such an upheaval inspire literature. Rarely do they themselves produce it. There are exceptions. Such was Gabriel-Honoré de Riquetti, Count of Mirabeau, born on the 9th of March, 1749, at Bignon. The record of his life is stranger and more fascinating than fiction. Its episodes have been the quarry of novelists and playwrights; its various fortunes, its immoral depths, its political heights, have furnished figures of speech for modern literature. Judged by the standards of any other time than his own, Mirabeau is a monster. Judged by the standard of the half-century he filled, he was the savior of the French, the father of a people. From his birth to his death his career was an open letter. He had no privacy. All is preserved,—sorrow, ambition, sin, power, eloquence, action, letters, pamphlets, octavos, and the climax,—revolution. The world would scarcely produce such a being now. His was the course of nature. It was possible in 1749, in France.

MIRABEAU

Never was there child more ugly in face and feature; nor more passionate and uncontrollable. Nature seemed to have played a prank on the world in producing him. He defied law, morals, authority; and because of defiance, was sent by his father to the dungeons of Castles If, and Joux, and Vincennes, in hopes of his death by sickness, or starvation, or despair, or suicide. Yet from each he managed to get release, and ever through grosser immoralities, as

would now be said; through intrigue, and friendships, and the collusion of officials, as was said then. «Escape; flight into Switzerland, to Holland, to England, and desperate poverty ever at his elbow. He must write or starve. Whence there issued pamphlets, as on the Order of Cincinnatus; on the Bank of Spain, called of St. Charles; on the Bank of Discount; on the Water Company of Paris, and many more.» The pamphlets on French finance attacked the rotten system of the ministry and compelled a reform — and the author's further flight from arrest.

At thirty-one he was done with prison life; at thirty-seven he went to Berlin with hope of making a living there by his writings. He invaded the acquaintance of the Great Frederick, who broke his rule against foreigners and met him, and recognized the man of power at once. But the dying King had other questions on hand than those Mirabeau might raise. To his successor, Frederick William II., Mirabeau sent a pamphlet of some eighty-four octavo pages, being advice how to govern.

Meanwhile French finances were becoming more hopeless. Mirabeau attacked the system which had been followed by Necker and by his successor Calonne, in a fierce pamphlet called 'A Denunciation of Stock-Jobbing to the King and the Assembly of Notables.' A decree in council suppressed the pamphlet, and Mirabeau fled from Paris. He knew that he had caused the banishment of two of the most disreputable speculators in the credit of the government.

During his imprisonment at If and Joux he had restlessly written an essay on 'Despotism,' and a pamphlet on 'Lettres-de-Cachet,' whose publication had been quickly suppressed. But the time was ready for them, and they were widely circulated and read. Mirabeau was thinking aloud, as the French people were thinking in silence and fiercely.

It was now 1787, and the meeting of the States-General probable. De Brienne, the prime minister, was resolved not to summon them. He was an embodiment of the *ancien régime* which was fast coming to a close. Mirabeau returned to Paris, restless, discerning keenly and accurately the condition of affairs; ambitious to direct them. From this time his letters are the record of revolutionary directions. His insight made his opinions prophetic. But though the fruit was ripe, it still hung on the tree of monarchy. A zephyr would bring it to the ground. Mirabeau at this time published his most important work, on the Prussian monarchy under Frederick the Great, with an inquiry into the condition of the principal countries of Germany. It was in eight octavo volumes, and reads like an extemporaneous speech — but, a speech by Mirabeau. The world has accepted his portrait of Frederick.

The States-General, so ran the ministerial decree, shall meet on the 1st of May, 1789. This was opportunity. Mirabeau sought a constituency and an election. He found them in Aix. «War with the privileged and with privileges.»—«I myself shall be personally very monarchic.» This was his platform. His campaign was a succession of speeches and pamphlets. The people of Aix made him their idol because he was their hope. His election decided the fate of France. It was now 1789, the year of the Notables. The 4th of May, and all Paris was out to behold this procession from Notre Dame. All eyes were looking for Mirabeau. His ideas were well known; his career had been most scandalous in an age of scandals. The strong man, with the immense head and the lion's mane,—that was he. But there were others in the line. France did not yet know Mirabeau. The King's address is over; the discussions begin. Everybody is full of speech. What name shall the Assembly take? Mirabeau proposed «The Representatives of the People of France,» and delivered the first oration that ever was heard by that people. He spoke a second time, but in vain. The Members assumed the title of «National Assembly.» This was the beginning of the Reign of Terror. The National Assembly was composed of a few men of landed estate; a few eminent lawyers; but chiefly of adventurers without fortune. «I should not be surprised,» remarked Mirabeau, «if civil war were the result of their beautiful decree.»

Meanwhile the King had been tampered with. On the 23d he came into the Assembly in royal pomp. «I command you, gentlemen, to disperse immediately, and to repair to-morrow morning to your respective chambers, there to resume your sitting»—and the King withdrew. Some of the clergy had joined the Assembly. There was strong inclination to obey the royal command. Mirabeau was quickly on his feet. «I call upon you, gentlemen, to assert your dignity and legislative power, and to remember your oath [at the Tennis Court] which will not permit you to disperse till you have established the constitution.» While he was sitting down, amidst applause, the Marquis de Brézé, grand master of ceremonies, entered, and turning to the President, Bailli, said, «You have heard the King's orders.»

«Yes, sir,» flashed out Mirabeau: «we have heard the intentions that have been suggested to the King; and you, sir, who cannot be his organ with the National Assembly,—you, who have here neither place, nor voice, nor right of speech,—you are not the person to remind us thereof. Go, and tell those who sent you that we are here by the will of the people, and that we will only be driven hence by the power of the bayonet.»

That reply overthrew absolute monarchy in France, and began the era of constitutional liberty. From the moment of that utterance,

Mirabeau became a political party in France; and he stood alone. Then followed in quick succession his orations, unparalleled in French annals, rarely equaled and still more seldom surpassed in those of any other country.

Oratory is a form of genius; but it makes great demands of those who follow it when the man and the occasion are past. Great indeed is he whose reputation, based on eloquence, survives the ravages of time. To Demosthenic eloquence, Mirabeau gave the full force of a masterful genius for practical politics. Because he was a practical statesman he stood alone, and was an enigma to his colleagues and to the people whom he loved and served. His reputation does not rest merely on a series of dazzling utterances, but on the sound ideas he scattered so lavishly before the Assembly. He foresaw the death of the King and Queen; the overthrow of monarchy and the Reign of Terror. He knew the centuries of wrongs that must be righted to save France from utter disintegration. Yet no word of vengeance or anarchy dropped from him. He would save the monarchy, and make it the centre of a constitutional system. Therefore his orations dealt wholly with practical matters: civil organization; the veto power; finance; trade; slavery; the landed estates; taxation; the balance of powers under a constitution. He was neither of the Right nor of the Left, but of the whole estate of the people. His speech on the inviolability of letters ranks with Milton's defense of unlicensed printing. From his first conception of a constitutional monarchy, as announced by him in his appeal to the electors of Aix, he never departed. Like Montesquieu, he had learned from the British constitution, but his efforts to secure a like balance of functions for France were unsuccessful. The Radicals demanded a general proscription; Paris was with the Radicals, and Paris was France.

In the midst of his career, while yet in his second youth, he was suddenly cut off, the victim of his uncontrollable passions. The revolution was completing its twenty-third month. Mirabeau was dead. Unparalleled honors were paid to his memory. The Assembly voted him a public funeral. St. Génévière should be devoted to the reception of his ashes, and the birthday of French liberty should be his monument. Paris was in mourning. All parties followed the illustrious dead to the Pantheon. Swiftly the shadow of grief passed over France, and departments and cities held funeral services in his memory. The poets and pamphleteers issued their formal lamentations; the theatres brought out Mirabeau in life and Mirabeau in death.

He had struggled to save the monarchy, and to construct a national government based on constitutional liberty.

After the King's death the royal papers were found in the iron chest; and among them several that disclosed Mirabeau's plans. He

had been dead two years. His honors were re-examined, his memory put under arrest, his bust destroyed; and from the Assembly there went forth a decree that the body of Honoré Gabriel Riquetti Mirabeau should be withdrawn from the French Pantheon, and that the body of Marat should be put in its place. Soon after, rude hands flung his remains into the burying-place for criminals, in the Faubourg of St. Marcel. To this day no sign marks his grave.

ON THE REMOVAL OF THE TROOPS AROUND PARIS

From a Speech in the National Assembly, July 1789

GENTLEMEN, the time presses. I reproach myself for every moment that I steal from your sage deliberations; and I hope that these considerations, rather indicated than presented by me,—but whose evidence appears to me irresistible,—will be sufficient to pass the motion which I have the honor now to propose to you:—

That there be presented to the King a humble address, describing to his Majesty the vivid alarm which has been felt in this National Assembly of his kingdom by reason of the abuse which has been made of the King's name, within a short time, in order to permit the approach to the capital, and to this city of Versailles, of an artillery train, and of enormous bodies of troops, foreign and national; a large number of which troops are already quartered in neighboring villages: and also, through this abuse of the King's name, the announced formation of fixed camps in the neighborhood of these two cities.

That there be represented to the King, not only how much these measures are opposed to the gracious intentions of his Majesty toward relieving his people, in the present unhappy conditions of the dearness and scantiness of grain, but also how much these measures are contrary to the liberty and to the honor of the National Assembly; how adapted they are to alter that mutual confidence between the King and his people which makes the glory and the security of a monarch, and which alone can insure the repose and the tranquillity of his kingdom; and in fine, procure for the nation the inestimable results which the country awaits from the labors and the zeal of this Assembly.

That his Majesty most respectfully be urged to reassure his faithful subjects, by giving all necessary orders for the immediate cessation of these measures, which are equally useless, dangerous, and alarming; and also for the prompt return of the troops in question, and of the artillery train, to the places from which they have been brought.

And while waiting for this measure to be decided, and in consequence of the disquietude and alarm which such a state of affairs has brought to pass in the heart of the people, and in order provisionally to maintain calm and tranquillity, let his Majesty be begged to issue a command that in the two cities of Paris and Versailles there shall be a levy of the civil guard, which, acting under the orders of the King, will entirely suffice for such duty without augmenting around the two cities in question a population that must be supplied with food.

The Address

Sire,— You have invited the National Assembly to bestow on you a mark of its confidence; in such a request you have gone further than the most eager of its fervent hopes.

We have been imparting to your Majesty our most vivid alarms: if we only were the object of them, if we had been so weak as to be fearful only for ourselves, then your goodness would condescend to reassure us; and moreover, in blaming us for having been doubtful of your intentions toward us, you would concentrate all our inquietudes, you would dissipate the cause of them, and you would leave no uncertainty as to the position before you of the National Assembly.

But, Sire, we do not implore your protection, for that would be to accuse your justice: we have indeed felt fears, and we dare to say that our fears are a part of the purest patriotism,— the interest of those who trust in us, of public tranquillity, and of the happiness of that dear monarch, who, in making smooth for our feet the road of happiness, certainly deserves to walk in it himself without obstacles.

The promptings of your own heart, Sire — behold in them the true safety of the French people. As soon as troops pour in from all sides, as soon as camps are formed around us, the very capital invested, we ask ourselves with astonishment, « Does the King distrust the fidelity of his own people? If he had doubted

that, would he not have confided to us his paternal chagrin? What are we to understand by this menacing procedure? Where are those enemies of the State and of the King to be overcome? Where are the rebels, the conspirators, that it is necessary to reduce to subjection?" One unanimous voice replies to this in the capital and throughout the kingdom: "Our King is true to us; we bless Heaven for the gift which Heaven has bestowed upon us in his love."

Sire, the religious convictions of your Majesty cannot waver except under the pretext of public benefit.

If those who have given these counsels to our King had had enough confidence in their own principles to unfold them to us, such a moment would bring in the fairest triumph of truth.

The State has nothing to dread from the evil ideas of those who dare to lay siege even to the throne, who do not respect the confidence of the purest and most virtuous of princes. And how do they contrive, Sire, to make you disbelieve in the attachment and the love of your subjects? Have you shed their blood? Are you cruel, implacable? Have you abused justice? Do the people impute to you their own misfortunes? Do they connect your name with their calamities? Can they have said to you that the nation is impatient under your yoke, that it is weary of the sceptre of the Bourbons? No, no, they have not done this. The calumny they employ is at least not absurd; they seek something like probability to give color to their dark treacheries.

Your Majesty has seen recently all your own government can do for your people: subordination is re-established in your perturbed capital; the prisoners set at liberty by the multitude have themselves reassumed their chains; public order, which would perhaps have cost torrents of blood to re-establish had it been done by force, has been re-established by one single word from your mouth. But that word was a word of peace; it was the expression of your heart, and your subjects feel it their glory never to resist that. How grand to exercise such authority! It is that of Louis IX., of Louis XII., of Henri IV.; it is the only authority which can be worthy of you.

We should deceive you, Sire, if we did not add, forced by circumstances, that this kind of rule is the only one which to-day it would be possible to exercise in France. France will not tolerate the abuse of the best of kings, or that there should be set aside, through untoward measures, that noble plan which he himself has outlined. You have called us hither to adjust in concert with

you, the Constitution; to take measures for the regeneration of the kingdom: this National Assembly has just declared solemnly to you that your wishes shall be accomplished, that your promises are not vain, and that difficulties and terrors shall not retard the work of the Assembly, nor intimidate in any way its courage.

But our enemies will presume to say, "What now is the harm in the coming together of the troops?"

The danger, Sire, is pressing, is general, beyond all the calculations of human prudence.

The danger affects the people of your provinces. Once alarmed as to our liberty, this alarm cannot be checked. Distance only makes more of the matter, exaggerates everything, doubles, sharpens, and poisons their disquietude.

The danger threatens the capital. With what sort of an eye can a people in poverty, and tormented by most cruel anxieties, see the poor relics of its own daily bread quarreled over by a host of menacing soldiery? The mere presence of the military will kindle excitement, and produce a general fermentation; and the first act of real violence, originating under the pretext of a matter for the police, may be the beginning of a horrible series of calamities.

The danger threatens the troops themselves. French soldiers brought near to the very centre of discussion, sharing in the passions as well as in the interests of the people, can easily forget that enlistment has made them soldiers, in remembering that nature has made them men.

The danger, Sire, menaces our own labors, which are our first duty, and which will not have full success, genuine permanence, except so far as the people regard them as the work absolutely of our own free will. Besides this, there is a contagion in passionate popular movements. We are only men. Our defiance of ourselves, the fear of appearing weak, can make us overshoot our mark; we are besieged by violent and unregulated counsels; calm reason and tranquil wisdom do not utter their oracles in the midst of tumult, disorders, and scenes of faction.

The danger, Sire, is even more terrible; judge of its extent by the alarms which bring us to you. Great revolutions have had causes much less intelligible; more than one enterprise fatal to nations and to kings has announced itself in a way less sinister and less formidable. Do not give credence to those who speak lightly to you of the nation at large; those who do not know how to represent it before you except according to their

own views,—sometimes as insolent, rebellious, seditious,—sometimes as submissive, docile under the yoke, and ready to bend its head to receive it. These two pictures are equally untruthful.

Always ready to obey you, Sire, since you command us in the name of the law, our fidelity is without limits, as it is without stain.

Ready to resist to a man the arbitrary commands of those who are abusing your name,—since they are enemies of the law,—our devotion to your Majesty itself commands such resistance; and it shall be to our eternal honor to have merited the reproaches that our firmness may bring upon us.

Sire, we conjure you, in the name of our fatherland, in the name of your happiness and your glory, send back your soldiers to the garrison posts whence your counselors have brought them; dismiss that artillery destined to protect our frontiers; and above all, send away the foreign troops,—those allies of the nation that we paid to defend and not to disturb our firesides. Your Majesty has no need of them: why should a monarch, adored by twenty-five millions of Frenchmen, at an enormous cost draw together around his throne so many thousands of foreigners?

Sire, surrounded by your children, let our love be your guard! The deputies of the nation are summoned to consecrate with you the supreme rights of royalty, upon the immovable basis of a people's liberty: while they are doing their duty, while they are yielding to the dictates of their reason, of their sentiment, will you expose them to the suspicion of having yielded not to these things, but to fear? Ah! the authority that all hearts confer on you is the only authority that is pure, the only authority that cannot be defied; it is the just return for your benefits, and it is the immortal appanage of princes, of whom you are the model.

THE ELEGY ON FRANKLIN

Pronounced in the National Assembly

FRANKLIN is dead! The genius that freed America, and poured a flood of light over Europe, has returned to the bosom of the Divinity.

The sage whom two worlds claim as their own, the man for whom the history of science and the history of empires contend

with each other, held, without doubt, a high rank in the human race.

Too long have political cabinets taken formal note of the death of those who were great only in their funeral panegyrics. Too long has the etiquette of courts prescribed hypocritical mourning. Nations should wear mourning only for their benefactors. The representatives of nations should recommend to their homage none but the heroes of humanity.

The Congress has ordained, throughout the United States, a mourning of one month for the death of Franklin; and at this moment America is paying this tribute of veneration and gratitude to one of the fathers of her Constitution.

Would it not become us, gentlemen, to join in this religious act, to bear a part in this homage, rendered in the face of the world, both to the rights of man and to the philosopher who has most contributed to extend their sway over the whole earth? Antiquity would have raised altars to this mighty genius, who, to the advantage of mankind, compassing in his mind the heavens and the earth, was able to restrain alike thunderbolts and tyrants. Europe, enlightened and free, owes at least a token of remembrance and regret to one of the greatest men who have ever been engaged in the service of philosophy and of liberty.

I propose that it be decreed that the National Assembly, during three days, shall wear mourning for Benjamin Franklin.

A LETTER TO THE KING OF PRUSSIA

You have reached the throne at a fortunate period. The age is becoming daily more enlightened. It has labored for your benefit, in collecting sound notions for you. It extends its influence over your nation, which so many circumstances have kept behind others. Everything is now tested by a severe logic. The men who see only a fellow-creature under the royal mantle, and require that he should possess some virtue, are more numerous than ever. Their suffrages cannot be dispensed with. In their opinion, one kind of glory alone remains; every other is exhausted. Military success, political talents, wonders in art, improvements in science, have all appeared in turn, and their light has blazed forth from one extremity of Europe to the other. That enlightened benevolence which gives form and life

to empires has not yet appeared, pure and unmixed, upon a throne. To you it belongs to place it there; this sublime glory is reserved for you. Your predecessor gained battles enough, perhaps too many; he has too much fatigued Fame's hundred tongues, and exhausted military glory, for several reigns,—nay, for several centuries. . . . With much greater facility you may create a glory more pure and not less brilliant, which shall be wholly your own. Frederick conquered the admiration of mankind, but he never won their love. . . . This love you may entirely possess. . . .

Do not, ah! do not neglect the treasure which Providence has spread in your path. Deserve the blessings of the poor, the love of your people, the respect of Europe, and the good wishes of wise men. Be just, be good, and you will be great and happy!

You wish to obtain, dread sir, the title of Great; but you wish to receive it from the mouth of history, and from the suffrage of ages to come,—you would despise it from the mouths of your courtiers. If you do that which the son of your slave could do, ten times a day, better than yourself, they will tell you that you have performed an extraordinary action! If you suffer your passions to mislead you, they will say that you are right! If you are as lavish of the blood of your subjects as of the waters of your rivers, again will they tell you that you are right! If you barter for gold the air that preserves life, they will say that you are right! If you revenge yourself—you who are so powerful—they will continue to tell you that you are right! . . . They said the same thing when Alexander, in a drunken fit, plunged his dagger into the bosom of his friend; they said the same thing when Nero murdered his mother. . . .

If you indefatigably perform your duties, without ever putting off till the following day the burthen of the present day; if by great and fruitful principles you can simplify these duties, and reduce them within the capacity of a single man; if you give your subjects all the freedom they can bear; if you can protect every kind of property, and facilitate useful labor; if you terrify petty oppressors who in your name would prevent men from doing, for their own advantage, that which injures not their fellows,—a unanimous shout will bless your authority, and render it more sacred and more powerful. Everything will then be easy for you, because the will and the strength of all will be united to your own strength and your own will, and your labor will

become every day less severe. Nature has made labor necessary to man. It gives him also this precious advantage, that change of labor is to him not only a relaxation but a source of pleasure. Who, more easily than a king, can live in strict accordance with this order of nature? A philosopher has said that "no man feels such lassitude of spirit as a king"; he should have said, "a slothful king." How could lassitude of mind fall upon a sovereign who did his duty? Could he ever keep up his vigor of intellect and preserve his health so well as by shielding himself, under the pursuit of labor, from the disgust which every man of sense must feel among those idle talkers, those inventors of fulsome praises, who study their prince for no other purpose than to corrupt, blind, and rob him? Their sole art is to render him indifferent and feeble, or else impatient, rude, and idle. . . . Your subjects will enjoy your virtues, which alone can preserve and improve their patrimony. Your courtiers will cultivate your defects, by which alone they can support their influence and their expectations. . . . It is worthy of you not to govern too much. . . .

[I recommend the immediate] abolition of military slavery; that is to say, the obligation imposed upon every Prussian to serve as a soldier, from the age of eighteen years to sixty and more: that dreadful law arising from the necessities of an iron age and a semi-barbarous country; that law dishonoring a nation without whom your ancestors would have been nothing but slaves, more or less decorated with empty honors. This law does not produce you a single soldier more than you would obtain by a wiser system, which may enable you to recruit the Prussian army in a manner that shall elevate men's hearts, add to the public spirit, and possess the forms of freedom, instead of those of brutishness and slavery. Throughout Europe, and more especially in your Majesty's dominions, one of the most useful instincts upon which patriotism could be founded is stupidly lost. Men are forced to go to the battle-field like cattle to the slaughter-house; whilst nothing is easier than to make the public service an object of emulation and glory. . . .

Be also the first sovereign in whose dominions every man willing to work shall find employment. Everything that breathes must obtain its nourishment by labor. This is the first law of nature, anterior to all human convention: it is the connecting bond of all society; for every man who finds nothing but a

refusal to his offer to work in exchange for his subsistence becomes the natural and lawful enemy of other men, and has a right of private war against society. In the country, as in cities, let workshops be everywhere opened at your Majesty's cost; let all men, of what nation soever, find their maintenance in the price of their labor; let your subjects there learn the value of time and activity. Instruction, you are aware, is one of the most important of a sovereign's duties, and likewise one of his richest treasures. Entire liberty of the press ought to be one of your first acts: not only because any restraint upon this liberty is a hindrance to the enjoyment of natural rights, but because every obstacle to the advancement of knowledge is an evil, a great evil; especially for you, who are debarred thereby from obtaining, through the medium of printing, a knowledge of the truth, and of public opinion,—that prime minister of good kings. . . .

Let information be circulated through your dominions. Read, and let others read. If light were rising on all sides toward the throne, would you invoke darkness? Oh, no! for it would be in vain. You would lose too much, without even obtaining the fatal success of extinguishing it. You will read, you will begin a noble association with books. They have destroyed cruel and disgraceful prejudices, they have smoothed the road before you, they have served you even before you were born. You will not be ungrateful toward the accumulated works of beneficent genius.

You will read, and you will protect those who write; for without them what would become of the human species, and what would it be? They will instruct, they will assist, they will talk to you without seeing you. Without approaching your throne, they will introduce there the august truth. This truth will enter your palace alone, without escort, and without affected dignity; it will bear neither title nor ribands, but will be invisible and disinterested.

You will read, but you will be desirous that your subjects should also read. You will not think you have done all by recruiting your academies from foreign countries: you will found schools, you will multiply them, especially in country places, and you will endow them. You would not reign in darkness; and you will say, "Let there be light!" The light will burst forth at your voice; and its halo, playing round your brow, will form a more glorious ornament than all the laurels won by conquerors. . . .

I trust, dread sir, that my candor will not displease you. Meditate on these respectful lines, and say:—

"This is what will never be admitted to me as true, and is the very reverse of what I shall be told every day. The boldest offer to kings nothing but veiled truths, whilst here I see truth quite naked. . . . This is far preferable to that venal incense with which I am suffocated by versifiers, and panegyrists of the Academy, who seized upon me in my cradle, and will scarcely leave me when I am in my coffin. I am a man before I am a king. Why should I be offended at being treated as a man? Why should I be offended with a foreigner, who wants nothing of me, and will soon quit my court never more to see me, for speaking to me without disguise? He points out to me that which his eyes, his experience, his studies, and his understanding have collected; he gives me, without expectation of reward, those true and free counsels of which no condition of man is so much in want as kings. He has no interest in deceiving me, and can have none but good intentions. . . . Let me examine attentively what he proposes; for the mere common-sense and the simple candor of a man who has no other pursuit than the cultivation of his reason and his intellect, may perhaps be as good as the old routine, and trickery, and forms, and diplomatic illusions, and the ridiculous dogmas, of statesmen by profession."

A LETTER TO VITRY

You know the plan of the journal I purpose establishing, but others will not understand it. It is to be founded upon the idea — novel perhaps, and which in my opinion is not without its usefulness — of noticing old books, as the ordinary journals notice new ones. To abridge and select is now, assuredly, the most urgent want of science and letters. To preserve is of a usefulness less direct, perhaps, or rather less abundant. Nevertheless, in proportion as taste and erudition pass away; in proportion as the mania of writing becomes more contagious; in proportion to the ardor in publishing, the haste with which books are published, the mania or necessity of sacrificing to the taste of the day, to the coryphei of the times, to the pretension of being free from prejudice — which, in point of fact, is scarcely

anything better than substituting one prejudice for another;—in proportion, I say, as all these diseases gain upon us, and increase, do we too much neglect the exertions of our predecessors, who, although it should be true that we surpass them in the talent of bringing out, ought not the less to attract our attention, in order that we may set in an elegant framework that which they have clumsily enchased. I say then that this article will yield something; and I invoke your researches in the works of our philologers of the sixteenth century, our learned of the seventeenth, our collections and our compilations of all ages, but that in which no books were made except with stolen fragments, well or ill-stitched together, no tragedies except with old hemistichs.

You know that another of my projects is to give in successive parts a work on the academic collections, more especially that entitled 'Memoirs of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-lettres.' My plan here is to take the interesting papers of the collection, and unite them by amalgamating and blending them together, by clearing and pruning, and criticizing them one by another; and to draw from this chaos all that is worthy of the attention of philosophers, men of letters, and men of the world, without crushing them by the weight of a fastidious erudition. This is an undertaking the want of which is generally felt, and its utility incontestable.

I intend to include speculative politics, finance, etc.; and the little I shall take from recent literature is my own affair. I say "speculative politics" because, although I may be strongly solicited, I will never write what Linguet so ridiculously calls "annals." The trade of a hussar no longer suits me. It is not, even in this application, compatible with self-respect; for is there not great rashness in giving intelligence of what passes at a distance, and passing judgment upon it, whilst daily experience shows how difficult it is to obtain information of what is passing close to us?

The art of printing has so greatly facilitated the means of instruction that science has become a very common commodity. But the mind of man may be improved *ad infinitum.* To render the road to improvement easier, and to make the human intellect advance with rapid strides in its progress of discovery,—to engender new ideas, and make our exertions more fruitful,—a mode is wanting to abridge study and avoid repetitions; placing the studious man, especially the man of genius, at the point

whence he is to start. If, for instance, he who appeared desirous of seeking new discoveries were to spend his time in studying the Epicycles of Ptolemy, or the Vortices of Descartes, he should be spoken to in the following words: "This is the point we have reached: Kepler, Newton, Claireau, Euler, etc., have guessed, demonstrated, and investigated this branch of science; and it is from the point of their discoveries that you must try to advance." Is this not the case with all sciences?

FROM THE LETTERS

KINGS who raise themselves only by things, and whom things instruct badly,— because they almost always bend to the monarch's will, passions, and opinions,— would perhaps appear the most stupid of human beings if it were known how little knowledge and how few ideas they generally have. Every rational saying that escapes them is preserved; which is assuredly the best possible proof that such sayings are not very numerous. . . .

If I speak only of Paris, because at court nothing is spoken of but Paris, it is not less true that the wants of this city are the least urgent of any, and that as much care must be taken not to create new paupers as to relieve those who already exist. With regard to the latter, it would be at least necessary to give to all the parish priests in the kingdom a sufficient income to live; for they will not aid your poor if they are themselves in poverty. The curés in some provinces — in Brittany, for instance — have scarcely three hundred livres a year. What necessity is there for the Archbishop of Auch to have 500,000 livres a year? Not but he makes a good use of it. Archbishop Apchon is one of the most respectable prelates in the kingdom; but he is mortal. The diocese of Cambrai has not always had a Fénelon. When shall a portion of these enormous revenues be taken and distributed among all the curés in the kingdom? Madame Louise has just obtained 30,000 livres a year in corn and land, to be taken from the abbey of St. Germain, for the support of the Carmelites of the kingdom. Assuredly corn would grow equally well if there were no Carmelites in France. But 30,000 livres a year, distributed among the poor curés of the kingdom, would suffice to give, in a year of dearth, the indispensably necessary to a great number of honest poor.

It is more than time to finish this long and shapeless collection of all sorts of dreams. You know my principles and opinions sufficiently well to have no doubt that I have made a great sacrifice to etiquette, to habit, and to prejudice, by fixing your view upon the metropolis alone. The rest of the kingdom is a stranger land to the great, which is the worst of evils. I wished to show you how many useful and great things you did not do, even in the place where you constantly reside. But would not traveling amuse your illustrious friend—or her royal husband, who, if he remain at Versailles, will never complete his education either as a man or as a king? What a sad existence is that of sovereigns! They are shut up within a circle of forty leagues in diameter, the radii of which they perambulate as if by a constant oscillation. The active correspondence between the King of Spain and Louis XV. during twenty years is curious. They wrote to each other every day in the same terms. The King of Spain wrote: "At five o'clock I left St. Ildefonso, and the rendezvous for the chase was at the Round of St. Anthony." The same day Louis XV. wrote from Versailles: "At ten o'clock I went to the Carrefour des Rossignols, at Compiègne, etc." And this went on during twenty years. Each monarch had his map, and followed the route of the other, as if they had been learned geographers studying Cook's voyages!

Let the Queen imitate her brother's example; let her travel, and excite her husband to travel likewise, without pomp—for pomp tends only to ruin, tire, and deceive. Let her travel. . . . Alas! very near the spot where the ostentation of wealth and luxury insults the misery of the people, the King and Queen will see, learn, and feel that which ministers and courtiers never tell them!

The wealth of a country consists solely in its agriculture. From it the population, and consequently the strength, of a State are derived. Colbert, to whom so many just reproaches may be made, was wrongfully accused when it was stated that he concerned himself about nothing but manufactures. It must be admitted that he rendered several ordinances favorable to agriculture. One of the most celebrated, promulgated the year before his death, and rendered in favor of Alsace, provides that "all persons who will occupy empty and vague lands may cultivate them to their own profit, and use them in full property." Colbert, just before he died, contemplated making this ordinance

general throughout the kingdom: for he perceived what is very evident, that the King has a full quarter of his kingdom to conquer from enemies termed heaths, downs, and so forth; and that it is necessary to plow with one hand whilst the other prunes, in order soon after to cut down the parasitical and voracious tree of fiscality.

Conventicles of monks should be established in the most uncultivated parts of the kingdom, to do there that which they did a thousand years ago in different places. Monks can be useful to society in no other way. These conventicles must be dispersed in the most barren spots, according to the system of the primitive church, and there supported during the time necessary, by the profits of the newly cultivated lands, which might afterwards be added to the mass of ecclesiastical property in the kingdom. By such means the monks would be usefully employed, the waste lands put into cultivation, the State enriched, and no one would have a right to complain.

But not only must the lands be cultivated, but the inhabitants likewise. And why should not a former measure be adopted which time has justified?

In 1769, married men announcing a decided capacity for a trade were selected from different families, and sent to Paris for a year. The circumstance of these men being married was considered a security for their return. Thus the farrier was sent to Alfort under Bourgelat, the miller to Corbeil, the mason to St. Génévière, the carpenter among the machinery at the opera, and the gardener to Montreuil. Each of these men on his return obtained what he pleased; and they are now sent for from a distance of ten leagues round. It would be very useful if pupils were placed, in the same manner, under skillful agriculturists. Each would take back to his native place not only the tools proper for his calling, but that knowledge which being multiplied at the centre, will never reach the circumference unless a zealous, active, and persevering government uses all possible means to overcome indifference and routine.

FROM A LETTER TO CHAMFORT, 1785

THE approaches to London are of a rustic beauty of which not even Holland has furnished models (I should rather compare them to some valley in Switzerland): for — and this very remarkable fact immediately catches an experienced eye — this domineering people are, beyond everything, agriculturists in their island; and it is this that has so long saved them from their own delirium. I felt my heart strongly and deeply moved as I passed through this highly cultivated and prosperous land, and I said to myself, "Wherefore this emotion so new to me?" These country-seats compared with ours are mere country boxes. Several parts of France, even in the worst of its provinces, and all Normandy, through which I have just passed, are assuredly more beautiful in natural scenery than this country. There are to be found, here and there in France, especially in our own province, noble edifices, splendid establishments, immense public works, vast traces of the most prodigious efforts of man; and yet here I am delighted much more than I was ever surprised in my own country by the things I have mentioned. It is because here nature is improved and not forced; it is because these roads, narrow but excellent, do not remind me of forced or average labor, except to lament over the country in which such labor is known; it is because this admirable state of cultivation shows me the respect paid to property; it is because this care, this universal cleanliness, is a speaking symptom of welfare; it is because all this rural wealth is in nature, near to nature, and according to nature, and does not, like splendid palaces surrounded with hovels, betray the excessive inequality of fortunes, which is the source of so many evils; it is because all tells me that here the people are something — that every man enjoys the development and free exercise of his faculties, and that I am in another order of things.

I am not an enthusiast in favor of England, and I now know sufficient of that country to tell you that if its constitution is the best known, the application of this constitution is the worst possible; and that if the Englishman is, as a social man, the most free in the world, the English people are the least free of any. . . .

What then is freedom, since the small portion of it found in one or two laws, places in the first rank a nation so little favored

by nature? What may a constitution not effect, when this one, though incomplete and defective, saves and will save for some time to come the most corrupt people in the universe from their own corruption? . . .

Will England be adduced as an objection? But that State is constituted! The English have a country! — and this is the reason why the people the most fanatic, the most ignorant, and the most corrupt in the whole world, have a public spirit, civic virtues, and incredible success, even in the midst of their delirium. This is the reason why, despite of nature, they have assumed the first rank among nations! . . .

How great must be the influence of a small number of data favorable to the human species, since this people — ignorant, superstitious, obstinate (for they are all this), covetous, and very near to Punic faith — are better than most other nations known, because they enjoy a small portion of civil liberty.

FRÉDÉRIC MISTRAL

(1830–)

BY HARRIET WATERS PRESTON

FRÉDÉRIC MISTRAL, the Provençal poet, will take rank among the few highly original singers of the middle decades of this century. Long after the fanciful philology and bardic affectations of his school are forgotten, and his own unfinished dictionary of the Provençal tongue has taken its place among other massive monuments of abortive human industry, Mistral's three very remarkable narrative poems, 'Mirèio,' 'Calendau,' and 'Nerto,' will continue to charm by the music of their verse, the depth of their human interest, their dramatic energy, and the truth and splendor of their local color.

FRÉDÉRIC MISTRAL

Frédéric Mistral was born on the 8th of September, 1830, at Maillane in the Bouches-du-Rhône; in one of those rich and quiet farmsteads, buried amid well-tilled fields and approached by deeply shaded avenues, whose verdure diversifies the silvery sameness of the Provençal landscape. From whatever stormy and untamable ancestor Mistral inherited the name of that furious winter wind of the Midi, which dispels, when it arises, all the languors of the Mediterranean shore, and lashes the soft sea of those parts into flying foam, the spirit of that free and renovating gale was certainly in him. His father, a wealthy freehold farmer, sent him to school at Avignon, and to collegè at Montpellier, and meant to make a lawyer of him. But the youth rebelled; and intimated instead that he had a mission to renew the glories of ancient Provençal song. His teacher at Avignon was Joseph Roumanille, who had already written verses in the dialect of the Bouches-du-Rhône; and who was able to inspire a class of singularly apt and brilliant pupils, of whom Frédéric Mistral and Théodore Aubanel were the stars, with a boundless faith in its poetic possibilities and ardor for its admission — they called it restoration — to literary honor. Earlier still, by a score of years, Jacques Jasmin at Agen had made a

highly successful experiment with a kindred *patois;* but up to his day, no Frenchman for generations had dreamed of writing in anything but classic French. Some time in the early fifties, however, Master Roumanille set up a publishing house at Avignon; and he and his disciples formed themselves into a society which they called the *Félibrige*, whose members, the *Félibres*, agreed not merely to compose in the rustic dialect which they were born to speak, but gravely to combine for the purpose of formulating its etymology and grammar, and establishing, beyond cavil, its claim to a high literary descent.

Like William Barnes, the Dorsetshire poet, who considered the language of Shakespeare only a late and rather weak offshoot from the primitive speech of Dorset, the *Félibres* claimed for their dialect the full honors of a language. They held it to be essentially the same as that of the mediæval Troubadours, many of whose Courts of Love and Contests of Song had flourished within their territory; and they also maintained that the early Provençal sprang directly from the language of Rome, and was itself the parent of Italian, French, and Spanish, as well as of all the other living forms of Latin speech. Needless to say that these linguistic pretensions were never made good; but this matters little beside the fact that works of great freshness and distinction were actually produced under the impulse of the so-called Provençal revival.

Among these works Mistral's were easily first; and his masterpiece, 'Mirèio,' was originally printed at Avignon in 1858, in Provençal only, and under the auspices of Roumanille. A year later it was brought out in Paris with a very striking parallel French version of the poet's own, which, by rendering it easily intelligible to the ordinary reader, invited general criticism, while incidentally it revealed the almost unparalleled wealth of the writer's vocabulary in both forms of speech.

'Mirèio,' then, was a pastoral poem of the present time, all suffused with the hot sunshine of Southern France; as full as the Georgics themselves of rustic lore and homely agricultural detail, but embodying also, in twelve leisurely books, the tale of two very young lovers, their innocent passion, thrilling adventures, and hapless end. The story was told with a kind of sweet garrulity, and an affluence of unworn imagery, that simply took the world by storm. The elaborate measure adopted by Mistral (apparently he did not, as was at first claimed, invent it) was managed with consummate grace, and gave a high idea of the musical capacities of the Provençal speech, and its curious richness, especially in feminine rhymes. It is well understood now that Mistral and his colleagues fashioned their new instrument more or less to suit themselves: improvising grammatical forms at need, and manipulating and modifying terminal syllables

with glorious license. But the Troubadours of the twelfth century had done just the same; and these were the alleged heirs both of their inspiration and their methods.

In 1867, after an interval of nine years, 'Mirèio' was followed by 'Calendau,' another poem of epic proportions; which naturally created less astonishment than its predecessor, but really fell very little short of it in vigor of conception, variety of action, and beauty of imagery. The heroine of the new romance was a dispossessed Princess of Baux, in whose veins ran the blood of more than one queen of love; while her suitor was a man of humble birth, whom she inspired by reciting legends of chivalry, and compelled to win her hand by a series of extraordinary tests and adventures.

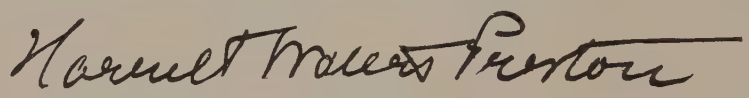
In 1875 M. Mistral published a collection of fugitive pieces under the title of 'Lis Isclo d'Oro,' or the Golden Isles. In 1883 appeared his third long poem, 'Nerto,' a tale of the last days of the Popes at Avignon. The florid stanza of the two previous compositions was abandoned in 'Nerto' for a simply rhymed octosyllabic metre, like that employed for narrative by Chaucer, Byron, and William Morris; and the whole tone and movement of the story were more tame and conventional than those of the earlier ones. Here too we have for the first time a didactic purpose plainly avowed by the author: the singular but perfectly serious one of illustrating the personal existence and persistent activity among mankind of that formidable Being whose name (O Lucifer, son of the morning!) is oddly abbreviated by the Provençaux into *Cifèr*.

In 1897 appeared M. Mistral's last extended poetical work up to the date of this notice,—'Le Poème du Rhône' (The Poem of the Rhône), eagerly expected during many years of slow completion. It proved to be in twelve cantos; a highly romantic description and indeed poetic romance of the great river and of sundry of its towns, based on a narrative half mundane and half mysterious, that deals with the humble life of the Rhodane boatmen prior to the advent of the first steamboat that ruined the romance and industry of their boating craft. A superb episode in the fourth canto presents Napoleon in his famous flight;—though it is but one passage among many that won special praise. The whole work possesses a movement and dramatic charm worthy of the poet.

M. Mistral writes always from the point of view of a devout Catholic believer, whom no mysteries, whether of holy miracle or Satanic witchcraft, can avail to stagger. Both in 'Mirèio' and in 'Nerto' we find, by way of episode, specimens of the *légende pieuse* in very beautiful modern renderings. But the plentiful lack of humor which he shares with most of the associated *Félibres*—wherein they are, one and all, so inferior to Jasmin—causes him to mingle the

supernatural and the matter-of-fact sometimes in a manner which is almost grotesque. It is his one great fault as an artist.

M. Mistral has toiled heroically in his later years at a comprehensive lexicon of ancient and modern Provençal, two volumes of which have appeared in print. France has awarded him all those nominal distinctions — Academy crowns and prizes, badges of the Legion — which she delights to bestow upon her gifted sons; but he clings always, in his own person, to the old-fashioned rustic ways which acquire so strong a fascination under his picturesque pen. He lives very simply, on the farm or *mas* in the neighborhood of Saint Rémy where he was born, and practices a free but homely hospitality. He married, rather late in life, an exceedingly beautiful bourgeoise of the renowned Arlesian type; and he himself has been, from youth to old age, one of the handsomest men of his generation.



THE INVOCATION, FROM 'MIRÈIO'

Copyright 1872, by Roberts Brothers

I SING the love of a Provençal maid;
How through the wheat-fields of La Crau she strayed,
Following the fate that drew her to the sea.
Unknown beyond remote La Crau was she;
And I, who tell the rustic tale of her,
Would fain be Homer's humble follower.

What though youth's aureole was her only crown?
And never gold she wore, nor damask gown?
I'll build her up a throne out of my song,
And hail her queen in our despisèd tongue.
Mine be the simple speech that ye all know,
Shepherds and farmer-folk of lone La Crau.

Methinks I see yon airy little bough:
It mocks me with its freshness even now;
The light breeze lifts it, and it waves on high
Fruitage and foliage that cannot die.
Help me, dear God, on our Provençal speech,
To soar until the birds' own home I reach!

God of my country, who didst have thy birth
Among poor shepherds when thou wast on earth,

Breathe fire into my song! Thou knowest, my God,
How, when the lusty summer is abroad,
And figs turn ripe in sun and dew, comes he,—
Brute, greedy man,—and quite despoils the tree.
Yet on that ravaged tree thou savest oft
Some little branch inviolate aloft,
Tender and airy up against the blue,
Which the rude spoiler cannot win unto:
Only the birds shall come and banquet there,
When, at St. Magdalene's, the fruit is fair.

Translation of Harriet Waters Preston.

THE TUNNY FISHING

From 'Calendau,' in the Atlantic Monthly. By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

But when with dawn the pallid moon had set,
The whole unnumbered shoal into the net
Came pouring. Ah, but then I was elate!
Drunk with my joy, thought I had conquered fate:
"Now, love," I said, "thou shalt have gems and gems;
I'll spoil the goldsmiths for thy diadems!"

Love is the sun, the king of all this earth—
He fires, unites, fulfills with joy, gives birth,
Calls from the dead the living by the score,
And kindles war, and doth sweet peace restore.
Lord of the land, lord of the deep is he,
Piercing the very monsters of the sea

With fire-tipped arrows. Lo, the tunny yon!
Now in one silver phalanx press they on;
Anon they petulantly part and spring
And plunge and toss, their armor glittering
Steel-blue upon their crystal field of fight,
Or rosy underneath the growing light.

'Twas nuptial bliss they sought. What haste! what fire!
With the strong rush of amorous desire
Spots of intense vermilion went and came
On some, like sparkles of a restless flame,
A royal scarf, a livery of gold,
A wedding robe, fading as love grew cold. . . .

So at the last came one prodigious swell,
And the last line, that seemed invincible,
Brake with the pressure, and our boats leaped high.
«Huzza! the prey is caged!» we wildly cry;
«Courage, my lads, and don't forget the oil!
The fish we have,—let not the dressing spoil!

«'Bout ship!» We bent our shoulders with a will,
Our oars we planted sturdily but still,
And the gay cohort, late alive with light,
Owned, with a swift despair, its prisoned plight;
And where it leaped with amorous content,
Quivered and plunged in fury impotent.

«Now then, draw in! But easy, comrades bold,
We are not gathering figs!» And all laid hold
With tug and strain to land the living prize,
Fruit of the treacherous sea. In ecstasies
Of rage our victims on each other flew,
Dashing the fishers o'er with bitter dew.

Too like, too like our own unhappy people,
Who, when the tocsin clangs from tower and steeple
Peril to freedom and the land we cherish,
Insensate turn like those foredoomed to perish,
Brother on brother laying reckless hand,
Till comes a foreign lord to still the land.

Yet had we brave and splendid sport, I ween,
For some with tridents, some with lances keen,
Fell on the prey. And some were skilled to fling
A wingèd dart held by a slender string.
The wounded wretches 'neath the wave withdrew,
Trailing red lines along the mirror blue.

Slowly the net brimful of treasure mounted;
Silver was there, turquoise and gold uncounted,
Rubies and emeralds million-rayed. The men
Flung them thereon like eager children when
They stay their mother's footsteps to explore
Her apron bursting with its summer store

Of apricots and cherries.

Translation of Harriet Waters Preston.

THE BALLAD OF GUIBOUR

From 'Calendau,' in the Atlantic Monthly. By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

At Arles in the Carlovingian days,
By the swift Rhône water,
A hundred thousand on either side,
Christian and Saracen, fought till the tide
Ran red with the slaughter.

May God forefend such another flood
Of direful war!
The Count of Orange on that black morn
By seven great kings was overborne,
And fled afar

Whenas he would avenge the death
Of his nephew slain.
Now are the kings upon his trail;
He slays as he flies: like fiery hail
His sword-strokes rain.

He hies him into the Aliscamp,—
No shelter there!
A Moorish hive is the home of the dead,
And hard he spurs his goodly steed
In his despair.

Over the mountain and over the moor
Flies Count Guillaume;
By sun and by moon he ever sees
The coming cloud of his enemies;
Thus gains his home,

Halts and lifts at the castle gate;
A mighty cry,
Calling his haughty wife by name;
«Guibour, Guibour, my gentle dame,
Open! 'Tis I!

«Open the gate to thy Guillaume!
Ta'en is the city
By thirty thousand Saracen,
Lo, they are hunting me to my den:
Guibour, have pity!»

But the countess from the rampart cried,
"Nay, chevalier,
I will not open my gates to thee;
For, save the women and babes," said she,
"Whom I shelter here,

"And the priest who keeps the lamps alight,
Alone am I.
My brave Guillaume and his barons all
Are fighting the Moor by the Aliscamp wall,
And scorn to fly!"

"Guibour, Guibour, it is I myself!
And those men of mine
(God rest their souls!) they are dead," he cried,
"Or rowing with slaves on the salt sea-tide.
I have seen the shine

"Of Arles on fire in the dying day;
I have heard one shriek
Go up from all the arenas where
The nuns disfigure their bodies fair
Lest the Marran wreak

"His brutal will. Avignon's self
Will fall to-day!
Sweetheart, I faint; oh, let me in
Before the savage Mograbin
Fall on his prey!"

"I swear thou liest," cried Guibour,
"Thou base deceiver!
Thou art perchance thyself a Moor
Who whinest thus outside my door;—
My Guillaume, never!

"Guillaume to look on burning towns
And fired by — *thee!*
Guillaume to see his comrades die.
Or borne to sore captivity,
And then to *flee!*

"He knows not flight! He is a tower
Where others fly!
The heathen spoiler's doom is sure,
The virgin's honor aye secure,
When he is by!"

Guillaume leapt up, his bridle set
Between his teeth,
While tears of love and tears of shame
Under his burning eyelids came,
And hard drew breath,

And seized his sword and plunged his spurs
Right deep, and so
A storm, a demon, did descend
To roar and smite, to rout and rend
The Moorish foe.

As when one shakes an almond-tree,
The heathen slain
Upon the tender grass fall thick,
Until the flying remnant seek
Their ships again.

Four kings with his own hand he slew,
And when once more
He turned him homeward from the fight,
Upon the drawbridge long in sight
Stood brave Guibour.

"By the great gateway enter in,
My lord!" she cried;
And might no further welcome speak,
But loosed his helm, and kissed his cheek,
With tears of pride.

Translation of Harriet Waters Preston.

THE SCALING OF VENTOUR

From 'Calendau,' in the Atlantic Monthly. By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

SAVAGE at once and sheer, yon tower of rocks;
To tufts of lavender and roots of box
I needs must cling, and as my feet I ground
In the thin soil, the little stones would bound
With ringing cry from off the precipice,
And plunge in horror down the long abyss.

Sometimes my path along the mountain face
Would narrow to a thread; I must retrace

My steps and seek some longer, wearier way.
And if I had turned dizzy in that day,
Or storm had overtaken me, then sure
I had lain mangled at thy feet, Ventour.

But God preserved me. Rarely as I strove
With only death in view, I heard above
Some solitary skylark wing her flight
Afar, then all was still. Only by night
God visits these drear places. Cheery hum
Of insect rings there never. All is dumb.

Oft as the skeleton of some old yew,
In a deep chasm, caught my downward view,
"Thou art there!" I cried; and straightway did discover
New realms of wood towering the others over,
A deeper depth of shadows. Ah, methought
Those were enchanted solitudes I sought!

From sun to sun I clambered, clinging fast
Till all my nails were broken. At the last,
The utter last,—oh palms of God,—I caught
The soft larch murmur near me, and distraught
Embraced the foremost trunk, and forward fell;
How broken, drenched, and dead, no words can tell!

But sleep renews. I slept, and with the dawn
A fresh wind blew, and all the pain was gone,
And I rose up, both stout of limb and glad;
Bread in my sack for nine full days I had,—
A drinking-flask, a hatchet, and a knife
Wherewith to carve the story of my strife

Upon the trunks. Ah! fine that early breeze
On old Ventour, rushing through all the trees!
A symphony sublime I seemed to hear,
Where all the hills and vales gave answer clear,
Harmonious. In a stately melancholy,
From the sun's cheerful glances hidden wholly

By the black raiment of their foliage,
The larches rose. No tempest's utmost rage
Could shake them, but with huge limbs close entwined,
Mutely they turned their faces to the wind;
Some hoar with mold and moss, while some lay prone,
Shrouded in the dead leaves of years agone.

Translation of Harriet Waters Preston.

THE EPILOGUE, FROM 'NERTO'

From the Atlantic Monthly. By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

IF HAPLY some day, reader bland,
Thou voyagest through St. Gabriel's land,
Caring for aught that might avail
To prove the truth of this my tale,
There in the levels fair with corn
Thou shalt behold my nun forlorn,
Bearing upon her marble brow
Lucifer's lightning mark. But now,
Mute as a milestone. All these years
The murmur of budding life she hears;
And the white snails for coolness hide
Her rigid vesture folds inside,
Mint-perfumed; while about her feet
The shadow turns, the seasons fleet,
And everything beneath the sun
Changes, except the lonely nun.
Mute, said I? nay, the whisper goes
That here, when high midsummer glows,
There breathes at noon a dulcet tone.
Lay then thine ear against the stone,
And if thou hearest aught at all,
'Twill be the hymn angelical.
St. Gabriel hath, not far away,
An ancient, small basilica;
Sorrowful, as it would appear,
Because for now so many a year
No Christian footstep thither goes;
But there the guardian olive grows,
And in the archivolt of the door,
St. Gabriel — kneeling as of yore —
Says Ave to Our Lady, while
The snaky author of all guile,
Twining around the knowledge-tree,
Lures from their primal innocency
Adam and Eve. A silent place:
The careless hind upon his ways
Mayhap salutes the Queen Divine,
But sets no candle at her shrine.
Only the blessed plants of God,
Among the court-yard stones untrod,

In fissures of the massy wall,
Between the roof tiles, over all
Take root and beauteously bloom,
And in the heat their wild perfume
Rises like altar incense. There
God's tiny living creatures fare;
Flutter the chickens of St. John;
Butterflies light and waver on;
Among the grass blades, mute and lean
The mantis kneels; the rifts between
Of the high roof-ridge, hides the bee
His honey hoard right busily;
'Neath gauzy wings, the livelong day
The innocent cicadas play
One only silver tune; — and these
Are as the parish families
Who throng the door, and tread the choir
Evermore gilt by sunshine. Higher
In window niches, with the wind
For organ bass, the sparrows find
Their place, and emulously swell
The lauds of that good Gabriel
Who saves them from the hawk. And I,
Maillano's minstrel, passing by
Thy widowed church, this very day,
Did enter in, and softly lay —
O Gabriel of Tarascon! —
Upon thy altar this my song:
A simple tale, new come to light,
And only with thy glory bright.

Translation of Harriet Waters Preston.

THE ALISCAMP

From 'Nerto,' in the Atlantic Monthly. By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Far below Arles in those old days
Spread that miraculous burial-place,
The Aliscamp of history,
With legend fraught, and mystery,
All full of tombs and chapels thrust,
And hilly with heaps of human dust.

This is the legend ever told:—
When good St. Trophimus of old
The ground would consecrate, not one
Of all the congregation
Of fathers met, so meek they were,
Dared sprinkle the holy water there.
Then, ringed about with cloud and flame
Of angels, out of heaven came
Our Lord himself to bless the spot,
And left—if the tale erreth not—
The impress of his bended knee
Rock-graven. Howso this may be,
Full oft a swarm of angels white
Bends hither, on a tranquil night,
Singing celestial harmonies.
Wherefore the spot so holy is,
No man would slumber otherwhere;
But hither kings and priests repair,
And here earth's poor; and every one
Hath here his deep-wrought funeral stone
Or pinch of dust from Palestine:
The powers of hell in vain combine
'Gainst happy folk in slumber found
Under the cross, in that old ground.
And all along the river clear,
With silver laid upon the bier
For burial fees, men launched and sped
Upon the wave their kinsfolk dead
Who longed in Aliscamp to lie;
Then, as the coffins floated by,
Balancing on the waters bright,
All sailors turned them at the sight,
And helped the little skiffs ashore,
And signed the cross the sleepers o'er,
And kneeling under the willow-trees,
Piously prayed for their souls' peace.

Translation of Harriet Waters Preston.

DONALD G. MITCHELL

(IK MARVEL)

(1822–)

It is almost half a century since the 'Reveries of a Bachelor' — far the most popular of Mr. Mitchell's books — made its public appearance, and instantly won for «Ik Marvel» the kindly feeling of the young people of the land, — of the young of all ages. It retains its place as securely to-day.

There is always a new generation coming forward, to the members of which the brightness of the sunshine, and the freshness of the air, and the greenness of the woods and fields, appeal; whose hearts are full of romance, and whose minds are full of hope and enthusiasm: and even when mayhap youth has taken flight, there is with some — it is to be hoped with many — a kindly response to the thoughts, the dreams, the hopes, and the ambitions of the days of youth: —

Donald G. Mitchell

«A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.»

A certain French professor once said, referring to 'Evangeline,' «What have I to do with that cow?» The 'Reveries of a Bachelor' and 'Dream Life' were not written for such as he, nor do they appeal to the taste which is gratified by much of the French and not a little of the English school of to-day; but they are true to youth in every age, and grateful to the unspoiled appetite to which they appeal.

They are exuberant. They are books of sentiment — some would say even of sentimentalism. Yet the sentiment is as eternal as the race; and deep down in his heart the critic responds to it, unless his lost youth be not only lost but forgotten — buried in Lethe. The love that is the theme of these books may be vealy; but he is to be pitied who has no chord far within which vibrates in response to its portrayal, with a feeling which is pure, positive, and intense. And the nature of the life which they depict may be simple, but it is never-

theless based upon the eternal verities. It is a comfort to the reader, and sets him up a little in his own esteem, that after knocking about this world for forty years,—this world which each sometimes thinks that he could reconstruct upon a better plan,—he can again take up the 'Reveries of a Bachelor,' and read it with much the same feelings with which he read it when he, it, and the world were young. And it speaks well for the book itself that this can be; for only a book which is sound at the core, and which appeals to a true and abiding sentiment in the race,—only a book which also has definite literary merit,—could endure this test.

In the preface to an edition printed in 1863, its author said:—

«My publisher has written me that the old type of this book of the 'Reveries' are so far worn and battered that they will bear no further usage; and in view of a new edition, he asks for such revision of the text as I may deem judicious, and for a few lines in way of preface.

«I began the revision. I scored out word after word; presently I came to the scoring out of paragraphs; and before I had done, I was making my scores by the page.

«It would never do. It might be the better, but it would not be the same. I cannot lop away those twelve swift, changeful years that are gone.

«Middle age does not look on life like youth; we cannot make it. And why mix the years and the thoughts? Let the young carry their own burdens and banner; and we—ours.

«I have determined not to touch the book. A race has grown up which may welcome its youngness, and find a spirit or a sentiment in it that cleaves to them, and cheers them, and is true. I hope they will.»

The instinct of the author was sound. The printer's types may have been worn and battered, but the types of youth were still fresh and true and clear cut. They were types of American—of New England—humanity, but also of universal humanity as well; and so the books were appreciated when translated into another tongue.

In later years Mr. Mitchell published a novel more ambitious in intention, 'Dr. Johns,' in which the *motif* is the contrast between the life of a retired village of Puritan Connecticut and that of the South of France. It is full of carefully drawn pictures of the former,—pictures drawn by one whose early life had been spent amid just such scenes. A different life—that of the metropolis in the days of the 'Potiphar Papers' and Mr. Brown of Grace Church—is depicted with a satiric pen in the Lorgnette, which was issued anonymously, and periodically, after the manner of the Spectator; and in 'Fudge Doings,' a slight novel of New York society (which appears in the 'Grand Dictionnaire Universel du XIX^{e} Siècle, par Pierre Larousse,' as 'Aventures de la Famille Doings'). He also rewrote for children a number of familiar tales, under the title 'About Old Story-Tellers,' and did other work of a similar character. He has

been a traveler; and his first book, 'Fresh Gleanings, or a New Sheaf from the Old Fields of Continental Europe,' which was published in 1847, was the fruit of his maiden tour. His sketches are very unequal in interest, and are interspersed with stories picked up here and there. The work is marked by an immaturity, the gradual disappearance of which it is interesting to follow in succeeding volumes. After this came, two years later, 'The Battle Summer'—Paris in 1848. This is written in short fragmentary paragraphs, and apparently under the spell of Victor Hugo; and would be more valuable to the reader of to-day if it appeared to be more absolutely a record of personal observation of the dramatic period of which it treats, like that of Victor Hugo in the later 'Histoire d'un Crime.'

He has been a frequent lecturer on literature and history; and in 'English Lands, Letters, and Kings' has gathered pleasant perceptive sketches of literature and social forces from the time of the Celt to the time of Wordsworth.

But after his books of sentiment, those which are best known are his books upon rural life: 'My Farm at Edgewood,' 'Wet Days at Edgewood,' 'Rural Studies,' etc.; written from the standpoint of the man of letters and of worldly experience, who enjoys to the uttermost the varying aspects of nature, the growth and passing of vegetation, and the changes of the seasons. These books are full of prudent caution to the over-sanguine, of wise advice, of healthy delight in the contest of man with nature.

Mr. Mitchell was born at Norwich, Connecticut, April 12th, 1822; was graduated at Yale College in 1841; studied law; was appointed United States Consul at Venice in 1853, remaining there however but a short time; and in 1855 purchased the farm near New Haven which he calls Edgewood, which has since been his home.

OVER A WOOD FIRE

From 'Reveries of a Bachelor': Charles Scribner & Co., New York

I HAVE got a quiet farm-house in the country,—a very humble place to be sure, tenanted by a worthy enough man of the old New England stamp, where I sometimes go for a day or two in the winter, to look over the farm accounts and to see how the stock is thriving on the winter's keep.

One side the door, as you enter from the porch, is a little parlor, scarce twelve feet by ten, with a cozy-looking fireplace, a heavy oak floor, a couple of arm-chairs and a brown table with carved lions' feet. Out of this room opens a little cabinet, only

big enough for a broad bachelor bedstead, where I sleep upon feathers, and wake in the morning with my eye upon a saucy-colored lithographic print of some fancy "Bessy."

It happens to be the only house in the world of which I am *bona fide* owner; and I take a vast deal of comfort in treating it just as I choose. I manage to break some article of furniture almost every time I pay it a visit; and if I cannot open the window readily of a morning, to breathe the fresh air, I knock out a pane or two of glass with my boot. I lean against the walls in a very old arm-chair there is on the premises, and scarce ever fail to worry such a hole in the plastering as would set me down for a round charge for damages in town, or make a prim housewife fret herself into a raging fever. I laugh out loud with myself, in my big arm-chair, when I think that I am neither afraid of one nor the other.

As for the fire, I keep the little hearth so hot as to warm half the cellar below, and the whole space between the jambs roars for hours together with white flame. To be sure, the windows are not very tight, between broken panes and bad joints; so that the fire, large as it is, is by no means an extravagant comfort.

As night approaches, I have a huge pile of oak and hickory placed beside the hearth; I put out the tallow candle on the mantel (using the family snuffers, with one leg broken)—then, drawing my chair directly in front of the blazing wood, and setting one foot on each of the old iron fire-dogs, until they grow too warm, I dispose myself for an evening of such sober and thoughtful quietude as I believe, on my soul, that very few of my fellow-men have the good fortune to enjoy.

My tenant, meantime, in the other room, I can hear now and then—though there is a thick stone chimney and broad entry between—multiplying contrivances with his wife, to put two babies to sleep. This occupies them, I should say, usually an hour; though my only measure of time (for I never carry a watch into the country) is the blaze of my fire. By ten, or thereabouts, my stock of wood is nearly exhausted; I pile upon the hot coals what remains, and sit watching how it kindles, and blazes, and goes out—even like our joys!—and then slip by the light of the embers into my bed, where I luxuriate in such sound and healthful slumber as only such rattling window frames and country air can supply.

But to return: the other evening — it happened to be on my last visit to my farm-house — when I had exhausted all the ordinary rural topics of thought: had formed all sorts of conjectures as to the income of the year; had planned a new wall around one lot, and the clearing up of another, now covered with patriarchal wood; and wondered if the little rickety house would not be after all a snug enough box to live and to die in, — I fell on a sudden into such an unprecedented line of thought, which took such deep hold of my sympathies, sometimes even starting tears, that I determined the next day to set as much of it as I could recall, on paper.

Something — it may have been the home-looking blaze (I am a bachelor of say six-and-twenty), or possibly a plaintive cry of the baby in my tenant's room — had suggested to me the thought of — Marriage.

I piled upon the heated fire-dogs the last armful of my wood; and now, said I, bracing myself courageously between the arms of my chair, — I'll not flinch; — I'll pursue the thought wherever it leads, though it leads me to the D—— (I am apt to be hasty) — at least — continued I, softening — until my fire is out.

The wood was green, and at first showed no disposition to blaze. It smoked furiously. Smoke, thought I, always goes before blaze; and so does doubt go before decision: and my Revery, from that very starting-point, slipped into this shape: —

I. Smoke — Signifying Doubt

A wife? — thought I; — yes, a wife!

And why?

And pray, my dear sir, why not — why? Why not doubt; why not hesitate; why not tremble?

Does a man buy a ticket in a lottery — a poor man, whose whole earnings go in to secure the ticket — without trembling, hesitating, and doubting?

Can a man stake his bachelor respectability, his independence and comfort, upon the die of absorbing, unchanging, relentless marriage, without trembling at the venture?

Shall a man who has been free to chase his fancies over the wide world, without let or hindrance, shut himself up to marriage-ship, within four walls called home, that are to claim him, his time, his trouble, and his tears, thenceforward forevermore, without doubts thick and thick-coming as smoke?

Shall he who has been hitherto a mere observer of other men's cares and business — moving off where they made him sick of heart, approaching whenever and wherever they made him gleeful — shall he now undertake administration of just such cares and business, without qualms? Shall he, whose whole life has been but a nimble succession of escapes from trifling difficulties, now broach without doubtings that matrimony, where if difficulty beset him there is no escape? Shall this brain of mine, careless-working, never tired of idleness, feeding on long vagaries and high gigantic castles, dreaming out beatitudes hour by hour — turn itself at length to such dull task-work as thinking out a livelihood for wife and children?

Where thenceforward will be those sunny dreams in which I have warmed my fancies and my heart, and lighted my eye with crystal? This very marriage, which a brilliant-working imagination has invested time and again with brightness and delight, can serve no longer as a mine for teeming fancy: all, alas, will be gone — reduced to the dull standard of the actual! No more room for intrepid forays of imagination, no more gorgeous realm-making — all will be over!

Why not, I thought, go on dreaming?

Can any wife be prettier than an after-dinner fancy, idle and yet vivid, can paint for you? Can any children make less noise than the little rosy-cheeked ones who have no existence except in the *omnium gatherum* of your own brain? Can any housewife be more unexceptionable than she who goes sweeping daintily the cobwebs that gather in your dreams? Can any domestic larder be better stocked than the private larder of your head dozing on a cushioned chair-back at Delmonico's? Can any family purse be better filled than the exceeding plump one you dream after reading such pleasant books as 'Münchausen' or 'Typee'?

But if, after all, it must be — duty, or what-not, making provocation — what then? And I clapped my feet hard against the fire-dogs, and leaned back, and turned my face to the ceiling, as much as to say: — "And where on earth, then, shall a poor devil look for a wife?"

Somebody says — Lyttleton or Shaftesbury, I think — that "marriages would be happier if they were all arranged by the Lord Chancellor." Unfortunately, we have no Lord Chancellor to make this commutation of our misery.

Shall a man, then, scour the country on a mule's back, like honest Gil Blas of Santillane; or shall he make application to some such intervening providence as Madame St. Marc, who, as I see by the Presse, manages these matters to one's hand, for some five per cent. on the fortunes of the parties?

I have trouted, when the brook was so low and the sky so hot that I might as well have thrown my fly upon the turnpike; and I have hunted hare at noon, and woodcock in snow-time, never despairing, scarce doubting: but for a poor hunter of his kind, without traps or snares, or any aid of police or constabulary, to traverse the world, where are swarming, on a moderate computation, some three hundred and odd millions of unmarried women, for a single capture — irremediable, unchangeable — and yet a capture which by strange metonymy, not laid down in the books, is very apt to turn captor into captive, and make game of hunter — all this surely, surely may make a man shrug with doubt!

Then, again, there are the plaguy wife's relations. Who knows how many third, fourth, or fifth cousins will appear at careless complimentary intervals, long after you had settled into the placid belief that all congratulatory visits were at an end? How many twisted-headed brothers will be putting in their advice, as a friend to Peggy?

How many maiden aunts will come to spend a month or two with their "dear Peggy," and want to know every tea-time "if she isn't a dear love of a wife"? Then dear father-in-law will beg (taking dear Peggy's hand in his) to give a little wholesome counsel; and will be very sure to advise just the contrary of what you had determined to undertake. And dear mamma-in-law must set her nose into Peggy's cupboard, and insist upon having the key to your own private locker in the wainscot.

Then, perhaps, there is a little bevy of dirty-nosed nephews who come to spend the holidays, and eat up your East India sweetmeats; and who are forever tramping over your head or raising the Old Harry below, while you are busy with your clients. Last, and worse, is some fidgety old uncle, forever too cold or too hot, who vexes you with his patronizing airs, and impudently kisses his little Peggy!

That could be borne, however; for perhaps he has promised his fortune to Peggy. Peggy, then, will be rich (and the thought made me rub my shins, which were now getting comfortably

warm upon the fire-dogs). Then she will be forever talking of *her* fortune; and pleasantly reminding you, on occasion of a favorite purchase, how lucky that *she* had the means; and dropping hints about economy; and buying very extravagant Paisleys.

She will annoy you by looking over the stock-list at breakfast-time; and mention quite carelessly to your clients that she is interested in such or such a speculation.

She will be provokingly silent when you hint to a tradesman that you have not the money by you for his small bill: in short, she will tear the life out of you, making you pay in righteous retribution of annoyance, grief, vexation, shame, and sickness of heart, for the superlative folly of "marrying rich."

But if not rich, then poor. Bah! the thought made me stir the coals; but there was still no blaze. The paltry earnings you are able to wring out of clients by the sweat of your brow will now be all *our* income; you will be pestered for pin-money, and pestered with your poor wife's relations. Ten to one, she will stickle about taste,—"Sir Visto's,"—and want to make this so pretty, and that so charming, if she *only* had the means; and is sure Paul (a kiss) can't deny his little Peggy such a trifling sum, and all for the common benefit.

Then she, for one, means that *her* children shan't go a-begging for clothes,—and another pull at the purse. Trust a poor mother to dress her children in finery!

Perhaps she is ugly; not noticeable at first, but growing on her, and (what is worse) growing faster on you. You wonder why you didn't see that vulgar nose long ago; and that lip—it is very strange, you think, that you ever thought it pretty. And then to come to breakfast with her hair looking as it does, and you not so much as daring to say, "Peggy, *do* brush your hair!" Her foot too—not very bad when decently *chaussée*—but now since she's married she does wear such infernal slippers! And yet for all this, to be prigging up for an hour when any of my old chums come to dine with me!

"Bless your kind hearts! my dear fellows," said I, thrusting the tongs into the coals, and speaking out loud, as if my voice could reach from Virginia to Paris—"not married yet!"

Perhaps Peggy is pretty enough—only shrewish.

No matter for cold coffee: you should have been up before.

What sad, thin, poorly cooked chops to eat with your rolls!

She thinks they are very good, and wonders how you can set such an example to your children.

The butter is nauseating.

She has no other, and hopes you'll not raise a storm about butter a little turned. I think I see myself, ruminated I, sitting meekly at table, scarce daring to lift up my eyes, utterly fagged out with some quarrel of yesterday, choking down detestably sour muffins, that my wife thinks are "delicious,"—slipping in dried mouthfuls of burnt ham off the side of my fork-tines,—slipping off my chair sideways at the end, and slipping out with my hat between my knees, to business, and never feeling myself a competent, sound-minded man till the oak door is between me and Peggy!

"Ha, ha,—not yet!" said I; and in so earnest a tone, that my dog started to his feet, cocked his eye to have a good look into my face, met my smile of triumph with an amiable wag of the tail, and curled up again in the corner.

Again, Peggy is rich enough, well enough, mild enough, only she doesn't care a fig for you. She has married you because father or grandfather thought the match eligible, and because she didn't wish to disoblige them. Besides, she didn't positively hate you, and thought you were a respectable enough young person;—she has told you so repeatedly at dinner. She wonders you like to read poetry; she wishes you would buy her a good cook-book; and insists upon your making your will at the birth of the first baby.

She thinks Captain So-and-So a splendid-looking fellow, and wishes you would trim up a little, were it only for appearance's sake.

You need not hurry up from the office so early at night: she, bless her dear heart! does not feel lonely. You read to her a love tale: she interrupts the pathetic parts with directions to her seamstress. You read of marriages: she sighs, and asks if Captain So-and-So has left town! She hates to be mewed up in a cottage, or between brick walls: she does *so* love the Springs!

But again, Peggy loves you; at least she swears it, with her hand on the 'Sorrows of Werther.' She has pin-money which she spends for the Literary World and the 'Friends in Council.' She is not bad-looking, save a bit too much of forehead; nor is she sluttish, unless a *negligé* till three o'clock, and an ink-stain on the forefinger, be sluttish;—but then she is such a sad blue!

You never fancied, when you saw her buried in a three-volume novel, that it was anything more than a girlish vagary;

and when she quoted Latin, you thought innocently that she had a capital memory for her samplers.

But to be bored eternally about divine Dante and funny Goldoni is too bad. Your copy of Tasso, a treasure print of 1680, is all bethumbed and dog's-eared, and spotted with baby-gruel. Even your Seneca — an Elzevir — is all sweaty with handling. She adores La Fontaine, reads Balzac with a kind of artist scowl, and will not let Greek alone.

You hint at broken rest and an aching head at breakfast, and she will fling you a scrap of Anthology — in lieu of the camphor bottle — or chant the *aiaî aiaî* of tragic chorus.

The nurse is getting dinner; you are holding the baby: Peggy is reading Bruyère.

The fire smoked thick as pitch, and puffed out little clouds over the chimney-piece. I gave the forestick a kick, at the thought of Peggy, baby, and Bruyère.

Suddenly the flame flickered bluely athwart the smoke — caught at a twig below — rolled around the mossy oak stick — twined among the crackling tree-limbs — mounted — lit up the whole body of smoke, and blazed out cheerily and bright. Doubt vanished with Smoke, and Hope began with Flame.

II. Blaze — Signifying Cheer

I pushed my chair back; drew up another; stretched out my feet cozily upon it, rested my elbows on the chair arms, leaned my head on one hand, and looked straight into the leaping and dancing flame.

Love is a flame — ruminated I; and (glancing round the room) how a flame brightens up a man's habitation!

"Carlo," said I, calling up my dog into the light, "good fellow, Carlo!" and I patted him kindly, and he wagged his tail, and laid his nose across my knee, and looked wistfully up in my face; then strode away, — turned to look again, and lay down to sleep.

"Pho, the brute!" said I; "it is not enough, after all, to like a dog."

If now in that chair yonder, — not the one your feet lie upon, but the other, beside you — closer yet — were seated a sweet-faced girl, with a pretty little foot lying out upon the hearth, a bit of lace running round the swelling throat, the hair parted to

a charm over a forehead fair as any of your dreams — and if you could reach an arm around that chair-back, without fear of giving offense, and suffer your fingers to play idly with those curls that escape down the neck; and if you could clasp with your other hand those little white taper fingers of hers, which lie so temptingly within reach, — and so talk softly and low in presence of the blaze, while the hours slip without knowledge, and the winter winds whistle uncared-for; — if, in short, you were no bachelor, but the husband of some such sweet image (dream, call it rather), — would it not be far pleasanter than this cold single night-sitting — counting the sticks — reckoning the length of the blaze and the height of the falling snow?

And if some or all of those wild vagaries that grow on your fancy at such an hour, you could whisper into listening, because loving ears — ears not tired with listening, because it is you who whisper — ears ever indulgent because eager to praise; — and if your darkest fancies were lit up, not merely with bright wood fire, but with a ringing laugh of that sweet face turned up in fond rebuke — how far better than to be waxing black and sour over pestilential humors — alone — your very dog asleep!

And if when a glowing thought comes into your brain, quick and sudden, you could tell it over as to a second self, to that sweet creature, who is not away, because she loves to be there; and if you could watch the thought catching that girlish mind, illuming that fair brow, sparkling in those pleasantest of eyes — how far better than to feel it slumbering, and going out, — heavy, lifeless, and dead, in your own selfish fancy. And if a generous emotion steals over you, coming you know not whither, — would there not be a richer charm in lavishing it in caress or endearing word upon that fondest and most dear one, than in patting your glossy-coated dog, or sinking lonely to smiling slumbers?

How would not benevolence ripen with such monitor to task it! How would not selfishness grow faint and dull, leaning ever to that second self, which is the loved one! How would not guile shiver, and grow weak, before that girl-brow and eye of innocence! How would not all that boyhood prized of enthusiasm, and quick blood, and life, renew itself in such a presence!

The fire was getting hotter, and I moved into the middle of the room. The shadows the flames made were playing like fairy forms over floor and wall and ceiling.

My fancy would surely quicken, thought I, if such a being were in attendance. Surely imagination would be stronger and purer, if it could have the playful fancies of dawning womanhood to delight it. All toil would be torn from mind-labor, if but another heart grew into this present soul, quickening it, warming it, cheering it, bidding it ever — God-speed!

Her face would make a halo, rich as a rainbow, atop of all such noisome things as we lonely souls call trouble. Her smile would illumine the blackest of crowding cares; and darkness that now seats you despondent in your solitary chair for days together, weaving bitter fancies, dreaming bitter dreams, would grow light and thin, and spread and float away — chased by that beloved smile.

Your friend — poor fellow! — dies; — never mind: that gentle clasp of *her* fingers, as she steals behind you, telling you not to weep — it is worth ten friends!

Your sister, sweet one, is dead — buried. The worms are busy with all her fairness. How it makes you think earth nothing but a spot to dig graves upon!

It is more: *she*, she says, will be a sister; and the waving curls as she leans upon your shoulder, touch your cheek, and your wet eye turns to meet those other eyes. — God has sent his angel, surely.

Your mother, alas for it, she is gone! Is there any bitterness to a youth, alone and homeless, like this?

But you are not homeless; you are not alone: *she* is there; — her tears softening yours, her smile lighting yours, her grief killing yours; and you live again, to assuage that kind sorrow of hers.

Then — those children, rosy, fair-haired; no, they do not disturb you with their prattle now — they are yours! Toss away there on the greensward — never mind the hyacinths, the snowdrops, the violets, if so be any are there: the perfume of their healthful lips is worth all the flowers of the world. No need now to gather wild bouquets to love and cherish: flower, tree, gun, are all dead things; things livelier hold your soul.

And she, the mother, sweetest and fairest of all, watching, tending, caressing, loving, till your own heart grows pained with tenderest jealousy, and cures itself with loving.

You have no need now of any cold lecture to teach thankfulness: your heart is full of it. No need now, as once, of bursting blossoms, of trees taking leaf, and greenness, to turn thought

kindly and thankfully: forever beside you there is bloom, and ever beside you there is fruit,—for which eye, heart, and soul are full of unknown, and unspoken, because unspeakable, thank-offering.

And if sickness catches you, binds you, lays you down—no lonely moanings, and wicked curses at careless-stepping nurses. *The* step is noiseless, and yet distinct beside you. The white curtains are drawn, or withdrawn by the magic of that other presence; and the soft cool hand is upon your brow.

No cold comfortings of friend-watchers, merely come in to steal a word away from that outer world which is pulling at their skirts; but ever the sad shaded brow of her whose lightest sorrow for your sake is your greatest grief,—if it were not a greater joy.

The blaze was leaping light and high, and the wood falling under the growing heat.

So, continued I, this heart would be at length itself; striving with everything gross, even now as it clings to grossness. Love would make its strength native and progressive. Earth's cares would fly. Joys would double. Susceptibilities be quickened. Love master Self; and having made the mastery, stretch onward and upward toward Infinitude.

And if the end came, and sickness brought that follower—Great Follower—which sooner or later is sure to come after, then the heart and the hand of Love, ever near, are giving to your tired soul, daily and hourly, lessons of that love which consoles, which triumphs, which circleth all and centreth in all—Love Infinite and Divine!

Kind hands—none but *hers*—will smooth the hair upon your brow as the chill grows damp and heavy on it; and her fingers—none but hers—will lie in yours as the wasted flesh stiffens and hardens for the ground. *Her* tears—you could feel no others, if oceans fell—will warm your drooping features once more to life; once more your eye, lighted in joyous triumph, kindle in her smile, and then—

The fire fell upon the hearth; the blaze gave a last leap—a flicker—then another—caught a little remaining twig—blazed up—wavered—went out.

There was nothing but a bed of glowing embers, over which the white ashes gathered fast. I was alone with only my dog for company.

S. WEIR MITCHELL

(1829–)

DR. WEIR MITCHELL has won distinction in two very different fields. He has international reputation as a specialist in nervous diseases, while as a writer of fiction and poetry he has done work of dignity and worth.

Silas Weir Mitchell — he has dropped the first baptismal name — is the son of the Rev. Dr. I. K. Mitchell of Philadelphia, in which city Weir was born February 15th, 1829. He was educated at the University of Pennsylvania, and at Jefferson Medical College, whence he was graduated in 1850. He soon did notable work in the study of snake poisons; and as army surgeon in the Philadelphia hospital for injuries to the nerves, his studies of nervous affections gave him a high place in his profession. Besides more technical publications, his medical works include a number of popular treatises.

S. WEIR MITCHELL

In view of his strenuous and successful labor in medicine, Dr. Mitchell has displayed a remarkable activity in pure literature. His works in fiction and poetry count up to a dozen or more volumes. His first fiction, 'Hephzibah Guinness,' a volume containing three short stories, appeared in 1880; and it was followed by 'In War Time' in 1884, 'Roland Blake' in 1886, and 'Characteristics' in 1893,—the latter not fiction strictly, but rather a series of conversations, full of suggestive ideas, and often brilliant in reflection or characterization. It was not until the novel 'Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker,' in 1897, that Dr. Mitchell revealed his full power as a story-writer, producing a powerful and skillfully wrought art-work. Quaker life and war life have in his earlier fiction been leading themes of interest; and in this fine historical study of Revolutionary times in America, these blended in a story of much picturesqueness, movement, and dramatic force. The book, while full of accurate delineations of the bygone day, is written in a romantic spirit which gives it color and charm. The analysis of human nature is keen,—that of one who knows men and women in their

normal and morbid manifestations, but who, by force of the poetic imagination, avoids in his treatment the unpleasantly realistic or pessimistic. 'Hugh Wynne' certainly must be included among the larger works of American historical-romantic fiction.

Dr. Mitchell began to print verse in 1882, with a volume entitled 'The Hill of Stones'; and the seven books which he has subsequently published were gathered in 1896 into the single volume of his 'Collected Poems.' He demonstrates a genuine gift as a verse-writer; and in a kind less often cultivated with success by modern poets — the dramatic — he has done fine things. His historical pieces, 'Francis Drake' and 'Philip Vernon,' are very vigorous and pleasing, and show a sympathetic comprehension of Elizabethan models, a skillful handling of blank verse, and a virile imagination. These poems are dramatic in more than name and aim. The lyrics herewith printed show Dr. Mitchell's happy touch in lighter forms.

A striking figure in the social and intellectual life of his city, a rugged personality impressing those with whom it comes in contact, an American of distinction, Weir Mitchell's contribution to letters is sufficient to give him honorable enrollment among the literary men of his land.

ANDRÉ'S FATE

From 'Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker.' Copyright 1897, by the Century Company

ON THE 20th of September I was desired by my colonel to conduct two companies from Newark, where we lay, through the gap at Ramapo, New Jersey, to the main army, which at this date was camped, as I have said, about Tappan. Being stout and well, I was glad to move, and glad of a chance to see the great river Hudson. We were assigned camp-ground near to Piermont, on a hill slope, in a long-settled country, where since early in the seventeenth century the Dutch had possessed the land. Having no tents, on arriving we set to work at the old business of hut-building; so that it was not until the 26th of September that I had an idle hour in which to look up Jack, who lay somewhere between Tappan and the river.

It was, as usual, a joyous meeting, and we never did less lack for talk. Jack told me that he was ordered on an unpleasant bit of business, and asked if I could not get leave to go with him. Orders were come from West Point to seize and destroy all periaguas, canoes, and boats in the possession of the few and

often doubtfully loyal people between us and King's Ferry. He had for this duty two sail-rigged dories with slide-keels, and would take two soldiers in each.

Upon his representing my skill as a sailor, and the need for two officers, I was allowed to turn over my command to the junior captain and to join Jack.

We set off on the 27th of September with provender and two small tents, and went away up the river with a fine wind. The water was a dull gray, and the heavens clouded. The far shore of Dobbs' Ferry and Tarrytown was already gayly tinted with the hues of the autumn, and to south the bleak gray lines of the Palisades below Sneedon's Landing lay sombre and stern under a sunless sky. One of my men was a good sailor, and I was thus enabled to spend most of the day in Jack's boat.

I mention all these details because of a curious coincidence. I said to Jack — I was steering — that I had had since dawn a feeling that some calamity was about to happen. Now this was, as I recall it, a notion quite new to me, and far more like Jack himself. He laughed and said it was the east wind. Then after a pause he added: "I was trying to recall something I once heard, and now I have it. This waiting for an idea is like fishing in the deep waters of the mind: sometimes one gets only a nibble, and sometimes a bite; but I have my fish. It was Dr. Rush who told me that the liver was the mother of ghosts and presentiments. When I told him I was afflicted with these latter, he put on his glasses, looked at me, and said I was of a presentimental temperament."

"And he was right," said I, laughing. Then Jack declared the weather was sorry enough to account for my notion. I made answer, as I remember, that I was not subject to the rule of the weathercock, like some fellows I knew, nor to thinking I was going to be shot. This shut up Jack for a while, and we got off on to our own wise plans for capturing Sir Henry and all his host.

At last we ran ashore at a settled point, called Nyack, and thence we went to and fro wherever we saw the smoke of men's homes. We broke up or burned many boats and dugouts, amid the lamentations of their owners, because with the aid of these they were enabled to take fish, and were ill off for other diet. We had an ugly task, and could only regret the sad but inexorable necessities of war.

We camped ten miles above Piermont; and next day, near to dusk, got as far as King's Landing, having pretty thoroughly attended to our ungracious task.

As the tall promontory of Stony Point rose before us, dim in the evening light, we talked of Wayne's gallant storming of this formidable fort, and of his affection for the bayonet, which, he said, was to be preferred to the musket because it was always loaded.

"We of our State had most of that glory," said Jack; "and all our best generals, save the great chief, are men of the North," which was true and strange.

We had at this place a strong force of horse and foot; and here we meant to pass the night with some of our officers, friends of Jack's.

It was quite dark, when, running in with a free sheet, we came close to a large barge rowed by six men. As we approached I heard a stern order to keep off; and recognized in the boat, where were also armed men, Major Tallmadge, whom I knew. I called to him, but as he only repeated his order, I answered, "Very well, sir;" and we drew in to the shore some hundred feet away.

Jack said it was queer: what could it mean? We walked toward the small blockhouse in time to see Tallmadge and several soldiers conduct a cloaked prisoner into the fort. A little later the major came out, and at once asked me to excuse his abruptness, saying that he had in charge Sir Henry Clinton's adjutant-general, who had been caught acting as a spy, and was now about to be taken to Tappan. I exclaimed, "Not Major André!"

"Yes," he returned, "André. A bad business." And I was hastily told the miserable story of Arnold's treason and flight. I turned to Jack. "There it is," said I. "What of my presentiment?" He was silent. "You know," I added, "that to this man I owed my life at the Mischianza ball: here he is in the same trap from which his refusal to aid my cousin saved me." I was terribly distressed; and at my urgent desire, in place of remaining at the fort, we set out after supper and pulled down the river against the flood-tide, while my unfortunate friend André was hurried away to Tappan, guarded by a strong escort of light horse.

We reached Sneedon's Landing about 5 A. M., and I went up with Jack to his hut. Here I got a bit of uneasy sleep, and

thence set off to find Hamilton; for the whole staff, with his Excellency, had made haste to reach the camp at Tappan so soon as the general felt reassured as to the safety of West Point.

I walked a half-mile up a gentle rise of ground to the main road, about which were set, close to the old Dutch church, a few modest one-story stone houses, with far and near the cantonments of the armies. At the bridge over Piermont Creek, I was stopped by sentries set around a low brick building, then used as headquarters. It stood amid scattered apple-trees on a slight rise of ground, and was, as I recall it, built of red and black brick. Behind the house was the little camp of the mounted guard, and on all sides were stationed sentinels, who kept the immediate grounds clear from intrusion. For this there was need; soldiers and officers were continually coming hither in hopes to gather fresh news of the great treason, or curious as to this strange capture of Sir Henry Clinton's adjutant. General officers came and went with grave faces; aides mounted and rode away in haste; all was excitement and anxious interest,—every one asking questions, and none much the wiser. With difficulty I succeeded in sending in a note to Hamilton along with Jack's report. This was nigh to nine in the morning, but it was after midday before I got a chance to see my friend.

Meanwhile I walked up and down in a state of such agitation and distress as never before nor since have I known. When I had seen Major Tallmadge, he knew but little of those details of Arnold's treason which later became the property of all men; but he did tell me that the correspondence had been carried on for Sir Henry by André in the name of Anderson, and this brought to my mind the letter which the Quaker farmer declined to surrender to me at the time I was serving as Arnold's aide. I went back at last to Jack's hut in the valley near the river, and waited. I leave Jack to say how I felt and acted that day and evening, as I lay and thought of André and of poor Margaret Shippen, Arnold's wife:—

"Never have I seen my dear Hugh in such trouble. Here was a broken-hearted woman, the companion of his childhood; and André, who, at a moment which must have called upon his every instinct as a soldier, held back and saved my friend from a fate but too likely to be his own. Hugh all that evening lay in our hut, and now and then would break out declaring he must do something; but what, he knew not, nor did I. He was even

so mad as to think he might plan some way to assist André to escape. I listened, but said nothing, being assured from long knowledge that his judgment would correct the influence of the emotion which did at first seem to disturb it.

"Now all this miserable business is over, I ask myself if our chief would have tried to buy an English general; or if so, would I or Hugh have gone on such an errand as André's. To be a spy is but a simple duty, and no shame in it; but as to the shape this other matter took, I do not feel able to decide."

Still later he adds:—

"Nor is my mind more fully settled as to it to-day; some think one way, some another. I had rather André had not gone on this errand with the promise of a great reward. Yet I think he did believe he was only doing his duty."

After an hour or more of fruitless thinking, not hearing from Mr. Hamilton, I walked back to headquarters. Neither in the joy and pride of glad news, nor when disaster on disaster fell on us, have I ever seen anything like the intensity of expectation and of anxiety which at this time reigned in our camps. The capture of the adjutant-general was grave enough; his fate hung in no doubtful balance: but the feeling aroused by the fall of a great soldier, the dishonor of one greatly esteemed in the ranks, the fear of what else might come, all served to foster uneasiness and to feed suspicion. As the great chief had said, whom now could he trust, or could we? The men talked in half-whispers about the camp-fires; an hundred wild rumors were afloat; and now and again eager eyes looked toward the low brick church where twelve general officers were holding the court-martial which was to decide the fate of my friend.

It was evening before the decision of the court-martial became generally known. I wandered about all that day in the utmost depression of mind. About two in the afternoon of this 29th of September, I met Hamilton near the creek. He said he had been busy all day, and was free for an hour: would I come and dine at his quarters? what was the matter with me? I was glad of the chance to speak freely. We had a long and a sad talk, and he then learned why this miserable affair affected me so deeply. He had no belief that the court could do other than condemn Mr. André to die. I asked anxiously if the chief were certain to approve the sentence. He replied gloomily, "As surely as there is a God in heaven."

I could only wait. A hundred schemes were in my mind, each as useless as the others. In fact, I knew not what to do.

On the 30th his Excellency signed the death-warrant; and all hope being at an end, I determined to make an effort to see the man to whom I believe I owed my life. When I represented the matter to Mr. Hamilton and to the Marquis de Lafayette, I put my request on the ground that Mr. André had here no one who could be called a friend, excepting only myself; and that to refuse me an interview were needlessly cruel. I wrote my application with care, the marquis, who was most kind throughout, charging himself with the business of placing it favorably before our chief.

The execution had been ordered for October 1st; but upon receipt of some communication from Sir Henry Clinton, it was postponed until noon on October 2d.

On the 30th I rode out into the hills back of Tappan, and tried to compose myself by my usual and effective remedy of a hard ride. It was useless now. I came back to my friend's quarters and tried to read, finding a stray volume of the Rambler on his table. It was as vain a resort.

Never at any time in my memory have I spent two days of such unhappiness. I could get no rest and no peace of mind. To be thus terribly in the grip of events over which you have no control, is to men of my temper a maddening affliction. My heart seemed all the time to say, "Do something," and my reason to reply, "There is nothing to do." It was thus in the jail when my cousin was on my mind; now it was as to André, and as to the great debt I owed him, and how to pay it. People who despair easily do not fall into the clutches of this intense craving for some practical means of relief where none can be. It is the hopeful, the resolute, and such as are educated by success, who suffer thus. But why inflict on others the story of these two days, except to let those who come after me learn how one of their blood looked upon a noble debt, which, alas! like many debts, must go to be settled in another world, and in other ways than ours.

Hamilton, who saw my agitation, begged me to prepare for disappointment. I, however, could see no reason to deny a man access to one doomed, when no other friend was near. Nor was I wrong. About seven in the evening of the 1st, the marquis came in haste to find me. He had asked for my interview with

Mr. André as a favor to himself. His Excellency had granted the request in the face of objections from two general officers, whom the marquis did not name. As I thanked him he gave me this order:—

"*To Major Tallmadge:*

"The bearer, Hugh Wynne, Esq., Captain Second Company, Third Regiment of Pennsylvania Foot, has herewith permission to visit Major André.

"GEO[E] WASHINGTON.

"October 1st, 1780."

I went at once—it was now close to eight in the evening—to the small house of one Maby, where the prisoner was kept. It was but an hundred yards from his Excellency's quarters. Six sentries marched to and fro around it, and within the room two officers remained day and night with drawn swords. My pass was taken at the door of the house, while I waited on the road without. In a few minutes an officer came to me with Major Tallmadge's compliments, and would I be pleased to enter?

I sometimes think it strange how, even in particulars, the natural and other scenery of this dark drama remains distinct in my memory, unaffected by the obliterating influence of the years, which have effaced so much else I had been more glad to keep.

I can see to-day the rising moon, the yellowish road, the long gray stone farm-house of one story, with windows set in an irregular frame of brickwork. The door opens, and I find myself in a short hall, where two officers salute as I pass. My conductor says, "This way, Captain Wynne"; and I enter a long, cheerless-looking apartment, the sitting-room of a Dutch farm-house. Two lieutenants, seated within at the doorway, rose as I entered, and saluting me, sat down again. I stood an instant looking about me. A huge log fire roared on the hearth, so lighting the room that I saw its glow catch the bayonet tips of the sentinels outside, as they went and came. There were a half-dozen wooden chairs, and on a pine table four candles burning, a bottle of Hollands, a decanter and glasses. In a high-backed chair sat a man with his face to the fire. It was André. He was tranquilly sketching, with a quill pen, a likeness of himself.*

* My acquaintance, Captain Tomlinson, has it.

He did not turn or leave off drawing until Captain Tomlinson, one of the officers in charge, seeing me pause, said:—

"Your pardon, major. Here is a gentleman come to visit you."

As he spoke the prisoner turned, and I was at once struck by the extreme pallor of his face, even as seen in the red light of the fire. His death-like whiteness at this time brought out the regular beauty of his features, as his usual ruddiness of color never did. I have since seen strong men near to certain death, but I recall no one who, with a serene and untroubled visage, was yet as white as was this gentleman.

The captain did not present me; and for a moment I stood with a kind of choking in the throat, which came, I suppose, of the great shock André's appearance gave me. He was thus the first to speak.

"Pardon me," he said as he rose: "the name escaped me."

"Mr. Hugh Wynne," I said, getting myself pulled together — it was much needed.

"O Wynne!" he cried quite joyously: "I did not know you. How delightful to see a friend; how good of you to come! Sit down. Our accommodations are slight. Thanks to his Excellency, here are Madeira and Hollands: may I offer you a glass?"

"No, no," I said, as we took chairs by the fire; on which he cast a log, remarking how cold it was. Then he added:—

"Well, Wynne, what can I do for you?" And then, smiling, "Pshaw! what a thing is habit! What can I do for you, or indeed, my dear Wynne, for any one? But Lord! I am as glad as a child."

It was all so sweet and natural that I was again quite overcome.

"My God!" I cried, "I am so sorry, Mr. André! I came down from King's Ferry in haste when I heard of this, and have been three days getting leave to see you. I have never forgotten your great kindness at the Mischianza. If there be any service I can render you, I am come to offer it."

He smiled and said, "How strange is fate, Mr. Wynne! Here am I in the same sad trap in which you might have been. I was thinking this very evening of your happier escape." Then he went on to tell me that he had instantly recognized me at the ball, and also — what in my confusion at the time I did not

hear — that Miss Peniston had cried out as she was about to faint, "No, no, Mr. André!" Afterward he had wondered at what seemed an appeal to him rather than to my cousin.

At last he said it would be a relief to him if he might speak to me out of ear-shot of the officers. I said as much to these gentlemen; and after a moment's hesitation, they retired outside of the still open doorway of the room, leaving us freer to say what we pleased. He was quiet, and as always, courteous to a fault; but I did not fail to observe that at times, as we talked and he spoke a word of his mother, his eyes filled with tears. In general he was far more composed than I.

He said:—"Mr. Wynne, I have writ a letter, which I am allowed to send to General Washington. Will you see that he has it in person? It asks that I may die a soldier's death. All else is done. My mother — but no matter. I have wound up my earthly affairs. I am assured, through the kindness of his Excellency, that my letters and effects will reach my friends and those who are still closer to me. I had hoped to see Mr. Hamilton to-night, that I might ask him to deliver to your chief the letter I now give you. But he has not yet returned, and I must trust it to you to make sure that it does not fail to be considered. That is all, I think."

I said I would do my best, and was there no more — no errand of confidence — nothing else?

"No," he replied thoughtfully; "no, I think not. I shall never forget your kindness." Then he smiled and added, "My 'never' is a brief day for me, Wynne, unless God permits us to remember in the world where I shall be to-morrow."

I hardly recall what answer I made. I was ready to cry like a child. He went on to bid me say to the good Attorney-General Chew that he had not forgotten his pleasant hospitalities; and he sent also some amiable message to the women of his house, and to my aunt, and to the Shippens, speaking with the ease and unrestraint of a man who looks to meet you at dinner next week, and merely says a brief good-by.

I promised to charge myself with his messages, and said at last that many officers desired me to express to him their sorrow at his unhappy situation; and that all men thought it hard that the life of an honest soldier was to be taken in place of that of a villain and coward, who, if he had an atom of honor, would give himself up.

"May I beg of you, sir," he returned, "to thank these gentlemen of your army? 'Tis all I can do: and as to General Arnold — no, Wynne, he is not one to do that; I could not expect it."

Before I rose to go on his errand I said,— and I was a little embarrassed,— "May I be pardoned, sir, if I put to you a quite personal question?"

"Assuredly," he returned. "What is it, and how can a poor devil in my situation oblige you?"

I said: "I have but of late learned that the exchanges were all settled when I met my cousin Arthur Wynne at Amboy. Could it have been that the letter I bore had anything to do with this treason of General Arnold? Within a day or two this thought has come to me."

Seeing that he hesitated, I added, "Do not answer me unless you see fit: it is a matter quite personal to myself."

"No," he replied: "I see no reason why I should not. Yes, it was the first of the letters sent to Sir Henry over General Arnold's signature. Your cousin suggested you as a messenger, whose undoubted position and name would insure the safe carriage of what meant more to us than its mere contents seemed to imply. Other messengers had become unsafe; it was needful at once to find a certain way to reply to us. The letter you bore was such as an officer might carry, as it dealt seemingly with nothing beyond questions of exchange of prisoners. For these reasons, on a hint from Captain Wynne, you were selected as a person beyond suspicion. I was ill at the time, as I believe Mr. Wynne told you."

"It is only too plain," said I. "It must have been well known at our headquarters in Jersey that this exchange business was long since settled. Had I been overhauled by any shrewd or suspicious officer, the letter might well have excited doubt and have led to inquiry."

"Probably: that was why you were chosen,— as a man of known character. By the way, sir, I did not know of the selection, nor how it came about, until my recovery. I had no part in it."

I thanked him for thus telling me of his having no share in the matter.

"You were ordered," he continued, "as I recall it, to avoid your main army in the Jerseys: you can now see why. There is no need of further concealment."

It was clear enough. "I owe you," I said, "my excuses for intruding a business so personal."

"And why not? I am glad to serve you. It is rather a relief, sir, to talk of something else than my own hopeless case. Is there anything else? Pray, go on: I am at your service."

"You are most kind. I have but one word to add: Arthur Wynne was — nay, must have been — deep in this business?"

"Ah, now you have asked too much," he replied; "but it is I who am to blame. I had no right to name Captain Wynne."

"You must not feel uneasy. I owe him no love, Mr. André; but I will take care that you do not suffer. His suggestion that I should be made use of, put in peril not my life but my honor. It is not to my interest that the matter should ever get noised abroad."

"I see," he said. "Your cousin must be a strange person. Do with what I have said as seems right to you. I shall be — or rather," and he smiled quite cheerfully, "I am content. One's grammar forgets to-morrow sometimes."

His ease and quiet seemed to me amazing. But it was getting late, and I said I must go at once.

As I was in act to leave, he took my hand and said: "There are no thanks a man about to die can give that I do not offer you, Mr. Wynne. Be assured your visit has helped me. It is much to see the face of a friend. All men have been good to me and kind, and none more so than his Excellency. If to-morrow I could see, as I go to death, one face I have known in happier hours — it is much to ask — I may count on you, I am sure. Ah, I see I can! And my letter — you will be sure to do your best?"

"Yes," I said, not trusting myself to speak further, and only adding, "Good-by," as I wrung his hand. Then I went out into the cold October starlight.

It was long after ten when I found Hamilton. I told him briefly of my interview, and asked if it would be possible for me to deliver in person to the general Mr. André's letter. I had in fact that on my mind, which, if but a crude product of despair, I yet did wish to say where alone it might help or be considered.

Hamilton shook his head. "I have so troubled his Excellency as to this poor fellow that I fear I can do no more. Men who do not know my chief cannot imagine the distress of heart this

business has caused. I do not mean, Wynne, that he has or had the least indecision concerning the sentence, but I can tell you this,—the signature of approval of the court's finding is tremulous and unlike his usual writing. We will talk of this again. Will you wait at my quarters? I will do my best for you."

I said I would take a pipe, and walk on the road at the foot of the slope below the house in which Washington resided. With this he left me.

The night was clear and beautiful; from the low hills far and near the camp bugle-calls and the sound of horses neighing filled the air. Uneasy and restless, I walked to and fro up and down the road below the little farm-house. Once or twice I fancied I saw the tall figure of the chief pass across the window-panes. A hundred yards away was the house I had just left. There sat a gallant gentleman awaiting death. Here, in the house above me, was he in whose hands lay his fate. I pitied him too, and wondered if in his place I could be sternly just. At my feet the little brook babbled in the night, while the camp noises slowly died away. Meantime, intent on my purpose, I tried to arrange in my mind what I would say, or how plead a lost cause. I have often thus prearranged the mode of saying what some serious occasion made needful. I always get ready; but when the time comes I am apt to say things altogether different, and to find, too, that the wisdom of the minute is apt to be the better wisdom.

At last I saw Hamilton approaching me through the gloom. "Come," he said. "His Excellency will see you, but I fear it will be of no use. He himself would agree to a change in the form of death; but Generals Greene and Sullivan are strongly of opinion that to do so in the present state of exasperation would be unwise and impolitic. I cannot say what I should do were I he. I am glad, Wynne, that it is not I who have to decide. I lose my sense of the equities of life in the face of so sad a business. At least I would give him a gentleman's death. The generals who tried the case say that to condemn a man as a spy, and not at last to deal with him as Hale was dealt with, would be impolitic, and unfair to men who were as gallant as the poor fellow in yonder farm-house."

"It is only too clear," I said.

"Yes, they are right, I suppose; but it is a horrible business."

As we discussed, I went with him past the sentinels around the old stone house and through a hall, and to left into a large room.

"The general sleeps here," Hamilton said in a lowered voice. "We have but these two apartments; across the passage is his dining-room, which he uses as his office. Wait here;" and so saying, he left me. The room was large, some fifteen by eighteen feet, and so low-ceiled that the Dutch builder had need to contrive a recess in the ceiling to permit of a place for the tall Dutch clock he had brought from Holland. Around the chimney-piece were Dutch tiles. Black Billy, the general's servant, sat asleep in the corner, and two aides slumbered on the floor; tired out, I fancy. I walked to and fro over the creaking boards, and watched the Dutch clock. As it struck eleven, the figure of Time, seated below the dial, swung a scythe and turned a tiny hour-glass. A bell rang; an orderly came in and woke up an aide: "Dispatch for West Point, sir, in haste." The young fellow groaned, stuck the paper in his belt, and went out for his long night ride.

At last my friend returned. "The general will see you presently, Wynne; but it is a useless errand. Give me André's letter." With this he left me again, and I continued my impatient walk. In a quarter of an hour he came back. "Come," said he: "I have done my best, but I have failed as I expected to fail. Speak your mind freely; he likes frankness." I went after him, and in a moment was in the farther room and alone with the chief.

A huge fire of logs blazed on the great kitchen hearth; and at a table covered with maps and papers, neatly set in order, the general sat writing.

He looked up, and with quiet courtesy said, "Take a seat, Captain Wynne. I must be held excused for a little." I bowed and sat down, while he continued to write.

His pen moved slowly, and he paused at times, and then went on apparently with the utmost deliberation. I was favorably placed to watch him without appearing to do so, his face being strongly lighted by the candles in front of him. He was dressed with his usual care, in a buff waistcoat and a blue-and-buff uniform, with powdered hair drawn back to a queue and carefully tied with black ribbon.

The face, with its light-blue eyes, ruddy cheeks, and rather heavy nose above a strong jaw, was now grave, and I thought, stern. At least a half-hour went by before he pushed back his chair and looked up.

I am fortunate as regards this conversation, since on my return I set it down in a diary; which, however, has many gaps, and is elsewhere incomplete.

"Captain Wynne," he said, "I have refused to see several gentlemen in regard to this sad business; but I learn that Mr. André was your friend, and I have not forgotten your aunt's timely aid at a moment when it was sorely needed. For these reasons, and at the earnest request of Captain Hamilton and the marquis, I am willing to listen to you. May I ask you to be brief?"

He spoke slowly, as if weighing his words.

I replied that I was most grateful — that I owed it to Major André that I had not long ago endured the fate which was now to be his.

"Permit me, sir," he said, "to ask when this occurred."

I replied that it was when, at his Excellency's desire, I had entered Philadelphia as a spy; and then I went on briefly to relate what had happened.

"Sir," he returned, "you owed your danger to folly, not to what your duty brought. You were false, for the time, to that duty. But this does not concern us now. It may have served as a lesson, and I am free to admit that you did your country a great service. What now can I do for you? As to this unhappy gentleman, his fate is out of my hands. I have read the letter which Captain Hamilton gave me." As he spoke, he took it from the table and deliberately read it again, while I watched him. Then he laid it down and looked up. I saw that his big patient eyes were over-full as he spoke.

"I regret, sir, to have to refuse this most natural request; I have told Mr. Hamilton that it is not to be thought of. Neither shall I reply. It is not fitting that I should do so, nor is it necessary or even proper that I assign reasons which must already be plain to every man of sense. Is that all?"

I said, "Your Excellency, may I ask but a minute more?"

"I am at your disposal, sir, for so long. What is it?"

I hesitated, and I suspect, showed plainly in my face my doubt as to the propriety of what was most on my mind when I

sought this interview. He instantly guessed that I was embarrassed, and said with the gentlest manner and a slight smile:—

"Ah, Mr. Wynne, there is nothing which can be done to save your friend, nor indeed to alter his fate; but if you desire to say more, do not hesitate. You have suffered much for the cause which is dear to us both. Go on, sir."

Thus encouraged, I said: "If on any pretext the execution can be delayed a week, I am ready to go with a friend"—I counted on Jack—"to enter New York in disguise, and to bring out General Arnold. I have been his aide, I know all his habits, and I am confident that we shall succeed if only I can control near New York a detachment of tried men. I have thought over my plan, and am willing to risk my life upon it."

"You propose a gallant venture, sir, but it would be certain to fail; the service would lose another brave man, and I should seem to have been wanting in decision for no just or assignable cause."

I was profoundly disappointed; and in the grief of my failure I forgot for a moment the august presence which imposed on all men the respect which no sovereign could have inspired.

"My God! sir," I exclaimed, "and this traitor must live unpunished, and a man who did but what he believed to be his duty must suffer a death of shame!" Then, half scared, I looked up, feeling that I had said too much. He had risen before I spoke,—meaning, no doubt, to bring my visit to an end; and was standing with his back to the fire, his admirable figure giving the impression of greater height than was really his.

When, after my passionate speech, I looked up, having of course also risen, his face wore a look that was more solemn than any face of man I have ever yet seen in all my length of years.

"There is a God, Mr. Wynne," he said, "who punishes the traitor. Let us leave this man to the shame which every year must bring. Your scheme I cannot consider. I have no wish to conceal from you or from any gentleman what it has cost me to do that which, as God lives, I believe to be right. You, sir, have done your duty to your friend. And now, may I ask of you not to prolong a too painful interview?"

I bowed, saying, "I cannot thank your Excellency too much for the kindness with which you have listened to a rash young man."

"You have said nothing, sir, which does not do you honor. Make my humble compliments to Mistress Wynne."

I bowed, and backing a pace or two, was about to leave, when he said, "Permit me to detain you a moment. Ask Mr. Harrison — the secretary — to come to me."

I obeyed; and then in some wonder stood still, waiting.

"Mr. Harrison, fetch me Captain Wynne's papers." A moment later he sat down, again wrote the free signature, "Geo^e^ Washington," at the foot of a parchment, and gave it to me, saying, "That boy Hamilton has been troubling me for a month about this business. The commission is but now come to hand from Congress. You will report, at your early convenience, as major, to the colonel of the Third Pennsylvania foot; I hope it will gratify your aunt. Ah, Captain Hamilton," for here the favorite aide entered, "I have just signed Mr. Wynne's commission." Then he put a hand affectionately on the shoulder of the small, slight figure. "You will see that the orders are all given for the execution at noon. Not less than eighty files from each wing must attend. See that none of my staff be present, and that this house be kept closed to-morrow until night. I shall transact no business that is not such as to ask instant attention. See, in any case, that I am alone from eleven until one. Good evening, Mr. Wynne; I hope that you will shortly honor me with your company at dinner. Pray remember it, Mr. Hamilton."

I bowed and went out, overcome with the kindliness of this great and noble gentleman.

"He likes young men," said Hamilton to me long afterward. "An old officer would have been sent away with small comfort."

It was now late in the night; and thinking to compose myself, I walked up and down the road, and at last past the Dutch church, and up the hill between rows of huts and rarer tents. It was a clear starlit night, and the noises of the great camp were for the most part stilled. A gentle slope carried me up the hill, back of André's prison, and at the top I came out on a space clear of these camp homes, and stood awhile under the quiet of the star-peopled sky. I lighted my pipe with help of flint and steel, and walking to and fro, set myself resolutely to calm the storm of trouble and helpless dismay in which I had been for two weary days. At last, as I turned in my walk, I came on two upright posts with a cross-beam above. It was the gallows.

I moved away horror-stricken, and with swift steps went down the hill and regained Jack's quarters.

Of the horrible scene at noon on the 2d of October I shall say very little. A too early death never took from earth a more amiable and accomplished soldier. I asked and had leave to stand by the door as he came out. He paused, very white in his scarlet coat, smiled, and said, "Thank you, Wynne; God bless you!" and went on, recognizing with a bow the members of the court, and so with a firm step to his ignoble death. As I had promised, I fell in behind the sad procession to the top of the hill. No fairer scene could a man look upon for his last of earth. The green range of the Piermont hills rose to north. On all sides, near and far, was the splendor of the autumn-tinted woods, and to west the land swept downward past the headquarters to where the cliffs rose above the Hudson. I can see it all now — the loveliness of nature, the waiting thousands, mute and pitiful. I shut my eyes and prayed for this passing soul. A deathful stillness came upon the assembled multitude. I heard Colonel Scammel read the sentence. Then there was the rumble of the cart, a low murmur broke forth, and the sound of moving steps was heard. It was over. The great assemblage of farmers and soldiers went away strangely silent, and many in tears.

The effort I so earnestly desired to make for the capture of Arnold was afterward made by Sergeant Champe, but failed, as all men now know. Yet I am honestly of opinion that I should have succeeded.

Years afterward, I was walking along the Strand in London, when, looking up, I saw a man and woman approaching. It was Arnold with his wife. His face was thin and wasted, a countenance writ over with gloom and disappointment. His masculine vigor was gone. Cain could have borne no plainer marks of vain remorse. He looked straight before him. As I crossed the way, with no desire to meet him, I saw the woman look up at him; a strange, melancholy sweetness in the pale, worn face of our once beautiful Margaret. Her love was all that time had left him; poor, broken, shunned, insulted, he was fast going to his grave. Where now he lies I know not. Did he repent with bitter tears on that gentle breast? God only knows. I walked on through the crowded street, and thought of the words of my great chief, "There is a God who punishes the traitor."

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LINCOLN

CHAINED by stern duty to the rock of State,
His spirit armed in mail of rugged mirth,
Ever above, though ever near to earth,
Yet felt his heart the cruel tongues that sate
Base appetites, and foul with slander, wait
Till the keen lightnings bring the awful hour
When wounds and suffering shall give them power.
Most was he like to Luther, gay and great,
Solemn and mirthful, strong of heart and limb.
Tender and simple too; he was so near
To all things human that he cast out fear,
And, ever simpler, like a little child,
Lived in unconscious nearness unto Him
Who always on earth's little ones hath smiled.

DREAMLAND

UP ANCHOR! Up anchor!
Set sail and away!
The ventures of dreamland
Are thine for a day.
Yo, heave ho!
Aloft and alow
Elf sailors are singing
Yo, heave ho!
The breeze that is blowing
So sturdily strong
Shall fill up thy sail
With the breath of a song.
A fay at the mast-head
Keeps watch o'er the sea;
Blown amber of tresses
Thy banner shall be;
Thy freight the lost laughter
That sad souls have missed,
Thy cargo the kisses
That never were kissed.
And ho, for a fay maid
Born merry in June,

Of dainty red roses
  Beneath a red moon.
The star-pearls that midnight
  Casts down on the sea,
Dark gold of the sunset,
  Her fortune shall be.
And ever she whispers,
  More tenderly sweet,
«Love am I, love only,
  Love perfect, complete.
The world is my lordship,
  The heart is my slave;
I mock at the ages,
  I laugh at the grave.
Wilt sail with me ever
  A dream-haunted sea,
Whose whispering waters
  Shall murmur to thee
The love-haunted lyrics
  Dead poets have made
Ere life had a fetter,
  Ere love was afraid?»
Then up with the anchor!
  Set sail and away!
The ventures of loveland
  Are thine for a day.

SONG

From 'Francis Drake'

I WOULD I were an English rose,
  In England for to be:
The sweetest maid that Devon knows
  Should pick and carry me.

To pluck my leaves be tender quick,
  A fortune fair to prove,
And count in love's arithmetic
  Thy pretty sum of love.

Oh, Devon's lanes be green o'ergrown,
  And blithe her maidens be;
But there be some that walk alone,
  And look across the sea.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD

(1787–1855)

THE best description of Miss Mitford is given by Mrs. Browning in a letter to Mr. Horne, where she speaks of her as "our friend of Three Mile Cross, who 'wears her heart upon her sleeve' and shakes out its perfume at every moment." And indeed, like the sun, Miss Mitford shone upon the just and the unjust: her flowers, her dogs, her servants, neighbors and friends, her devoted mother, and her handsome, graceless father, all shared alike her sunny sweet-heartedness.

MARY R. MITFORD

Mary Russell Mitford was born at Alresford, in the town of Wither, England, December 16th, 1787, and began her career as a writer in 1810, publishing then her first volume, 'Miscellaneous Poems.' In reading the account of her life given in her own letters, edited by Mr. L'Estrange, it is impossible not to be touched by the revelation of her pathetically cheerful struggle to support her parents, as well as provoked by her unfailing devotion to her good-for-nothing father. Indeed, so deeply does her love for him impress the reader, that at last it comes near to protecting him from criticism. Squandering first his own fortune, Dr. Mitford married Miss Russell, a devoted woman, ten years his senior, whose friends he proceeded to offend, and whose fortune he promptly dissipated. At the first touch of pecuniary embarrassment he moved from Alresford to Lynn Regis, where for one year they lived in the greatest luxury. In 'Recollections of a Literary Life' Miss Mitford says: "In that old historical town [Lynn Regis] I spent the eventful year when the careless happiness of childhood vanished, and the troubles of the world first dawned upon my heart. . . . Nobody told me, but I felt, . . . I knew, I can't tell how, but I did know that everything was to be parted with, and everybody paid." Then follows a description of chests being carried away in the night by faithful servants, and of a dreary journey for herself and her mother, and of the first touch of dreadful poverty. Settled in lodgings in London, this incredible father took his little daughter to buy a lottery

ticket; she selected one whose added numbers made her age — ten years — and would have none other. This ticket was bought, and drew for Dr. Mitford twenty thousand pounds. Once more with a fortune, he bought a place near Reading, — Bertram House, — and sent his daughter, of whom he was excessively proud, to school in London. It was while at Bertram House that Miss Mitford published her first volume, following it in 1811 by 'Christine,' and other smaller things. In 1820 they move from Bertram House into a tiny cottage at Three Mile Cross, and from this time on it is one long struggle for money. From this place are written Miss Mitford's most charming letters, in which we read of her difficulties about her tragedies, and how, because of these difficulties, she took up another line of work as less harassing, and began to write short sketches of the life about her: sketches which Campbell refused as too light, — which the world put next to Lamb's Essays, — and which, collected, made 'Our Village.'

Between 1823 and 1828 three of her plays, 'Julien,' 'Foscari,' and 'Rienzi,' were put upon the stage by Macready and Kemble; 'Our Village' had an enormous success, and Miss Mitford was toasted and made much of by all the world of London. But as her father "played a very fine hand at whist," she could never be very long away from Three Mile Cross and her writing-table; and she goes back quite cheerfully to a daily task of from seven to twelve hours writing. Her work is most voluminous: including plays, poems, 'Dramatic Scenes,' 'Stories of American Life,' — of which she could not have known very much, — 'Stories for Children,' and in 1835 another collection of sketches, called 'Belford Regis.' Besides all this, she contributed to newspapers, magazines, 'Amulets' and 'Forget-me-nots,' and edited from 1838 to 1841 Finden's Tableaux; finishing her work in 1852–4 with 'Recollections of a Literary Life,' and 'Atherton and Other Tales.' Driven by want and harassed by debt, she could not produce much that would live; but the careful reader of Miss Mitford's letters will never criticize Miss Mitford's failures. At Three Mile Cross, after much ill health, her mother died, and later her "beloved father"; and here she lived until in 1850 the little house began to fall to pieces; and she moved to Swallowfield, not very far away, there to finish her life.

Miss Mitford tells us that she "delighted in that sort of detail which permits so intimate a familiarity with the subject of which it treats," — and she gives it to us in her work. She describes a cowslip ball so accurately that one smells the cowslips and helps her to tie it; she makes us intimately acquainted with the "spreading hawthorn"; the shower pelts us in wetting her, and we change our clothes too — or we long to do so — in order to sit down with her near the fire. She loses her walking-stick, and we go back with her over

the whole expedition to find it; it is a personal loss, and we are much relieved when the children bring it home again. Frost comes; and we are out under the solemn white avenue, looking at the "landscape of snow," at the frozen weeds, and becoming friendly with the little bird tamed by the cold,—"perched in the middle of the hedge, nestling as it were among the cold bare boughs, seeking, poor pretty thing, for the warmth it will not find." Then the description of the thaw, not much more than a paragraph,—a dismal thaw, the dreariness of which she fights against quite palpably, stopping so abruptly that one is sure that she found it too forlorn to dwell upon safely.

But through all the sunny charm of her work, she is conscious of the shadow of the hopeless struggle she is making; one knows that she did not dare to tread too heavily on the thin ice of her happiness, and one steps lightly along with her, and makes a conscious effort to forget the father and his endless folly. When at last she is alone in the world, and has to move from Three Mile Cross, she says: "It was a great grief to go. I had associations with those old walls which endeared them to me more than I can tell. There I had toiled and striven, and tasted of as bitter anxiety, of fear and of hope, as often falls to the lot of women. There in the fullness of age I had lost those whose love had made my home sweet and precious." And one longs to step back fifty years and maul that delinquent father; not so much, perhaps, because he was selfish, as because she loved him so. But in the next paragraph her invincible cheerfulness again comes to the front, and we begin to like Swallowfield almost as much as Three Mile Cross. A brave soul was Miss Mitford; and a strange contrast to her "beloved young friend" Elizabeth Barrett, who in the depth of ease and luxury nursed the one grief of her life, as if it were the only specimen of sorrow in the world. A brave and sturdy soul; and her reward is immortality for the flower that sprang from her heroic self-abnegation—immortality for her humble home, 'Our Village.'

THE NEIGHBORHOOD

From 'Our Village'

OF ALL situations for a constant residence, that which appears to me most delightful is a little village far in the country; a small neighborhood, not of fine mansions finely peopled, but of cottages and cottage-like houses, "messuages or tenements," as a friend of mine calls such ignoble and nondescript

dwellings, with inhabitants whose faces are as familiar to us as the flowers in our garden; a little world of our own, close-packed and insulated like ants in an ant-hill, or bees in a hive, or sheep in a fold, or nuns in a convent, or sailors in a ship; where we know every one, are known to every one, interested in every one, and authorized to hope that every one feels an interest in us. How pleasant it is to slide into these true-hearted feelings from the kindly and unconscious influence of habit, and to learn to know and to love the people about us, with all their peculiarities, just as we learn to know and to love the nooks and turns of the shady lanes and sunny commons that we pass every day. Even in books I like confined locality, and so do the critics when they talk of the unities. Nothing is so tiresome as to be whirled half over Europe at the chariot-wheels of a hero, to go to sleep at Vienna and awaken at Madrid; it produces a real fatigue, a weariness of spirit. On the other hand, nothing is so delightful as to sit down in a country village in one of Miss Austen's delicious novels, quite sure before we leave it to become intimate with every spot and every person it contains; or to ramble with Mr. White over his own parish of Selborne, and form a friendship with the fields and coppices, as well as with the birds, mice, squirrels, who inhabit them; or to sail with Robinson Crusoe to his island, and live there with him and his goats and his man Friday;—how much we dread any new-comers, any fresh importation of savage or sailor! we never sympathize for a moment in our hero's want of company, and are quite grieved when he gets away;—or to be shipwrecked with Ferdinand on that other lovelier island,—the island of Prospero, and Miranda, and Caliban, and Ariel, and nobody else, none of Dryden's exotic inventions,—that is best of all. And a small neighborhood is as good in sober waking reality as in poetry or prose; a village neighborhood, such as this Berkshire hamlet in which I write,—a long, straggling, winding street at the bottom of a fine eminence, with a road through it, always abounding in carts, horsemen, and carriages, and lately enlivened by a stage-coach from B—— to S——, which passed through about ten days ago, and will I suppose return some time or other. There are coaches of all varieties nowadays; perhaps this may be intended for a monthly diligence, or a fortnightly fly. Will you walk with me through our village, courteous reader? The journey is not long. We will begin at the lower end, and proceed up-hill.

The tidy square red cottage on the right hand, with the long well-stocked garden by the side of the road, belongs to a retired publican from a neighboring town; a substantial person with a comely wife; one who piques himself on independence and idleness, talks politics, reads newspapers, hates the minister, and cries out for reform. He introduced into our peaceful village the rebellious innovation of illumination on the queen's acquittal. Remonstrance and persuasion were in vain: he talked of liberty and broken windows—so we all lighted up. Oh! how he shone that night with candles, and laurel, and white bows, and gold paper, and a transparency (originally designed for a pocket-handkerchief) with a flaming portrait of her Majesty, hatted and feathered, in red ochre. He had no rival in the village,—that we all acknowledge; the very bonfire was less splendid; the little boys reserved their best crackers to be expended in his honor, and he gave them full sixpence more than any one else. He would like an illumination once a month; for it must not be concealed that, in spite of gardening, of newspaper reading, of jaunting about in his little cart, and frequenting both church and meeting, our worthy neighbor begins to feel the weariness of idleness. He hangs over his gate, and tries to entice passengers to stop and chat; he volunteers little jobs all round, smokes cherry-trees to cure the blight, and traces and blows up all the wasp-nests in the parish. I have seen a great many wasps in our garden to-day, and shall enchant him with the intelligence. He even assists his wife in her sweepings and dustings. Poor man! he is a very respectable person, and would be a very happy one if he would add a little employment to his dignity. It would be the salt of life to him.

Next to his house, though parted from it by another long garden with a yew arbor at the end, is the pretty little dwelling of the shoemaker, a pale, sickly-looking, black-haired man, the very model of sober industry. There he sits in his little shop from early morning till late at night. An earthquake would hardly stir him: the illumination did not. He stuck immovably to his last, from the first lighting up, through the long blaze and the slow decay, till his large solitary candle was the only light in the place. One cannot conceive anything more perfect than the contempt which the man of transparencies and the man of shoes must have felt for each other on that evening. There was at least as much vanity in the sturdy industry as in

the strenuous idleness, for our shoemaker is a man of substance: he employs three journeymen,—two lame and one a dwarf, so that his shop looks like an hospital; he has purchased the lease of his commodious dwelling,—some even say that he has bought it out and out; and he has only one pretty daughter, a light, delicate, fair-haired girl of fourteen, the champion, protectress, and playfellow of every brat under three years old, whom she jumps, dances, dandles, and feeds all day long. A very attractive person is that child-loving girl. I have never seen any one in her station who possessed so thoroughly that undefinable charm, the lady-look. See her on a Sunday in her simplicity and her white frock, and she might pass for an earl's daughter. She likes flowers, too, and has a profusion of white stocks under her window, as pure and delicate as herself.

The first house on the opposite side of the way is the blacksmith's: a gloomy dwelling, where the sun never seems to shine; dark and smoky within and without, like a forge. The blacksmith is a high officer in our little State,—nothing less than a constable; but, alas! alas! when tumults arise, and the constable is called for, he will commonly be found in the thickest of the fray. Lucky would it be for his wife and her eight children were there no public-house in the land: an inveterate inclination to enter those bewitching doors is Mr. Constable's only fault.

Next to this official dwelling is a spruce brick tenement, red, high, and narrow; boasting, one above another, three sash-windows, the only sash-windows in the village; with a clematis on one side and a rose on the other, tall and narrow like itself. That slender mansion has a fine, genteel look. The little parlor seems made for Hogarth's old maid and her stunted footboy; for tea and card parties,—it would just hold one table; for the rustle of faded silks, and the splendor of old china; for the delight of four by honors, and a little snug, quiet scandal between the deals; for affected gentility and real starvation. This should have been its destiny; but fate has been unpropitious: it belongs to a plump, merry, bustling dame, with four fat, rosy, noisy children, the very essence of vulgarity and plenty.

Then comes the village shop, like other village shops, multifarious as a bazaar: a repository for bread, shoes, tea, cheese, tape, ribands, and bacon; for everything, in short, except the one particular thing which you happen to want at the moment, and

will be sure not to find. The people are civil and thriving, and frugal withal; they have let the upper part of their house to two young women (one of them is a pretty blue-eyed girl) who teach little children their A B C, and make caps and gowns for their mammas,—parcel schoolmistress, parcel mantua-maker. I believe they find adorning the body a more profitable vocation than adorning the mind.

Divided from the shop by a narrow yard, and opposite the shoemaker's, is a habitation of whose inmates I shall say nothing. A cottage,—no, a miniature house, with many additions, little odds and ends of places, pantries, and what not; all angles, and of a charming in-and-outness; a little bricked court before one half, and a little flower-yard before the other; the walls, old and weather-stained, covered with hollyhocks, roses, honeysuckles, and a great apricot-tree; the casements full of geraniums (ah, there is our superb white cat peeping out from amongst them); the closets (our landlord has the assurance to call them rooms) full of contrivances and corner-cupboards; and the little garden behind full of common flowers,—tulips, pinks, larkspurs, peonies, stocks, and carnations,—with an arbor of privet, not unlike a sentry-box, where one lives in a delicious green light, and looks out on the gayest of all gay flower-beds. That house was built on purpose to show in what an exceeding small compass comfort may be packed. Well, I will loiter there no longer.

The next tenement is a place of importance,—the Rose inn; a whitewashed building, retired from the road behind its fine swinging sign, with a little bow-window room coming out on one side, and forming, with our stable on the other, a sort of open square, which is the constant resort of carts, wagons, and return chaises. There are two carts there now, and mine host is serving them with beer in his eternal red waistcoat. He is a thriving man and a portly, as his waistcoat attests, which has been twice let out within this twelvemonth. Our landlord has a stirring wife, a hopeful son, and a daughter, the belle of the village; not so pretty as the fair nymph of the shoe-shop, and far less elegant, but ten times as fine; all curl-papers in the morning, like a porcupine, all curls in the afternoon, like a poodle; with more flounces than curl-papers, and more lovers than curls. Miss Phœbe is fitter for town than country; and to do her justice, she has a consciousness of that fitness, and turns her steps townward as often as she can.

In a line with the bow-window room is a low garden-wall, belonging to a house under repair,—the white house opposite the collar-maker's shop, with four lime-trees before it, and a wagon-load of bricks at the door. That house is the plaything of a wealthy, well-meaning, whimsical person, who lives about a mile off. He has a passion for brick and mortar; and being too wise to meddle with his own residence, diverts himself with altering and re-altering, improving and re-improving, doing and undoing here. It is a perfect Penelope's web. Carpenters and bricklayers have been at work these eighteen months, and yet I sometimes stand and wonder whether anything has really been done. One exploit in last June was, however, by no means equivocal. Our good neighbor fancied that the limes shaded the rooms, and made them dark (there was not a creature in the house but the workmen), so he had all the leaves stripped from every tree. There they stood, poor miserable skeletons, as bare as Christmas, under the glowing midsummer sun. Nature revenged herself in her own sweet and gracious manner: fresh leaves sprang out, and at early Christmas the foliage was as brilliant as when the outrage was committed.

Next door lives a carpenter, "famed ten miles round, and worthy all his fame;"—few cabinet-makers surpass him, with his excellent wife, and their little daughter Lizzy, the plaything and queen of the village; a child of three years old according to the register, but six in size and strength and intellect, in power and in self-will. She manages everybody in the place, her schoolmistress included; turns the wheeler's children out of their own little cart, and makes them draw her; seduces cakes and lollypops from the very shop window; makes the lazy carry her, the silent talk to her, the grave romp with her; does anything she pleases; is absolutely irresistible. Her chief attraction lies in her exceeding power of loving, and her firm reliance on the love and indulgence of others. How impossible it would be to disappoint the dear little girl when she runs to meet you, slides her pretty hand into yours, looks up gladly in your face, and says, "Come!" You must go: you cannot help it. Another part of her charm is her singular beauty. Together with a good deal of the character of Napoleon, she has something of his square, sturdy, upright form, with the finest limbs in the world, a complexion purely English, a round laughing face, sunburnt and rosy, large merry blue eyes, curling brown hair, and a wonderful play

of countenance. She has the imperial attitudes too, and loves to stand with her hands behind her, or folded over her bosom; and sometimes, when she has a little touch of shyness, she clasps them together on the top of her head, pressing down her shining curls, and looking so exquisitely pretty! . . .

There is still one house round the corner, ending in a picturesque wheeler's-shop. The dwelling-house is more ambitious. Look at the fine flowered window-blinds, the green door with the brass knocker, and the somewhat prim but very civil person who is sending off a laboring man with sirs and curtsies enough for a prince of the blood. Those are the curate's lodgings — apartments, his landlady would call them; he lives with his own family four miles off, but once or twice a week he comes to his neat little parlor to write sermons, to marry, or to bury, as the case may require. Never were better or kinder people than his host and hostess; and there is a reflection of clerical importance about them, since their connection with the Church, which is quite edifying, — a decorum, a gravity, a solemn politeness. Oh, to see the worthy wheeler carry the gown after his lodger on a Sunday, nicely pinned up in his wife's best handkerchief! or to hear him rebuke a squalling child or a squabbling woman! The curate is nothing to him. He is fit to be perpetual churchwarden.

We must now cross the lane into the shady rope-walk. That pretty white cottage opposite, which stands straggling at the end of the village in a garden full of flowers, belongs to our mason, the shortest of men, and his handsome, tall wife: he, a dwarf with the voice of a giant, — one starts when he begins to talk as if he were shouting through a speaking-trumpet; she, the sister, daughter, and granddaughter of a long line of gardeners, and no contemptible one herself. It is very magnanimous in me not to hate her; for she beats me in my own way, — in chrysanthemums, and dahlias, and the like gauds. Her plants are sure to live: mine have a sad trick of dying; perhaps because I love them "not wisely, but too well," and kill them with over-kindness.

How pleasantly the road winds up the hill, with its broad green borders and hedge-rows so thickly timbered! How finely the evening sun falls on that sandy excavated bank, and touches the farm-house on the top of the eminence!

We are now on the very brow, close to the Hill-house. On the outer edge of the paling, hanging over the bank that skirts the road, is an old thorn — such a thorn! The long sprays covered with snowy blossoms, so graceful, so elegant, so lightsome,

and yet so rich! There only wants a pool under the thorn to give a still lovelier reflection, quivering and trembling, like a tuft of feathers, whiter and greener than the life, and more prettily mixed with the bright blue sky. The road winding down the hill with a slight bend, like that in the High Street at Oxford; a wagon slowly ascending, and a horseman passing it at full trot. Half-way down, just at the turn, the red cottage of the lieutenant, covered with vines, the very image of comfort and content; farther down, on the opposite side, the small white dwelling of the little mason; then the limes and the rope-walk; then the village street, peeping through the trees, whose clustering tops hide all but the chimneys, and various roofs of the houses, and here and there some angle of the wall; farther on, the elegant town of B——, with its fine old church towers and spires: the whole view shut in by a range of chalky hills; and over every part of the picture, trees so profusely scattered, that it appears like a woodland scene, with glades and villages intermixed. The trees are of all kinds and all hues, chiefly the finely shaped elm, of so bright and deep a green, the tips of whose high outer branches drop down with such a crisp and garland-like richness, and the oak, whose stately form is just now so splendidly adorned by the sunny coloring of the young leaves. Turning again up the hill, we find ourselves on that peculiar charm of English scenery, a green common, divided by the road; the right side fringed by hedge-rows and trees, with cottages and farm-houses irregularly placed, and terminated by a double avenue of noble oaks; the left, prettier still, dappled by bright pools of water, and islands of cottages and cottage gardens, and sinking gradually down to the cornfields and meadows, and an old farm-house with pointed roofs and clustered chimneys, looking out from its blooming orchard, and backed by woody hills. The common is itself the prettiest part of the prospect; half covered with low furze, whose golden blossoms reflect so intensely the last beams of the setting sun, and alive with cows and sheep, and two sets of cricketers: one of young men, surrounded by spectators, some standing, some sitting, some stretched on the grass, all taking a delighted interest in the game; the other, a merry group of little boys, at a humble distance, for whom even cricket is scarcely lively enough, shouting, leaping, and enjoying themselves to their hearts' content. But cricketers and country boys are too important persons in our village to be talked of merely as figures in the landscape. They deserve an individual introduction — an essay to themselves.

MOLIÈRE

(1622–1673)

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

MOLIÈRE, the greatest of modern comic dramatists, was a Parisian by birth,—like those other typical Frenchmen, Villon and Voltaire, Boileau and Regnard. He was born in 1622, probably in the house now No. 96 Rue St. Honoré, and probably on January 15th or a day or two earlier. His real name was Jean Baptiste Poquelin, "Molière" being a stage name assumed when he left his father's house. His father was a prosperous tradesman, an upholsterer,—one of the eight of that craft holding a royal appointment (*valet de chambre tapissier du roi*), which required him to be in attendance on the King three months of the year to see that his Majesty's furniture was always in fit condition. His mother, apparently a woman of both character and culture, died when Molière was but ten; and the next year his father married again, only to lose this second wife before Molière was fifteen.

As the son of a flourishing burgher, Molière received an excellent education. In 1636, being then fourteen, he was sent to the Collège de Clermont, one of the leading educational institutions of Paris, conducted by the Jesuits and attended by the youth of the best families of France. He seems to have stayed there five years, acquiring the humanities and getting well schooled in philosophy. He may or may not have been a pupil of Gassendi; and he may or may not have attempted a translation of the great poem of Lucretius: many of the legends of his life that have come down to us will not withstand skeptical scrutiny. That he studied law is certain; and it is possible even that he was admitted to the bar.

In the mean time he had been assured of the succession to his father in the royal appointment; and it is more than probable that he was in attendance on Louis XIII., as his father's substitute, in June 1642, when Cinq-Mars was arrested. Before the end of the next year, however, the son of the royal upholsterer had left his paternal home, had thrown in his lot with a group of strolling actors, and had assumed the stage name of "Molière," which he was to render forever illustrious. The French drama was beginning its most glorious period,—Corneille's 'Cinna' and 'Horace' and 'Le Menteur' (The

Liar) having followed one another in rapid succession. The influence of the Spanish theatre was making itself felt; and even more potent perhaps was the example set by the brisk and bustling performances of the Italian comedians; while the robust farces of the French themselves lost nothing of their comic force when represented by the broadly humorous followers of Gros Guillaume and Gautier Garguille.

At the head of the company that Molière joined was Madeleine Béjart, a charming woman and a capable actress. For two or three years the «Illustre Théâtre» (as the troupe called itself) made ineffectual efforts to get a foothold in Paris. At last, in 1646, it gave up the fight in the capital and betook itself to the provinces, where it remained for twelve years. The record of Molière's wanderings is fragmentary, but it is known that in 1648 he was at Nantes, Limoges, Bordeaux, and Toulouse; in 1650 at Narbonne; in 1653 at Lyons; in 1654 at Montpellier; in 1657 at Dijon and Avignon; and in 1658 at Rouen. From Scarron's 'Roman Comique' we can get some idea of the life of the vagabond comedians in those days, and of the kind of adventure likely to befall them.

From Rouen the journey to Paris was easy; and Molière was at last able to secure the patronage of Monsieur, the younger brother of the young King, Louis XIV. He had left the city of his birth little more than a raw recruit of the stage. He returned to the capital the most accomplished comedian of his time, a dramatist whose earlier comic plays had already met with warm popular appreciation, and a manager surrounded by a homogeneous company of skilled comedians, all devoted to him and all having high confidence in his ability. As a writer of plays Molière had begun modestly with farces on the Italian model, but with a fuller flavor of humor, more like that in the old French folk-tales. Most of these 'prentice trifles are lost, although the author probably worked into his more mature pieces all that was valuable in them. The strongest of the plays produced in the provinces was 'L'Étourdi' (The Blunderer), brought out in Lyons in 1653, and still often acted in Paris to-day after two centuries and a half.

At this time Molière was only thirty-six, and he was unusually well equipped for the comic drama. He had begun with a solid training in philosophy; and he had gained a thorough knowledge of the theatre and a wide acquaintance with mankind. It is fair to assume that through his father he had had an insight into the middle class; that through his father's workmen he had been able to get an understanding of the artisan; and that through his father's royal appointment he had had opportunities of observing the courtiers. In the course of his wanderings he had been brought in contact with the peasants and also with the inhabitants of the provincial towns. On

his return to the capital he was to become intimate with Boileau, Chapelle, and other men of letters; and he was to have occasion for closer observation of the court.

The long years of strolling in the provinces had not only trained the company to an incomparable perfection in comedy, but had also brought financial prosperity. The actors of the troupe owned in common rich costumes, scenery, and properties; and some of them had severally money out at interest. Molière returned to the capital almost a rich man; and he was able to enlarge his fortune by his successful management in Paris. As it happened, the first appearance of the company before the King, in a theatre erected in the Louvre, was almost a failure (October 24th, 1658). The play was Corneille's 'Nicomède,' a tragedy; and Molière and his companions were more at home in comedy. Moreover, Molière was natural in his histrionic method; and the custom of the day required that tragedy should be interpreted in toplofty fashion. At the conclusion of the serious play, Molière, who was an easy and adroit speaker, came forward with a neatly turned compliment to the King, and asked permission to add to the programme one of the little farces they had often acted in the country. This little farce was 'Le Docteur Amoureux' (The Doctor in Love), and it made the King laugh heartily.

The royal permission was given for the company to establish itself in Paris; and Molière was at first allowed the use of a theatre in the Petit Bourbon, where he and his companions appeared on the nights not already reserved for the Italian comedians. There were then two other theatres in Paris: one at the Hôtel de Bourgogne, where was the company specially patronized by the King, and the other in the Marais. Molière seems to have tried to establish his company as a rival in tragedy of the actors of the Hôtel de Bourgogne; but he met with no popular approval till he returned to comedy, in the acting of which he and his comrades were really superior. In November 1658 he brought out the 'Étourdi,' already successful at Lyons and elsewhere, and at once equally successful in Paris. The 'Étourdi' is a long farce on the Italian model, with traditional characters, but having a vivacity and a verve all Molière's own. It was followed by another comic play, also already performed in the provinces,—the 'Dépit Amoureux' (The Lovers' Quarrel), which became instantly as popular as its predecessor; in a condensed form it still holds the stage in France.

It is doubtful whether his next piece was absolutely new, or whether it also had been tried during his wanderings outside of the capital. It is not doubtful that this little one-act comedy was made of richer material than any of its predecessors, and that it contained a promise of the finer works to follow it shortly. The 'Précieuses

Ridicules' (November 18th, 1659) was the title of the little play (The Affected Ladies); and it was a piquant and telling satire upon the affectations of literary culture then prevalent. Although somewhat farcical in its plot and in its details, it was truly a picture of life. There is a legend that an aged spectator at its final performance cried out, "Take courage, Molière, this is good comedy!" And yet one of those satirized had influence enough to have the new play interdicted; but the interdiction was soon lifted, and the second performance took place a fortnight after the first. When the King returned to Paris the play was acted before him to his great satisfaction; and it helped to establish Molière in the royal favor,—a point of great importance in those days, when the King arrogated to himself all the functions of government.

The good-will of the monarch was doubly valuable to a man like Molière, who was going to speak his mind freely on the stage in one play after another, boldly to assault hypocrisy and vice, and unhesitatingly to make many enemies. His next piece, however, 'Sganarelle' (May 28th, 1660), had no ulterior purpose; its object was merely to make the spectators laugh. Molière was shrewd always in the management of his theatre, ever ready to give his audiences another play of a kind they had already approved. But a few months after the production of 'Sganarelle,' it looked for a little while as though Molière might have no theatre to manage. Without notice the theatre in the Petit Bourbon was maliciously demolished, and the company was left without a stage on which to act. Then the King assigned to Molière and his comrades the large theatre in the Palais Royal which Richelieu had built for the performance of a play of his own.

This theatre had to be repaired; and not until January 1661 was it that Molière was able to begin his season there. His first new play on this new stage was a failure. 'Don Garcie de Navarre' (February 4th, 1661) is the dullest of Molière's works,—the one in which he is seen to least advantage. It was a heroic comedy on the Spanish model; and the artificial plot gave small scope to Molière's humor or to his knowledge of his fellow-man. He took the defeat hard; he acted the play more than once before the King; and he ventured to revive it two years later. But the appeal was decided against him, and he never repeated the blunder.

The earlier pieces which had pleased the Parisian public were but humorous trifles when compared with the best of his later works; and now with his next play he entered on a second stage of his development as a dramatist. 'L'École des Maris' (The School for Husbands), June 24th, 1661, was not dependent chiefly upon its intrigue as the others had been: it was essentially a study of character,—

a little hard, it may be, but unfailingly amusing and not without sympathy. Not long after, Molière improvised in a fortnight's time a comedy-ballet, 'Les Fâcheux' (The Bores), August 17th, 1661, prepared especially for the series of magnificent entertainments with which Fouquet splendidly feasted the King at Vaux only a few days before the downfall of the superintendent. It is told that the King himself suggested to Molière the original of one type of bore neglected by the author; and that this royal hint was instantly seized, a new character being added to the play before it was next performed.

Molière availed himself of his father's place as *valet de chambre tapissier* of the King to keep in closer contact with the court than would ordinarily be possible to an actor or a dramatist. He insisted on performing the duties of the office, in spite of the protest of those of his fellow officials who did not wish to associate with a comedian. There is little or no warrant for the legend that Louis XIV. himself once rebuked these contemners of the actor by inviting Molière to share his own supper; and yet the picturesque scene has been painted both by Ingres and by Gérome. There is no doubt, however, that Louis XIV. did esteem Molière highly, certainly finding him most ingenious in the invention of the ballets in which the young King liked to figure, and possibly even appreciating dimly the abiding merits of the great dramatist. Louis XIV. had many faults, but a lack of discernment was not among them. It is recorded that the King once asked Boileau who was the rarest of the literary geniuses illuminating his reign, and that Boileau responded by naming Molière,—a little to the monarch's surprise, it may be, but without eliciting a royal contradiction.

In February 1662, Molière married Armande Béjart, a younger sister of the leading lady of the company. Molière was then forty years of age; as author, actor, manager, he was a very busy man, with incessant demands on his time; he had the fits of abstraction and the occasional moodiness and melancholy which are often characteristic of genius. His wife was scant twenty; she was beautiful, charming, and fond of admiration; she became a brilliant actress; she seems to have had rather a narrow intelligence. That such a marriage should be happy would have been little short of a miracle. That there were in time disagreements between husband and wife is indisputable; and it is undeniable that Molière was intensely jealous. No passion occurs and reoccurs in his plays more often than jealousy; and none is more feelingly analyzed. That the most of the brutal charges brought against the young wife are but slanders, is highly probable. When she bore him a son, Louis XIV. accepted to be godfather.

The first play produced by Molière after his marriage was 'L'École des Femmes' (The School for Wives), December 26th, 1662; a companion to 'L'École des Maris,' somewhat more careless in its structure but distinctly deeper in its insight. His enemies pretended prudishly to be shocked at one or two of the scenes of this delicate comedy, and even to discover in one speech a parody of a sermon. Most wittily did the author defend himself. He brought out on the stage 'La Critique de L'École des Femmes' (The Criticism of the School for Wives), June 1st, 1663; a comedy in one act which is little more than a conversation in a drawing-room, and in which certain foolish characters bring forward all the charges made against the piece, only to be answered completely by certain clever characters. The King sided with Molière; conferring upon him a pension of a thousand livres annually as "an excellent comic poet," and inviting him to appear again before the court. In a week, Molière improvised 'L'Impromptu de Versailles' (The Impromptu of Versailles), October 14th, 1663, taking the spectators behind the curtain and showing them a rehearsal of his own company, in the course of which he found occasion to mimic the actors of the Hôtel de Bourgogne who had attacked him, and to hit back sharply at others of his enemies.

For the King's pleasure once more Molière wrote the lively comedy-ballet of 'Le Mariage Forcé' (The Forced Marriage), January 29th, 1664; with a farcical plot interrupted adroitly by eight dances, in one of which the young monarch himself figured as an Egyptian. When a series of sumptuous entertainments were given at Versailles in the spring, Molière was again ready not only with 'La Princesse d'Élide' (May 8th, 1664), one of the less interesting of his comedies, but also with the first three acts of 'Tartuffe' (May 12th, 1664), the strong five-act comedy which is perhaps his masterpiece. The somewhat sombre theme might have made 'Tartuffe' seem a little out of place in so gay a festivity; but the earlier acts were frankly amusing, and the monarch's guests found pleasure in the performance even if they could not suspect the serious purpose of the whole work, which is the most powerful onslaught on religious hypocrisy ever attempted on the stage. Those whom the play assaulted were able to prevent its being produced in Paris for several years; and Molière set out to make friends for his work by reading it aloud in the drawing-rooms of leading members of the court, and even by acting it again and again at the houses of the princes of the blood.

In the mean while he returned to the attack; and in 'Le Festin de Pierre' (The Stone Guest), February 16th, 1665, he gave to the legendary figure of Don Juan a meaning and a power not to be found in the preceding plays on the same subject in Spanish, in Italian, and in French. Perhaps he was attracted to the subject because

the spectacular element in the story was certain to prove effective on the stage; perhaps he thought that under cover of the spectacular he might the more easily let fly his burning shafts of irony and satire. The supernatural element in 'Don Juan,' as in 'Hamlet' and in 'Faust,' is kept subordinate to the philosophical. In Molière's hands the gallant and graceful hero is not only a type of the eternal lover, but also a rival of Iago in cynical villainy. The play is founded upon a Spanish drama, and yet it might be called the most original of Molière's works,—the most vigorous, the boldest. Those who had chosen to take offense at 'L'École des Femmes,' and who had been indignant at 'Tartuffe,' were up in arms at once against 'Don Juan.' The King was besought to interdict the dangerous drama; and again Louis XIV. stood Molière's friend. He refused the interdiction, and took Molière and his company under the royal patronage, allotting them an annual pension of six thousand livres.

Not content with having the prudes and the hypocrites against him, Molière now took for his target the abuses of the contemporary practice of medicine. In a little comedy 'L'Amour Médecin' (Love as a Physician), September 15th, 1665,—a return to his earlier and more farcical manner,—he put on the stage five types of the doctor of that time, suggested each of them more or less by a living practitioner of the art. The author was then ill himself, worn and harassed, with difficulties at home and disputes abroad. Yet there was no falling-off in the next play, 'Le Misanthrope' (The Misanthrope), June 4th, 1666, which indeed French critics have generally held to be his masterpiece, but which has never pleased the playgoing public so much as others of his comedies. Its movement is slow, and its action is barely adequate to sustain its five acts. In subject it has a fundamental resemblance to 'Timon of Athens,' not one of Shakespeare's most highly esteemed plays. It is a manly protest against the empty conventionalities of civilization,—the shams, the gauds, the trifles, the insincerities of which modern society so often seems to be made up. Its tone is lofty and its morality is austere. But there is some truth in the charge that the observer and the philosopher in Molière had got the better of the dramatist when he wrote 'Le Misanthrope.' The dramatist came promptly to the rescue of the philosopher; and a brisk and rollicking farce, 'Le Médecin malgré Lui' (The Physician in Spite of Himself), August 6th, 1666, was added to the bill to increase the drawing power of the more serious comedy.

Like Shakespeare, Molière was an excellent man of business; and he felt it to be his duty always to keep his company supplied with plays of a kind already proved to be popular. So although he had

begun by imitating the lively farces of the Italians ('L'Étourdi,' for example), and had then risen to the comedy of character ('L'École des Femmes'), and finally had attained to the sublime height of 'Le Misanthrope,' he went back unhesitatingly to his earlier manner again and again; and no more thought it unworthy of himself to write frank farces like 'Le Médecin malgré Lui' after 'Tartuffe' than Shakespeare did to compose the 'Merry Wives of Windsor' after the 'Merchant of Venice.' It was one of these lighter plays,—not a farce this time, but an airily comic love tale—that he next brought forth: 'Le Sicilien' (The Sicilian), February 1667. Then a single performance of 'Tartuffe' took place (August 5th, 1667); but further performances were promptly forbidden by the authorities, the King being then with the army in Flanders. Nothing daunted, Molière bided his time. A very free version of a comedy of Plautus, 'Amphitryon' (January 13th, 1668), came next; followed by another broad farce, though with a tragic suggestion if we choose so to take it, 'Georges Dandin' (July 10th, 1668); and in rapid succession a second comedy, more or less derived from Plautus, 'L'Avare' (The Miser), September 9th, 1668. The royal permission was finally granted for the public performance in Paris of 'Tartuffe' (February 5th, 1669); and that great comedy-drama achieved a triumph which endures to this day. Like 'Hamlet' in England, 'Tartuffe' in France is the most effective of theatrical masterpieces, repaying the best efforts of the best actors, and yet so dramatic in itself that it satisfies a large audience even when done by a scratch company anywhere and anyhow. A little later in the year came one of the briskest and most bustling of his farces, 'M. de Pourceaugnac' (September 17th, 1669).

Molière continued to vary his style; and no dramatist was ever more versatile or more fertile in inventing new forms. He devised for the court a comedy-ballet, 'Les Amants Magnifiques' (The Magnificent Lovers), February 10th, 1670; and toward the end of the year he brought out 'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme' (The Tradesman Turned Gentleman), October 23d, 1670; one of the best of his comedies, full of fresh fun, and inspired by the wholesome common-sense which was always one of Molière's most marked characteristics. With 'Les Fourberies de Scapin' (The Tricks of Scapin), May 24th, 1671, there was again a return to the more primitive farce, boisterous perhaps, but indisputably laughter-provoking. A little earlier in the year he had collaborated with Corneille in the dialogue of 'Psyché' (January, 1671), Quinault writing the lyrics which Lulli set to music. And before the twelve months were out he was ready with yet another comedy-farce, 'La Comtesse d'Escarbagnas' (The Countess of Escarbagnas), December 2d, 1671, rich with his ample knowledge of provincial characteristics.

He was coming now to the close of his career; and he rose again to the level of high comedy in 'Les Femmes Savantes' (The Learned Ladies), March 11th, 1672, which disputes with 'Tartuffe,' 'Don Juan,' and 'Le Misanthrope' the honor of being considered his finest and sanest work. In its theme, this, the last of his great plays, is very like the 'Précieuses Ridicules,' in which he first revealed the power of social satire; affectation of every sort was abhorrent to him always — affectation and insincerity and hypocrisy. When he beheld these things his scorn burned hot within him, and he delighted in scourging them.

The last months of Molière's life were saddened by the death of his old companion and sister-in-law, Madeleine Béjart, and by the death of his only son. His health, never strong, became feebler; and in the summer of 1672 the theatre had to be closed unexpectedly more than once, because Molière was not well enough to act. And yet through all these trials he kept his good-humor and his gentle serenity, although he — like most other great humorists — was essentially melancholy. It was under these conditions that he wrote his last play, 'Le Malade Imaginaire' (The Imaginary Invalid), February 10th, 1673. He himself, of course, was the imaginary invalid, being then worn out with his own illness. The fourth performance of the new play took place on the 17th; and Molière was seized with a fit of coughing on the stage, and burst a blood-vessel. They conveyed him to his own house in the Rue de Richelieu, on the site of the building now numbered 38 and 40; and here he died "not more than half an hour or three quarters after the bursting of the said vessel," — so his faithful friend and fellow actor, Lagrange, recorded in the register or private diary, which is an invaluable document for the details of Molière's life.

The bitter hostility which had long delayed the performance of 'Tartuffe,' and which had unceasingly pursued Molière during the last years of his life, not shrinking from obtrusion into his family relations, was not relaxed after his death. Permission for Christian burial was at first denied. It is told that the widow threw herself at the King's feet and implored a royal mandate, overruling the ecclesiastical authorities. At last the funeral was authorized; and it took place on the evening of the fourth day. The procession was very simple, the priests not intoning the usual psalms. The interment took place in the cemetery which was behind the chapel of St. Joseph, in the Rue de Montmartre.

The inventory taken after his demise gives the list of Molière's stage costumes and of the books that composed his library. Among these was a Bible, a Plutarch, a Montaigne (but no Rabelais, oddly enough), a Terence (but no Plautus), a Lucian, a Horace, a Juvenal,

and two hundred and forty volumes of unnamed French, Italian, and Spanish plays. He left a fortune of about forty thousand livres. Four years after his death his widow married an obscure actor named Guérin. The only child of Molière to survive him was a daughter, who married a M. de Montalant, and who died without issue in 1723, half a century after her illustrious father.

Molière was only fifty-one when he died, and all of his more important plays had been written during the final fourteen years of his life. He had served a long apprenticeship in the provinces, mastering all the mysteries of his art, and heaping up a store of observations of human nature; and after his return to Paris, his genius ripened swiftly. While the novelists have often flowered late in life, the dramatists have usually begun young; but Molière was forty-two when he wrote 'Tartuffe,' forty-three when he followed it with 'Don Juan,' forty-four when he produced 'Le Misanthrope,' forty-eight when he brought forth 'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme,' and fifty when he made fun of the 'Femmes Savantes.' Perhaps a part of the deeper insight and the wider vision of these plays, when compared with those of all other comic dramatists, is due to the relative maturity of Molière when he composed them. The personal and poetic burlesques of Aristophanes do not belong in the same category; and the belauded comedies of Menander are lost to us. Some of the comic plays of Plautus and of Terence survive for purposes of comparison,—as a result of which the best criticism of to-day is in accord with La Fontaine's declaration on the morrow of Molière's death, that the great French comic dramatist had surpassed both of the great Latin comic dramatists.

For us who speak English, and who hold Shakespeare as a standard by which the men of every other language must be measured, it is impossible not to set the author of 'Hamlet' over against the author of 'Tartuffe.' In many ways the two men were alike. Dramatists, they were both actors, Shakespeare being probably not prominent in that profession, while Molière certainly excelled all his contemporaries. They were both managers; and both of them were shrewd men of affairs, governing their private fortunes with skill. Legend relates that Shakespeare wrote the 'Merry Wives of Windsor' on a hint of Queen Elizabeth's, and that Molière augmented the 'Fâcheux' on a hint of King Louis's. Each of them kept the most of his plays in manuscript while he was alive; and after they were dead, the plays of each were published by the pious care of surviving comrades. They were both of them surpassingly original; and yet neither often took the trouble to invent a plot, preferring to adopt this ready-made, more or less, and rather to expend his strength upon the analysis of emotion and the creation of character. Some of

these resemblances are merely fortuitous; but some also are strangely significant.

To push the comparison too far would be unfair to Molière; for Shakespeare is the master mind of all literature. He soared to heights, and he explored depths, and he had a range, to which Molière could not pretend. His is the spirit of soul-searching tragedy, of romantic comedy, of dramatic history; and in no one of these is Molière his rival. But in the comedy of real life, he is not Molière's rival. In every variety of the comic drama Molière is unequaled,—in farce, in the comedy of situation, in the comedy of character, and in the comedy which is almost stiffened into drama, yet without ceasing to be comedy. Shakespeare is the greatest of dramatists, no doubt, but Molière is indubitably the greatest of comic dramatists. In sheer comic force the Frenchman is stronger than the Englishman, or at least more abundant; and also in the compelling power of humor. The influence of Shakespeare upon the comedy of the nineteenth century is almost negligible; for Musset seems to be the only modern poet who has modeled his plays upon 'As You Like It' and 'Twelfth Night.' The influence of Molière upon the comedy of the nineteenth century is overwhelming; and the author of the 'Demi-Monde,' the authors of the 'Gendre de M. Poirier,' the author of the 'Doll's House,' and the author of the 'Second Mrs. Tanqueray,' are all followers of the author of 'Tartuffe' and 'Les Femmes Savantes.'

It is to be said also that Shakespeare, though essentially an Englishman, is in a wide sense cosmopolitan and universal; he rises superior to race and to time. Molière, on the other hand, despite his philosophical grasp of human nature, is typically French. He has the robust humor of Rabelais, and Montaigne's genial common-sense, and Voltaire's eagerness to abolish frauds. He has his full share of Gallic salt; and he inherits also the Latin tradition of reserve, of order, and of symmetry. He was able to unite humor and truth,—fun and an exact observation of life,—satire and sincerity sustained by pity. Like Rabelais and like Montaigne, Molière is a moralist; he has an ethical code of his own; the total effect of his plays is wholesome. He is on the side of the angels, although he recognizes the existence of many an evil demon. Like Shakespeare, he can pierce almost to the centre of things, even if his penetration is not so profound as Shakespeare's. The moral is never tagged to the end or paraded or vaunted; but he is a shallow student who cannot discover the ethical richness of the soil in which Molière's plays were grown.

Certain authors there are that we outgrow as we wax in years and in wisdom. There are books that we once liked, and that now remain behind us as milestones marking the road traveled. Though we came up to them with pleasure, yet without regret we leave them

in the distance. We have not tarried with them long, and unless we turn back we never pass them again. Molière is not one of these: he is for all ages of man. In youth we may enjoy him unthinkingly, amused by his comic invention, his drollery, his frank fun. As we grow older his charm over us grows also; and we see the finer qualities of his work,—his insight into human motives, and his marvelous skill in exhibiting these on the stage. And in old age we may refresh ourselves once again with his unfailing and unfading humor, and with the true wisdom which underlies it. At one time the 'Bourgeois Gentilhomme' may please us, and at another 'Le Misanthrope'; but at all times a man who takes interest in the comedy of human endeavor may find in Molière what he needs.

Brander Matthews

PEACE-MAKING, RECONCILIATION, AND ROBBERY

From 'L'Avare'

[The scene is the house of Harpagon, the miser of the play; Master Jacques is undertaking to reconcile Harpagon to his son Cléante, who has greatly offended his father by obstinacy as a rival for the hand of Marianne. The son and father are on opposite sides of the stage, paying no attention to each other.]

HARPAGON — Is it not an abominable thing to see a son who does not shrink from becoming the rival of his father? And is it not his bounden duty to refrain from interfering with my love?

Jacques — You are quite right: stop here, and let me go and speak to him.

Cléante [*to Master Jacques, who comes near him*] — Very well: if he wants to make you a judge between us, I have no objection. I care little who it is, and I don't mind referring our quarrel to you.

Jacques — You do me great honor.

Cléante — I am in love with a young girl who returns my affection, and who receives kindly the offer of my heart; but my father takes it into his head to disturb our love by asking her in marriage for himself.

Jacques — He certainly is wrong.

Cléante — Is it not shameful for a man of his age to think of marrying? I ask you if it is right for him to fall in love? and ought he not now to leave that to younger men?

Jacques — You are quite right: he is not serious; let me speak a word or two to him. [*To Harpagon.*] Really, your son is not so extravagant as you think, and is amenable to reason. He says that he is conscious of the respect he owes you, and that he only got angry in the heat of the moment. He will willingly submit to all you wish if you will only promise to treat him more kindly than you do, and will give him in marriage a person to his taste.

Harpagon — Ah! tell him, Master Jacques, that he will obtain everything from me on those terms; and that, except Marianne, I leave him free to choose for his wife whomsoever he pleases.

Jacques — Leave that to me. [*To Cléante.*] Really, your father is not so unreasonable as you make him out to me; and he tells me that it is your violence which irritated him. He only objects to your way of doing things, and is quite ready to grant you all you want, provided you will use gentle means, and will give him the deference, respect, and submission that a son owes to his father.

Cléante — Ah, Master Jacques! you can assure him that if he grants me Marianne, he will always find me the most submissive of men, and that I shall never do anything contrary to his pleasure.

Jacques [*to Harpagon*] — It's all right: he consents to what you say.

Harpagon — Nothing could be better.

Jacques [*to Cléante*] — It's all settled: he is satisfied with your promises.

Cléante — Heaven be praised!

Jacques — Gentlemen, you have nothing to do but to talk quietly over the matter together; you are agreed now: and yet you were on the point of quarreling through want of understanding each other.

Cléante — My poor Jacques, I shall be obliged to you all my life.

Jacques — Don't mention it, sir.

Harpagon — You have given me great pleasure, Master Jacques, and deserve a reward. [*Feels in his pocket. Jacques holds out his hand, but Harpagon only pulls out his handkerchief, and says:*] Go; I will remember it, I promise you.

Jacques — I thank you kindly, sir. [*Exit.*

Cléante — I beg your pardon, father, for having been angry.

Harpagon — It is nothing.

Cléante — I assure you that I feel very sorry about it.

Harpagon — I am very happy to see you reasonable again.

Cléante — How very kind of you so soon to forget my fault!

Harpagon — One easily forgets the faults of children when they return to their duty.

Cléante — What! you are not angry with me for my extravagant behavior?

Harpagon — By your submission and respectful conduct you compel me to forget my anger.

Cléante — I assure you, father, I shall forever keep in heart the remembrance of all your kindness.

Harpagon — And I promise you that in future you will obtain all you like from me.

Cléante — Oh, father! I ask nothing more: it is sufficient for me that you give me Marianne.

Harpagon — What?

Cléante — I say, father, that I am only too thankful already for what you have done; and that when you give me Marianne you give me everything.

Harpagon — Who talks of giving you Marianne?

Cléante — You, father.

Harpagon — I?

Cléante — Yes.

Harpagon — What! is it not you who promised to give her up?

Cléante — I! give her up?

Harpagon — Yes.

Cléante — Certainly not.

Harpagon — Did you not give up all pretensions to her?

Cléante — On the contrary, I am more determined than ever to have her.

Harpagon — What, scoundrel! again?

Cléante — Nothing can make me change my mind.

Harpagon — Let me get at you again, wretch!
Cléante — You can do as you please.
Harpagon — I forbid you ever to come within my sight.
Cléante — As you like.
Harpagon — I abandon you.
Cléante — Abandon me.
Harpagon — I disown you.
Cléante — Disown me.
Harpagon — I disinherit you.
Cléante — As you will.
Harpagon — I give you my curse.
Cléante — I want none of your gifts.

[The next scene shows Cléante without Harpagon; La Flèche is just leaving the garden with a casket, and calls to Cléante.]

La Flèche — Ah, sir, you are just in the nick of time! Quick! follow me.
Cléante — What is the matter?
La Flèche — Follow me, I say. We are saved.
Cléante — How?
La Flèche — Here is all you want.
Cléante — What?
La Flèche — I have watched for this all day.
Cléante — What is it?
La Flèche — Your father's treasure that I have got hold of.
Cléante — How did you manage it?
La Flèche — I will tell you all about it. Let us be off. I can hear him calling out. [*Exeunt.*

Harpagon [*from the garden, rushing in without his hat*] — Thieves! thieves! assassins! murder! Justice, just heavens! I am undone; I am murdered; they have cut my throat; they have stolen my money! Who can it be? What has become of him? Where is he? Where is he hiding himself? What shall I do to find him? Where shall I run? Where shall I not run? Is he not here? — Who is this? Stop! [*To himself, taking hold of his own arm.*] Give me back my money, wretch! — Ah! it is myself. — My mind is wandering, and I know not where I am, who I am, and what I am doing. Alas! my poor money! my poor money! my dearest friend, they have bereaved me of thee; and since thou art gone, I have lost my support, my consolation, and my

joy. All is ended for me, and I have nothing more to do in the world! Without thee it is impossible for me to live. It is all over with me; I can bear it no longer. I am dying; I am dead; I am buried. Is there nobody who will call me from the dead, by restoring my dear money to me, or by telling me who has taken it? Ah! what is it you say? It is no one. Whoever has committed the deed must have watched carefully for his opportunity, and must have chosen the very moment when I was talking with my miscreant of a son. I must go. I will demand justice, and have the whole of my house put to the torture,—my maids and my valets, my son, my daughter, and myself too. What a crowd of people are assembled here! Every one seems to be my thief. I see no one who does not rouse suspicion in me. Ha! what are they speaking of there? Of him who stole my money? What noise is that up yonder? Is it my thief who is there? For pity's sake, if you know anything of my thief, I beseech you to tell me. Is he hiding there among you? They all look at me and laugh. We shall see that they all have a share in the robbery. Quick! magistrates, police, provosts, judges, racks, gibbets, and executioners. I will hang everybody; and if I do not find my money, I will hang myself afterwards.

Translation by Charles Heron Wall.

ALCESTE ACCUSES CÉLIMÈNE

From 'The Misanthrope'

ALCESTE—Oh, heaven! may I control my just anger!

Célimène [*aside*]—Ah! [*To Alceste.*] What is this new trouble I see you in? what mean those deep sighs and those dark looks you cast upon me?

Alceste—That all the wickedness a soul is capable of can in nothing be compared to your perfidy; that fate, devils, and incensed Heaven never produced anything so worthless as yourself.

Célimène—These are pretty speeches, which I certainly admire.

Alceste—Ah! no more jesting; this is not a time for laughter. Rather let the blush of shame cover your face; you have cause, for your treachery is known. So the presentiments of my heart

were true; its alarms were but too well founded, and those frequent suspicions which were thought odious were true guides to what my eyes have now seen. Yes, in spite of all your skill in dissimulation, Heaven hinted to me what I had to fear. But do not think that I shall bear this insult unavenged. I know that it is not in our power to govern our inclinations; that love is always spontaneous; that we cannot enter a heart by force, and that every heart is free to name its conqueror. I would not complain, therefore, if you had from the first spoken to me without dissembling; for although you would have crushed within me the very springs of my life, I should have blamed my fate alone for it. But to think that my love was encouraged by you! It is such a treacherous, such a perfidious action, that no punishment seems too great for it. After such an outrage, fear everything from me: I am no longer master of myself; anger has conquered me. Pierced to the heart by the cruel blow with which you kill me, my senses are not overswayed by reason. I yield myself up to a just revenge, and I cannot answer for what I may do.

Célimène — What can have called forth such an insult? Have you lost all sense and judgment? Pray speak!

Alceste — Yes, when on seeing you I drank in the poison which is killing me; yes, when like a fool I thought I had found some sincerity in those treacherous charms that have deceived me.

Célimène — Of what treachery are you complaining?

Alceste — Ah! false heart, how well you feign ignorance! But I will leave you no loop-hole of escape! Look at your own handwriting; this letter is sufficient to confound you; against such evidence you can have nothing to answer.

Célimène — So this is the cause of your strange outburst.

Alceste — And you do not blush at the sight?

Célimène — There is no occasion for me to blush.

Alceste — What! will you add audacity to your deceit? Will you disown this letter because it is not signed?

Célimène — Why should I disown it, when it is mine?

Alceste — And you can look at it without being ashamed of the crime of which it shows you to be guilty towards me?

Célimène — You are in truth a most foolish man.

Alceste — What! you face thus calmly this all-convincing proof? And the tenderness you show in it for Oronte, has it nothing that can outrage me or shame you?

Célimène — Oronte! Who told you that this letter is for him?

Alceste—Those who to-day put it in my hands. But suppose I grant that it is for another, have I less cause to complain? and would you be in fact less guilty towards me?

Célimène—But if the letter was written to a woman, in what can it hurt you, and what guilt is there in it?

Alceste—Ah! the evasion is excellent, and the excuse admirable! I must acknowledge that I did not expect such deceit, and I am now altogether convinced. What! do you dare to have recourse to such base tricks? Do you think people entirely devoid of understanding? Show me a little in what way you can maintain such a palpable falsehood, and how you can apply to a woman all the words which in this letter convey so much tenderness. In order to cover your infidelity, reconcile if you can what I am going to read to—

Célimène—No, I will not. What right have you to assume such authority, and to dare to tell me such things to my face?

Alceste—No, no: instead of giving way to anger, try to explain to me the expressions you use here.

Célimène—I shall do nothing of the kind; and what you think on the subject matters very little to me.

Alceste—For pity's sake, show me, and I shall be satisfied, that this letter can be explained to be meant for a woman.

Célimène—It is for Oronte; there! and I will have you believe it. I receive all his attentions gladly. I admire what he says; I like his person, and I admit whatever you please. Do as you like, take your own course, let nothing stop you, and annoy me no more.

Alceste [*aside*]—Oh, heavens! can anything more cruel be invented; and was ever a heart treated in such a manner? What! I am justly incensed against her, I come to complain, and I must bear the blame! She excites my grief and my suspicion to the utmost. She wishes me to believe everything, she boasts of everything; and yet my heart is cowardly enough not to break the bonds that bind it, cowardly enough not to arm itself with deserved contempt for the cruel one it, alas! loves too much. [*To Célimène.*] Ah! faithless woman, you well know how to take advantage of my weakness, and to make the deep yearning love I have for you serve your own ends. Clear yourself at least of a crime which overwhelms me with grief, and cease to affect to be guilty towards me. Show me, if you can, that this letter is innocent; strive to appear faithful to me, and I will strive to believe you.

Célimène— Believe me, you forget yourself in your jealous fits, and you do not deserve all the love I feel for you. I should like to know what could compel me to condescend to the baseness of dissembling with you; and why, if my heart were engaged to another, I should not frankly tell you so. What! does not the kind assurance of my feelings toward you plead my defense against all your suspicions? Have they any weight before such a pledge? Do you not insult me when you give way to them? And since it requires so great an effort for us to speak our love; since the honor of our sex, that enemy to love, so strictly forbids such a confession,— should the lover who sees us for his sake conquer such obstacles, think lightly of that testimony and go unpunished? Is he not to blame if he does not trust what we have confessed with so much reluctance? Indeed, my indignation should be the reward of such doubts, and you do not deserve that I should care for you. I am very foolish, and am vexed at my own folly for still retaining any good-will toward you. I ought to place my affections elsewhere, and thus give you just excuse for complaint.

Alceste— Ah, faithless woman! How wonderful is my weakness for you! You deceive me, no doubt, with such endearing words. But let it be: I must submit to my destiny; I give myself heart and soul to you. I trust you. I will to the end see what your heart will prove to be, and if it can be cruel enough to deceive me.

Célimène— No: you do not love me as you ought to love.

Alceste— Ah! nothing can be compared with my exceeding great love; and in my anxiety to make the whole world a witness to it, I even go so far as to form wishes against you. Yes, I could wish that no one thought you charming; that you were reduced to a humbler lot; that Heaven, at your birth, had bestowed nothing upon you; that you had neither rank, high birth, nor wealth: so that my heart, in offering itself, might make up for the injustice of such a fate, and that I might have both the happiness and the glory on that day of seeing you owe everything to my love.

Translation of Charles Heron Wall.

A SINCERE CRITIC SELDOM PLEASES

From 'The Misanthrope'

[The scene is the house of Célimène (the heroine of the play) in Paris. In the apartment are Alceste, known for his too-plain speech as "the misanthrope"; and the far more politic and compliant Philinte. Oronte enters to them, eager for literary flattery from Alceste. The scene is from the first act of the play.]

ORONTE [*to Alceste*]—I learnt just now that Eliante and Célimène are gone out to make some purchases: but as I was also told that you were here, I came up to say, in all sincerity of heart, that I have conceived for you an incredible esteem; and that for a long time this esteem has given me an ardent desire to be numbered among your friends. Yes, I love to render justice to true merit, and I long to be united to you in the close bond of friendship. I think that a warm friend, and one of my standing, is assuredly not to be despised. [*During this discourse of Oronte, Alceste is thoughtful, and does not seem aware that he is spoken to, until Oronte says to him:*] With your leave, it is to you that I am speaking.

Alceste—To me, sir?

Oronte—To you. Does it in any way wound your feelings?

Alceste—Not in the least; but my surprise is great. I did not expect this homage to be paid to me.

Oronte—The esteem I feel for you ought not to surprise you, and you can claim it from the whole world.

Alceste—Sir—

Oronte—The whole kingdom contains no merit more dazzling than that which is to be found in you.

Alceste—Sir—

Oronte—Yes. I consider you superior to the highest amongst us.

Alceste—Sir—

Oronte—May Heaven strike me dead if I lie! And in order to convince you of my feelings, allow me in this place to embrace you with all my heart, and to solicit a place in your affections. Come, your hand if you please. Will you promise me your friendship?

Alceste—Sir—

Oronte—What! you refuse me?

Alceste—Sir, it is too great an honor you wish to pay me; but friendship requires a little more caution, and we surely profane its name when we lightly make use of it. Such a compact ought to spring from judgment and choice, and before we bind ourselves we ought to be better acquainted. Our dispositions might differ so greatly as to make us both heartily repent of the bargain.

Oronte—Upon my word, you speak like a sensible man, and I esteem you all the more for it. Let us then leave the forming of such pleasant ties to time; but meanwhile believe that I am entirely at your service. If some overture is to be made for you at court, every one knows that I am in favor with the King, that I have his private ear, and that really he behaves in all things most kindly to me. In short, believe that I am in everything and at all times at your disposal. As you are a man of great judgment, I come, by way of beginning this happy bond of friendship, to read you a sonnet which I have lately composed, and to ask you if I should do well to publish it.

Alceste—Sir, I am ill qualified to decide on such a matter; pray excuse me.

Oronte—Why?

Alceste—I have the weakness of being a little too sincere about those things.

Oronte—Sincerity is what I ask of you; and I should have reason to complain, if when I come to you in order to hear the plain truth, you frustrate my purpose by concealing anything from me.

Alceste—If it is thus you look upon it, sir, I consent.

Oronte—*Sonnet.* It is a sonnet—on *Hope.* It is to a lady who had given some encouragement to my love. *Hope.* These are not those long, pompous verses; but soft, tender, languishing little lines. [*At every one of these interruptions he looks at Alceste.*]

Alceste—We shall see.

Oronte—*Hope.* I do not know whether the style will seem clear and easy to you, and whether you will be satisfied with my choice of words.

Alceste—We shall see, sir.

Oronte—Besides, you must know that I was only a quarter of an hour composing it.

Alceste—Come, sir, time has nothing to do with the matter.

Oronte [*reads*]—

Hope, it is true, can ease our pain
And rock awhile our hapless mind;
But, Phyllis, what a sorry gain
When nothing pleasant walks behind.

Philinte—I think this beginning charming!

Alceste [*aside to Philinte*]—What! you dare to find that charming?

Oronte—

Your complaisance was great indeed,
But better 'twere to clip its scope,
And not to such expense proceed,
If you could give me—only hope.

Philinte—Ah! in what charming terms those things are said!

Alceste [*aside to Philinte*]—Shame on you, you vile flatterer! you praise that rubbish!

Oronte—

If age—long expectation's pest—
The ardor of my zeal must test,
To death at last I'll fly.
My purpose braves your every care;
Fair Phyllis, men will soon despair
When doomed to hope for aye.

Philinte—The fall is pretty, lovable, admirable.

Alceste [*aside to Philinte*]—Plague take your fall, wretched sycophant! Deuce take you! I wish it had broken your neck.

Philinte—I have never heard verses so skillfully turned.

Alceste [*aside*]—Zounds!

Oronte [*to Philinte*]—You are flattering me, and you think perhaps—

Philinte—No indeed, I am not flattering you at all.

Alceste [*aside*]—Ha! what else are you doing, impostor?

Oronte [*to Alceste*]—But you, you remember the agreement we made, and I beg of you to speak to me in all sincerity.

Alceste—Sir, this is at all times a delicate matter, and we always like people to praise us for our genius. But one day I was saying to some one, whose name I will not mention, on seeing verses of his composition, that a gentleman should carefully

guard against the hankering after authorship which is apt to seize us; that he should check the great propensity we have of making a display of such pastimes; and that by too great an eagerness to show our productions we run the risk of making ourselves ridiculous.

Oronte—Do you mean me to understand by this that I am wrong in wishing—

Alceste—I do not say that. But I said to him that a lifeless composition is very wearisome to those who read it; that such a weakness is sufficient to make a man the object of unkind remarks; that although in other respects he may have the most sterling qualities, we generally judge of men by their weakest side.

Oronte—Do you find fault with my sonnet?

Alceste—I do not say that. But to keep him from writing, I pointed out to him how in our days that thirst had spoilt many a worthy man.

Oronte—Do I write badly, and do I resemble in any way—

Alceste—I do not say that. But in short, I said to him, What pressing necessity is there for you to rhyme, and what the deuce urges you to put your name in print? If we can forgive the publication of a wretched book, it is only to those unfortunate men who scribble for a living. Believe me; resist the temptation, keep such effusions from public notice, and do not throw away, however you may be tempted, the name of a man of sense and a gentleman which you bear at court, to take from the hands of a grasping printer, that of a ridiculous and wretched author. This is what I tried to make him understand.

Oronte—And I think I understand you. But this is all very well. May I know what in my sonnet can—

Alceste—Truly, you had better shut it up in your cabinet: you have followed bad models, and your expressions are in no way natural. Pray what is—"And rock awhile our hapless mind"? and "Nothing pleasant walks behind"? also "And not to such expense proceed, If you could give me only hope"? or "Fair Phyllis, men will soon despair, When doomed to hope for aye"? This figurative style that people are so vain of, falls far short of good taste and truth. It is a paltry play on words, and mere affectation. Nature never speaks thus. I hate the wretched taste of the age in these matters. Our forefathers, unpolished as

they were, understood these things better; and I value less all that is now admired than an old song which I will repeat to you:—

«If the King had given me
Paris town, so great and gay,
And for it I had to flee
From my lady-love away,
To King Henry I should say,
Take your Paris back, I pray:
I had liefer love my love, O,
I had liefer love my love.»

The versification is not rich, and the style is old. But do you not see how much better it is than all that trumpery which good sense must abhor, and that here simple nature speaks?—

«If the King had given me
Paris town, so great and gay,
And for it I had to flee
From my lady-love away,
To King Henry I should say,
Take your Paris back, I pray:
I had liefer love my love, O,
I had liefer love my love.»

This is what a heart truly in love would say.—[*To Philinte, who laughs.*] Yes, you may laugh as much as you please; but whatever you men of wit may say, I prefer this to the showy glitter of those false trinkets which every one admires.

Oronte—And yet I maintain that my verses are good.

Alceste—You have your own reasons for thinking them so; but you will allow me to be of a different opinion, and my reasons to be independent of yours.

Oronte—I think it sufficient that others prize them.

Alceste—No doubt they have the gift of dissimulation, which I have not.

Oronte—Do you really think that you have such a large share of intelligence?

Alceste—If I praised your verses, I should have more.

Oronte—I can easily do without your approbation.

Alceste—You must certainly, if you please, do without it.

Oronte—I should like to see how you would set about composing some on the same subject.

Alceste — I might have the misfortune of making some as bad as yours, but I should take great care not to show them to any one.

Oronte — You speak to me very haughtily, and this conceit —

Alceste — Pray find others to flatter you, and do not ask me to do so.

Oronte — But, my little sir, lower somewhat your lofty tone, if you please.

Alceste — I shall certainly, my big sir, do as I choose.

Philinte [*stepping between them*] — Nay, gentlemen, this is carrying the matter too far. I beg of you to cease.

Oronte — Ah! I am wrong, I acknowledge it, and I leave the field to you. I am, sir, in all sincerity, your humble servant.

Alceste — And I, sir, your most obedient.

[*Oronte goes out.*]

Philinte — There! you see that with your love of sincerity, you have drawn a troublesome affair upon yourself. It was clear to me that Oronte, in order to be flattered —

Alceste — Do not speak to me.

Philinte — But —

Alceste — No more society for me.

Philinte — It is too much —

Alceste — Leave me alone.

Philinte — If I —

Alceste — Not another word.

Philinte — But how —

Alceste — I will hear no more.

Philinte — But yet —

Alceste — Again? what, again?

Philinte — You insult —

Alceste — 'Sdeath! this is too much. Do not follow me.

Philinte — You are joking; I shall not leave you. [*Exeunt.*

Translated by Charles Heron Wall.

ORGON PROPOSES MARIANNE'S MARRIAGE WITH TARTUFFE

From 'Tartuffe'

Enter to Orgon, *in the drawing-room of his house, his young daughter* Marianne

ORGON — Marianne!

Marianne — Father!

Orgon — Come here: I have something to say to you privately.

Marianne [*to Orgon, who peers into a little side-room*] — What are you looking for?

Orgon — I want to see if there is any one there who could overhear us: this is a most likely place for such a purpose. Now we are all right. Marianne, I have always found you of a sweet disposition, and you have always been very dear to me.

Marianne — I thank you very much for this fatherly love.

Orgon — Rightly spoken, my daughter; and to deserve it, you should think of nothing but of pleasing me.

Marianne — I have no dearer wish at heart.

Orgon — Very well: then tell me, what do you say of our guest, Tartuffe?

Marianne — Who, I?

Orgon — You. Be careful how you answer.

Marianne — Alas! I will say anything you please of him.

Dorine, *the maid, comes in softly, and stands behind* Orgon *without being noticed by him*

Orgon — You speak wisely. Then say, daughter, that he possesses the greatest merit; that he has touched your heart; and that it would be happiness to you to see him, with my approbation, become your husband.

Marianne [*drawing back with surprise*] — Eh!

Orgon — What is the matter?

Marianne — What did you say?

Orgon — What?

Marianne — Did I make a mistake?

Orgon — Make a mistake?

Marianne — Who is it, father, that you would have me say has touched my heart, and whom, with your approbation, it would be happiness to have for a husband?

Orgon — Tartuffe.

Marianne — But I feel nothing of the kind, I assure you, father. Why would you have me tell such a falsehood?

Orgon — But I wish it to be the truth; and it is sufficient for you that I have decided it should be so.

Marianne — What! you wish me, father —

Orgon — Yes, daughter, I intend to unite Tartuffe to my family by marrying him to you. I am resolved that he shall be your husband; and as I can — [*Seeing Dorine.*] — What are you doing here? Your curiosity must be very strong, young damsel, for you to come and listen to us after that fashion.

Dorine — Really, sir, I don't know whether the report arose from conjecture or by chance; but I have just been told of this match, and I treated the whole story as a sorry joke.

Orgon — Why! is the thing so incredible?

Dorine — So incredible, sir, that I do not believe it, even when I hear you speak of it.

Orgon — I shall find the means of making you believe it, you may be sure.

Dorine — Pooh! pooh! you are telling us a fine story indeed!

Orgon — I am telling you what will very soon prove true.

Dorine — Nonsense!

Orgon [*to Marianne*] — I assure you, daughter, that I am not jesting.

Dorine [*to Marianne*] — Ah! ah! Don't you go and believe your father: he is only laughing.

Orgon [*to Dorine*] — I tell you —

Dorine — It'll all be lost time: nobody will believe you.

Orgon — My anger at last —

Dorine — Very well! very well! We believe you, and so much the worse for you. What! is it possible, sir, that with your wise looks, and that large beard in the very midst of your face, you should be foolish enough to wish —

Orgon — Now listen. You have of late taken certain liberties here which do not please me at all. Do you hear?

Dorine — Let us speak calmly, sir, I beseech you. Are you laughing at us with this scheme? Your daughter will never do for a bigot: she has something else to think about. And then, what does such an alliance bring to you? Why should you, with all your wealth, go and choose a beggar for your son-in-law?

Orgon — Hold your tongue! If he has no money, remember that that is the very reason why we should esteem him. His

poverty is a noble poverty, and one which ought to place him above all greatness; for he lost his fortune through the little care he had for the things of this world, and through his anxiety for the next. However, with my help, he will have the means of settling his affairs and of recovering his own. For poor as he is, he is a gentleman; and the estate which he has a right to is considerable.

Dorine — Yes; at least he says so. But this vanity, sir, does not agree well with piety. Whoever gives himself to the privations of a holy life should not make such a boast of title and lineage: the humble ways of piety suffer from the publicity of such ambition. Why such pride? — But what I say vexes you. Let us leave his nobility aside and speak of his person. Would you really, without sorrow, give a girl like your daughter to a man of his stamp? And ought you not to think a little of propriety, and prevent the consequences of such a union? You ought to know that you endanger a woman's virtue when you marry her against her will or taste. Her living virtuously in the bonds of matrimony depends much on the husband who is given to her; and those who are everywhere pointed at, have often made their wives what they are. It is, in fact, very difficult to remain faithful to husbands of a certain kind; and whoever gives his daughter to a man she hates is responsible to Heaven for all the sins she commits. Think to what danger you are exposed by such a scheme.

Orgon [*to no one*] — I see that I shall have to learn from her what to do!

Dorine — It would be all the better for you if you followed my advice.

Orgon [*to Marianne*] — Daughter, let us no longer waste our time with such nonsense: I am your father, and I know what you want. I had promised you to Valère; but from what I am told, not only is he rather given to gambling, but I also suspect him of being a free-thinker. I never see him come to church.

Dorine — Would you have him run there at your fixed hours, like those who go there only to be seen?

Orgon [*to Dorine*] — I don't ask your opinion in the matter. [*To Marianne.*] In short, Tartuffe is on the best terms with Heaven, and this is a treasure to which nothing else can be compared. You will find all your wishes satisfied by such a union: it will prove a continual source of delight and pleasure. You will live together in your faithful love like two young children —

like two turtle-doves. Never will any unhappy discussion arise between you, and you will make anything you like of him.

Dorine — She will make naught but a fool of him, I know.

Orgon — Gracious me, what language!

Dorine — I tell you that he has the look of one, and that his destiny will overrule, sir, all the virtue your daughter may have.

Orgon — Leave off interrupting me. Mind you keep silent, and not poke your word in where you have no business.

Dorine [*interrupting him each time he turns round to speak to his daughter*] — What I say is only for your own good, sir.

Orgon — You take too much upon you. Be quiet, if you please.

Dorine — If I did not love you —

Orgon — I don't wish to be loved.

Dorine — And I shall love you in spite of yourself, sir.

Orgon — How now?

Dorine — I have your honor at heart, and I cannot bear to see you bring a thousand ill-natured remarks upon yourself.

Orgon — Will you be silent?

Dorine — It is a shame to allow you to think of such a marriage.

Orgon — Will you hold your peace, you serpent, whose insolence —

Dorine — What! you're a pious man, and you give way to anger?

Orgon — Yes: my patience must give way before all this. I insist upon your holding your tongue.

Dorine — Very well; but although I don't speak, I think none the less.

Translation of Charles Heron Wall.

THE FAMILY CENSOR

From 'Tartuffe'

[Madame Pernelle, a venerable, sharp-tongued, and easily prejudiced lady; her daughter-in-law Elmire; her granddaughter Marianne; M. Cléante, and others of the family connection, including Damis, Dorine, and the maid Flipote, are all in the drawing-room of M. Orgon as the curtain rises.]

MADAME PERNELLE [*about to quit the room in anger*] — Come along, Flipote, come along; let me get away from them all.

Elmire — You go so fast that one can hardly keep up with you.

Madame Pernelle [*to Elmire*] — Never mind, daughter, never mind; come no farther: I can well dispense with these ceremonies.

Elmire — We acquit ourselves of our duty towards you. But, mother, may I ask why you are in such a hurry to leave us?

Madame Pernelle — For the simple reason that I cannot bear to see what goes on in your house, and that no effort is made to comply with my wishes. Yes, I leave your house very ill edified. Things are done against all my admonitions; there is no respect paid to anything; every one speaks out as he likes, and it is exactly like the court of King Petaud.

Dorine — If —

Madame Pernelle [*to Dorine*] — You, a servant, are a great deal too strong in the jaw, most rude, and must have your say about everything.

Damis — But —

Madame Pernelle [*to Damis*] — You are, in good round English, a fool, my child! I, your grandmother, tell you so; and I always forewarned your father that you would turn out a worthless fellow, and would never bring him anything but vexation.

Marianne — I think —

Madame Pernelle [*to Marianne*] — And you, his sister, are all demureness, and look as if butter would not melt in your mouth! But it is truly said that still waters run deep, and on the sly you lead a life which I thoroughly dislike.

Elmire — But, mother —

Madame Pernelle — I should be sorry to vex you, my daughter, but your conduct is altogether unbecoming: you ought to set them a good example, and their late mother did much better. You spend money too freely; and I am shocked to see you go about dressed like a princess. She who wishes to please her husband only, has no need of such finery.

Cléante — But, madame, after all —

Madame Pernelle [*to Cléante*]—As for you, her brother, I esteem you greatly, I love and respect you, sir; but all the same, if I were in my son's her husband's place, I would beg of you most earnestly never to enter the house! You always advocate rules of life that honest folks ought not to follow. I am a little outspoken; but such is my disposition, and I never mince matters when I have something on my mind.

Dorine—Your Tartuffe is very fortunate, no doubt, in—

Madame Pernelle—He is a very worthy man, to whom you would do well to listen—and I can't bear (without getting into a passion) to see him molested by a scapegrace like you!

Damis—What! can I allow a strait-laced bigot to assume a tyrannical authority in this house?—and that we should never think of any pleasure unless we are assured of that fine gentleman's consent?

Dorine—According to him and his maxims, we can do nothing without committing a sin; for—the zealous critic that he is—he superintends everything.

Madame Pernelle—And whatever he superintends is well superintended. It is the way to heaven he wants to show you, and my son Orgon should make you all love him.

Damis—No, mother, there is no father nor anything in the world which can induce me to wish *him* well; and I should be false to my own heart if I spoke otherwise. Everything he does excites my wrath; and I foresee that some day or other something will happen, and that I shall be forced to come to an open quarrel with the sneaking scoundrel.

Dorine—Indeed it is most scandalous to see a stranger come and make himself at home here; most scandalous that a beggar who had no shoes to his feet when he first came, and whose coat was not worth three halfpence, should so far forget himself as to interfere with everything and play the master!

Madame Pernelle—Ah, mercy on us! It would be much better if everything were managed according to his pious directions.

Dorine—Yes, he is a saint in your opinion; but depend upon it, he is really nothing but a downright hypocrite.

Madame Pernelle—What backbiting!

Dorine—I should trust neither him nor his Laurent without good security, I can tell you.

Madame Pernelle—I don't know what the servant may really be; but I'll answer for the master being a holy man. You hate

him and reject him because he tells you of your faults. It is against sin that he is incensed, and there is nothing he has so much at heart as the interest of heaven.

Dorine — Has he? Why, then, and particularly of late, is he angry when any one comes near us? In what does a polite visit offend heaven, that he should make a disturbance enough to drive us mad? Shall I tell you here privately what I think? [*Pointing to Elmire.*] I really believe that he is, in good faith, jealous of madame!

Madame Pernelle — Hold your tongue, and mind what you are saying. He is not the only one who blames these visits. All the confusion which accompanies the people you receive, those carriages always waiting at the gate, the noisy crowd of lackeys, disturb the whole neighborhood. I am most willing to believe that there is really no harm done; but in short, it gives people occasion to talk, and that is not right.

Cléante — Ah, madame, would you hinder people from talking? It would be a sad thing if in this world we had to give up our best friends because of some stupid story in which we may play a part. But even if we could bring ourselves to do such a thing, do you think it would force people to be silent? There is no safeguard against calumny. Let us therefore not mind all that foolish gossip, but only endeavor to lead a virtuous life, and leave full license to the scandal-mongers.

Translation of Charles Heron Wall.

THE HYPOCRITE

From 'Tartuffe'

[The scene, from the third act of the play, is the house of M. Orgon. His wife, the virtuous and shrewd Elmire, has long doubted the rectitude of Tartuffe's attentions to her, but cannot induce her foolish husband to believe the man a cheat and a libertine at heart, so excessive is his assumption of piety and abstraction from the world. With the aid of Dorine the maid, Damis has been concealed in the next room.]

TARTUFFE [*as soon as he sees Dorine, speaks loudly and in a pious tone to his servant, who is not on the stage*].— Laurent, lock up my hair-shirt and my scourge; and pray Heaven ever to enlighten you with grace. If anybody comes to see me, say that I am gone to the prisons — to distribute my alms.

Dorine [*aside*] — What boasting and affectation!

Tartuffe — What is it you want?

Dorine — To tell you —

Tartuffe — Put more modesty into your speech, or I will leave you at once.

Dorine — You need not, for I shall soon leave you in peace; and all I have to say is, that my lady is coming into this room, and would be glad to have a moment's talk with you.

Tartuffe — Alas! with all my heart.

Dorine [*aside*] — How sweet we are! In good troth, I still abide by what I said.

Tartuffe — Will she soon be here?

Dorine — Directly. I hear her, I believe; yes, here she is. I leave you together. [*Exit.*

Enter Elmire

Tartuffe — May Heaven, in its great goodness, ever bestow on you health of body and of mind, and shower blessings on your days, according to the prayer of the lowest of its servants.

Elmire — I am much obliged to you for this pious wish; but let us sit down a moment to talk more comfortably.

Tartuffe [*seated*] — Have you quite recovered from your indisposition?

Elmire [*seated*] — Quite. That feverishness soon left me.

Tartuffe — My prayers have not merit sufficient to have obtained this favor from Heaven; but I have not offered up one petition in which you were not concerned.

Elmire — Your anxious zeal is really too great.

Tartuffe — We cannot have too great anxiety for your dear health; and to give you back the full enjoyment of it I would have sacrificed my own.

Elmire — You carry Christian charity very far, and I am under much obligation to you for all this kindness.

Tartuffe — I do only what you deserve.

Elmire — I wished to speak to you in private on a certain matter, and I am glad that nobody is here to hear us.

Tartuffe — And I also am delighted. It is very sweet for me, madame, to find myself alone with you. I have often prayed Heaven to bestow this favor upon me; but till now it has been in vain.

Elmire — For my part, all I want is, that you should speak frankly, and hide nothing from me.

[*Damis, without being seen, half opens the door of the room to hear the conversation.*]

Tartuffe — And my wish is also that you will allow me the cherished favor of speaking openly to you, and of giving you my word of honor, that if I have said anything against the visits which are paid here to your charms, it has never been done out of hatred to you; but rather out of an ardent zeal which carries me away, and from a sincere feeling of —

Elmire — I quite understand it to be so, and I feel sure that it all proceeds from your anxiety for my good.

Tartuffe [*taking her hands and pressing them*] — It is really so, madame; and my fervor is such —

Elmire — Ah! you press my hand too much.

Tartuffe — It is through an excess of zeal. I never intended to hurt you. [*Handling Elmire's collar.*] Heaven! how marvelous this point-lace is! The work done in our days is perfectly wonderful; and never has such perfection been attained in everything.

Elmire — It is true. But let us speak of what brings me here. I have been told that my husband intends to break his word, and to give you his daughter in marriage. Is that true? Pray tell me.

Tartuffe — He has merely alluded to it. But, madame, to tell you the truth, that is not the happiness for which my soul sighs; I find elsewhere the unspeakable attractions of the bliss which is the end of all my hopes.

Elmire — That is because you care not for earthly things.

Tartuffe — My breast, madame, does not inclose a heart of flint.

Elmire — I know, for my part, that all your sighs tend towards Heaven, and that you have no desire for anything here below.

Tartuffe — Our love for the beauty which is eternal stifles not in us love for that which is fleeting and temporal; and we can easily be charmed with the perfect works Heaven has created. Its reflected attractions shine forth in such as you; but it is in you alone that its choicest wonders are centred. It has lavished upon you charms which dazzle the eye and which touch the heart; and I have never gazed on you, perfect creature, without admiring the Creator of the universe, and without feeling my

heart seized with an ardent love for the most beautiful picture in which he has reproduced himself. At first I feared that this secret tenderness might be a skillful assault of the Evil One; I even thought I would avoid your presence, fearing you might prove a stumbling-block to my salvation. But I have learnt, O adorable beauty, that my passion need not be a guilty one; that I can reconcile it with modesty; and I have given up my whole soul to it. I know that I am very presumptuous in making you the offer of such a heart as mine; but in my love I hope everything from you, nothing from the vain efforts of my unworthy self. In you is my hope, my happiness, my peace; on you depends my misery or bliss: and by your verdict I shall be forever happy, if you wish it: unhappy, if it pleases you.

Elmire—Quite a gallant declaration. But you must acknowledge that it is rather surprising. It seems to me that you might have fortified your heart a little more carefully against temptation, and have paused before such a design. A devotee like you, who is everywhere spoken of as—

Tartuffe—Ah! Although a devotee, I am no less a man. When your celestial attractions burst upon the sight, the heart surrenders, and reasons no more. I know that such language from me seems somewhat strange: but after all, madame, I am not an angel; and if you condemn the confession I make, you have only your own attractions to blame for it. As soon as I beheld their more than human beauty, my whole being was surrendered to you. The unspeakable sweetness of your divine charms forced the obstinate resistance of my heart; it overcame everything—fasting, prayers, and tears—and fixed all my hopes in you. A thousand times my eyes and my sighs have told you this; to-day I explain myself with words. Ah! if you consider with some kindness the tribulations and trials of your unworthy slave, if your goodness has compassion on me and deigns to stoop so low as my nothingness, I shall ever have for you, O marvelous beauty, a devotion never to be equaled. With me your reputation runs no risk, and has no disgrace to fear. Men like me burn with a hidden flame, and secrecy is forever assured. The care which we take of our own reputation is a warrant to the woman who accepts our heart, that she will find love without scandal, and pleasure without fear.

Elmire—I have listened to you, and your rhetoric expresses itself in terms strong enough. Are you not afraid that I might

be disposed to tell my husband of this passionate declaration, and that its sudden disclosure might influence the friendship which he has toward you?

Tartuffe—I know that your tender-heartedness is too great, and that you will excuse, because of human frailty, the violent transports of a love which offends you, and will consider, when you look at yourself, that people are not blind, and that flesh is weak.

Elmire—Others might take all this differently; but I will endeavor to show my discretion. I will tell nothing to my husband of what has taken place; but in return I must require one thing of you,—which is to forward honestly and sincerely the marriage which has been decided between Valère and Marianne, and to renounce the unjust power which would enrich you with what belongs to another.

Damis [*coming out of a side room where he was hidden*]—No, madame, no! All this must be made public! I was in that place and overheard everything. Heaven in its goodness seems to have directed my steps hither, to confound the pride of a wretch who wrongs me, and to guide me to a sure revenge for his hypocrisy and insolence. I will undeceive my father, and will show him in a clear, strong light the heart of the miscreant who dares to speak to you of love.

Elmire—No, Damis: it is sufficient if he promises to amend, and endeavors to deserve the forgiveness I have spoken of. Since I have promised it, let me abide by my word. I have no wish for scandal. A woman should despise these follies, and never trouble her husband's ears with them.

Damis—You have your reasons for dealing thus with him, and I have mine for acting otherwise. It is a mockery to try to spare him. In the insolent pride of his canting bigotry he has already triumphed too much over my just wrath, and has caused too many troubles in our house. The impostor has governed my father but too long, and too long opposed my love and Valère's. It is right that my father's eyes should be opened to the perfidy of this villain. Heaven offers me an easy opportunity, and I am thankful for it. Were I not to seize it, I should deserve never to have another.

Elmire—Damis—

Damis—No, I will, with your permission, follow my own counsel. My heart is overjoyed; and it is in vain for you to try and

dissuade me from tasting the pleasure of revenge. I will at once make a full disclosure of all this. But here is the very person to give me satisfaction.

Enter Orgon

Damis—Come, father, we will treat your arrival with a piece of news which will somewhat surprise you. You are well rewarded for all your caresses, and this gentleman well repays your tenderness. His great zeal for you has just shown itself, and stops at nothing short of dishonoring you. I have overheard him here, making to your wife an insulting declaration. She, amiable and gentle, and in her too great discretion, insisted upon keeping the matter a secret from you; but I cannot encourage such shamelessness, and I think it would be an offense to you were I to be silent about it.

[*Exit Elmire.*]

Orgon—What do I hear! O Heaven! Is it possible!

Tartuffe [*with an entire change of look, manner, and accent*]—Yes, brother, I am a wicked, guilty, miserable sinner, full of iniquity, the greatest wretch that earth ever bore. Each moment of my life is overburdened with pollution; it is but a long continuation of crimes and defilement, and I see that Heaven, to punish me for my sins, intends to mortify me on this occasion. However great may be the crime laid to my charge, I have neither the wish nor the pride to deny it. Believe what is said to you, arm all your wrath, and drive me like a criminal from your house. Whatever shame is heaped upon me, I deserve even greater.

Orgon [*to his son*]—Ah, miscreant! how dare you try to sully the spotless purity of his virtue with this falsehood?

Damis—What! the feigned meekness of this hypocrite will make you give the lie to—

Orgon—Hold your tongue, you cursed plague!

Tartuffe—Ah! let him speak; you blame him wrongfully, and you would do better to believe what he tells you. Why should you be so favorable to me in this instance? Do you know, after all, what I am capable of doing? Do you, brother, trust to the outward man; and do you think me good, because of what you see? No, no: you are deceived by appearances, and I am, alas! no better than they think. Everybody takes me for a good man, no

doubt; but the truth is, that I am worthless. [*To Damis.*] Yes, dear child, speak; call me perfidious, infamous, reprobate, thief, and murderer; load me with still more hateful names: I do not gainsay them, I have deserved them all; and on my knees I will suffer the ignominy due to the crimes of my shameful life. [*Kneels.*]

Orgon [*to Tartuffe*]—Ah, brother, this is too much! [*To his son.*] Does not your heart relent, traitor?

Damis—What! can his words so far deceive you as—

Orgon—Hold your tongue, you rascal! [*Raising Tartuffe.*] Brother, pray rise. [*To his son.*] Wretch!

Damis—He can—

Orgon—Hold your tongue!

Damis—I am furious. What! I am taken for—

Orgon—If you say one word more, I'll break every bone—

Tartuffe—In heaven's name, my brother, do not forget yourself! I had rather suffer the greatest injury than that he should receive the most trifling hurt on my account.

Orgon [*to his son*]—Ungrateful wretch!

Tartuffe—Leave him in peace. If I must on my knees ask forgiveness for him—

[*He falls on his knees; Orgon does the same, and embraces Tartuffe.*]

Orgon—Alas! my brother, what are you doing? [*To his son.*] See his goodness, rascal!

Damis—So—

Orgon—Peace.

Damis—What! I—

Orgon—Peace, I say. I know the motive which makes you accuse him. You all hate him; and I now see wife, children, and servants embittered against him. You have recourse to everything to drive this pious person from my home. But the more you strive to send him away, the more will I do to keep him. I will, therefore, to crush the pride of the whole family, hasten his marriage with my daughter.

Damis—You mean to force her to accept him?

Orgon—Yes, traitor; and to confound you all, it shall be done this very evening. Ah! I defy the whole household; I will show you that you have to obey me, and that I am the master here. Now, quick, retract your words, and this very moment throw yourself at his feet to ask his forgiveness.

Damis—Who? I? Ask forgiveness of the villain who by his impostures—

Orgon—What, scoundrel! you refuse, and abuse him besides? A cudgel! give me a cudgel! [*To Tartuffe.*] Don't prevent me. [*To his son.*] Get out of my house this moment, and be careful you are never bold enough to set foot in it again.

Damis—Yes, I shall go; but—

Orgon—Quick then, decamp: I disinherit you, you scoundrel, and give you my curse besides.

[*Exit Damis.*]

Orgon—To offend a holy man in that way!

Tartuffe—O Heaven! forgive me as I forgive him! [*To Orgon.*] If you could know the pain it gives me to see them try to blacken my character to you, dear brother—

Orgon—Alas!

Tartuffe—The very thought of this ingratitude is a torture too great for me to bear— The horror that I feel— My heart is so full that I cannot speak— It will kill me.

Orgon [*in tears, running to the door where he drove his son out*]—Wretch! how I grieve to have spared you, and not to have made an end of you on the spot. [*To Tartuffe.*] Compose yourself, brother; do not give way to grief.

Tartuffe—No, let us put an end to all these painful disputes. I see what great troubles I occasion here, and I think, brother, that my duty is to leave your house.

Orgon—How! surely you are not in earnest?

Tartuffe—They hate me; and I see that they will try to make you doubt my good faith towards you.

Orgon—What does it matter? Do you see me listen to them?

Tartuffe—I have no doubt but that they will persevere in their attacks; and these very reports which you refuse to believe to-day may another time be credited by you.

Orgon—No, brother; never.

Tartuffe—Ah! brother, a wife can easily influence the mind of her husband.

Orgon—No, no.

Tartuffe—Let me go away, and thus remove from them all occasion of attacking me.

Orgon—No, you will stop here: my life depends upon it.

Tartuffe — Well, if it is so, I must do violence to myself. Ah, if you only would —

Orgon — No!

Tartuffe — I yield. Let us say no more about it. But I know how I must behave in future. Honor is a delicate matter, and friendship requires me to prevent reports and causes for suspicion. I will avoid your wife, and you shall never see me —

Orgon — No, you will see and speak to her in spite of everybody. I delight in vexing people; and I wish you to be seen in her company at all hours of the day. This is not all. The better to brave them, I will have no other heir but you; and I will go at once and draw up a deed of gift, by which you will inherit all my possessions. A true, faithful friend whom I take for son-in-law is more precious to me than son, wife, or relations. Will you not accept what I propose?

Tartuffe — May Heaven's will be done in all things!

Orgon — Poor man! Let us go forthwith to draw up the deed, and then let envy burst with rage!

Translation of Charles Heron Wall.

THE FATE OF DON JUAN

From 'Don Juan: or, The Feast of the Statue'

[The stage represents a solitary country spot in Sicily, not remote from the tomb (crowned by a statue) of the commandant whom Don Juan has slain in a duel. Don Juan and his servant Sganarelle enter, with Don Louis, the father of the dissolute hero. Don Louis has heard that his son has decided on a complete moral reformation.]

Louis — What! my son, is it possible that merciful Heaven has heard my prayers? Is what you tell me true? Are you not deceiving me with false hopes? And may I trust the surprising news of such a conversion?

Juan — Yes, you see me reclaimed from all my sins; I am no longer the same man I was yesterday, and Heaven has suddenly wrought in me a change which will be the wonder of every one. It has touched my heart and opened my eyes, and I look back with horror on my long time of blindness, and on the criminal disorders of the life I have led. My mind dwells upon all its abominations; and I am astonished that Heaven has borne them

so long, and has not made me feel its vengeance. I feel the mercy that has been shown me in my not being punished for my crimes, and I am ready to profit by it as I ought; to show to the world the sudden change in my life; thus to make up for the scandal of my past actions, and try to obtain a full pardon. Towards this will all my endeavors tend in future; and in order to help me in the new life I have chosen, I beseech you, sir, to choose for me a person who can help me, and under whose guidance I may be enabled to walk safely in the new path opened before me.

Louis—Ah! how easily the love of a father is recalled, and how quickly forgotten are the faults of a son at the mention of the word repentance! After what I have just heard, I remember no more all the sorrow you have caused me; everything is obliterated from my memory. My happiness is extreme; I weep for joy; all my dearest wishes are granted, and I have nothing else to ask of Heaven. Let us embrace each other, my son. Persist, I beseech you, in this praiseworthy resolution. I will go at once and carry this good news to your mother, share with her my joy, and thank Heaven for the holy thoughts with which it has inspired you. [*Exit.*

Sganarelle—Ah, sir, how happy I am to see you converted! I have been a long time looking forward for this; and thank Heaven, all my wishes are satisfied.

Juan—Plague take the booby!

Sganarelle—How, the booby?

Juan—What! you take for ready money what I have just said, and fancy that my lips agree with my heart?

Sganarelle—Why! it is not—you do not—your— [*Aside.*] Oh, what a man! what a man! what a man!

Juan—Oh dear, no; I am not changed in the least, and all my thoughts are the same.

Sganarelle—You do not yield, after the marvelous miracle of that moving and speaking statue?

Juan—There certainly is something about it which I do not understand; but whatever it may be, it can neither convince my judgment nor stagger my heart: and if I said that I wanted to reform my conduct and to lead an exemplary life, it is because of a plan I have formed out of pure policy, a useful stratagem, a necessary grimace to which I am willing to submit, in order not to give offense to a father I have need of, and to screen

myself in respect to men from a hundred troublesome adventures which might happen to me. I am glad to take you into my confidence, Sganarelle, for I like to have a witness of what I feel, and of the real motives which oblige me to act as I do.

Sganarelle—What! you believe in nothing, and yet you mean to pass for a God-fearing man?

Juan—And why not? There are plenty of others besides me who borrow the same feathers, and who use the same mask to deceive the world.

Sganarelle [*aside*]—Ah, what a man! what a man!

Juan—There is no longer any shame in hypocrisy: it is a fashionable vice, and all fashionable vices pass for virtues. To act the part of a good man is the best part one can act. The profession of hypocrisy has wonderful advantages. It is an art the imposture of which is always looked upon with respect; and although the world may see through the deceit, it dares say nothing against it. All the other vices of mankind are open to censure, and every one is at liberty to attack them boldly; but hypocrisy is a privileged vice, which closes the mouth of every one, and enjoys in peace a sovereign impunity. By dint of cant we enter into a kind of league with those of the same party, and whoever falls out with one of us has the whole set against him; whilst those who are really sincere, and who are known to be in earnest, are always the dupes of the others, are caught in the net of the hypocrites, and blindly lend their support to those who ape their conduct. You could hardly believe what a number of these people I know, who with the help of such stratagem have put a decent veil over the disorders of their youth, have sought shelter under the cloak of religion, and under its venerated dress are allowed to be as wicked as they please. Although people are aware of their intrigues, and know them for what they are, their influence is none the less real. They are well received everywhere; and a low bending of the head, deep sighs, and rolling eyes, make up for all they can be guilty of. It is under this convenient dress that I mean to take refuge and put my affairs to rights. I shall not give up my dear habits, but will carefully hide them, and avoid all show in my pleasures. If I am discovered, the whole cabal will take up my interests of their own accord, and will defend me against everybody. In short, it is the only safe way of doing all I like with impunity. I shall set up for a censor of other people's actions. I shall speak evil

of everybody. If I am but ever so slightly offended, I shall never forgive, but bear an irreconcilable hatred. I shall make myself the avenger of the interests of Heaven; and under this convenient shelter I will pursue my enemies, will accuse them of impiety, and know how to let loose against them the officious zealots who, without understanding how the truth stands, will heap abuse upon them and damn them boldly on their own private authority. It is thus that we can profit by the weaknesses of men, and that a wise man can accommodate himself to the vices of his age.

Sganarelle — Oh, heavens! what do I hear? You only lacked hypocrisy to make you perfectly bad; and this is the height of abomination. Sir, this last thing is too much for me, and I cannot help speaking. Do to me all you please; beat me, break every bone in my body, kill me if you like: but I must speak out my thoughts, and like a faithful servant say what I ought. Know, sir, that the pitcher goes once too often to the well: and as that author, whose name I do not recollect, truly said, man is in this world like the bird on the branch; the branch is attached to the tree; whoever is attached to the tree follows good precepts; good precepts are better than fine words; fine words are found at court; at court are the courtiers; courtiers are followers of fashion; fashion comes from fancy; fancy is a faculty of the mind; the mind is life to us; life ends in death; death makes us think of heaven; the sky is above the earth; the earth is not the sea; the sea is subject to tempests; tempests endanger ships; ships require pilots; a good pilot has prudence; prudence is not the gift of young men; young men ought to obey their elders; old men love riches; riches make people rich; the rich are not poor; the poor know what want is; necessity has no law; those who have no law live like the brute; and consequently you will be damned with all the devils.

Juan — A noble argument.

Sganarelle — After this if you do not change, so much the worse for you.

Enter Don Carlos

Carlos — Don Juan, I meet with you opportunely; and I am glad to ask you in this place rather than in your house what resolutions you have taken. You know that this duty belongs to me, that I took it upon myself in your presence. I cannot hide

from you that I should like the difficulty to be settled by gentle means; there is nothing I would not do to prevail upon you to choose the right path, and to see you publicly confirm your marriage with my sister.

Juan [*in a hypocritical tone*] — Alas! I wish with all my heart that I could give you the satisfaction you ask for: but Heaven is directly opposed to it; it has inspired me with the design of reforming my mode of life, and I have now no other thoughts than to leave all earthly engagements, to forsake all vanities, to atone by an austere life for all the criminal disorders into which the heat of passion and blind youth have carried me.

Carlos — Your intentions, Don Juan, do not clash with what I propose: the company of a legitimate wife and the laudable thoughts Heaven has inspired you with, can well agree.

Juan — Alas! no. It is a decision which your sister herself has taken, for she has retired to a convent. Both our hearts were touched at the same time.

Carlos — Her retreat cannot satisfy us, for it might be imputed to the contempt you had thrown on her and her family: our honor requires that she should live openly with you.

Juan — I assure you that the thing is not possible. I had the greatest wish to do so, and even to-day I asked advice of Heaven about it; but when I consulted it, I heard a voice saying that I was not to think of your sister, and that with her for my companion I should certainly not work out my salvation.

Carlos — Do you think you will impose upon me with those fine excuses?

Juan — I obey Heaven's voice.

Carlos — What! you imagine that I can be satisfied with such stories as these?

Juan — Such is the will of Heaven.

Carlos — You make my sister leave her convent, and abandon her afterwards?

Juan — Heaven orders it should be so.

Carlos — We must bear such a disgrace?

Juan — Seek redress from Heaven.

Carlos — What! always Heaven?

Juan — It is the will of Heaven.

Carlos — Enough, Don Juan: I understand you. It is not here that I will attack you, — the place will not admit of it, — but I will soon find you out.

Juan — You will do as you please. You know that I do not lack courage, and that I can use my sword when it is necessary. I will go in a few minutes through this narrow lane by the side of the convent: but I declare to you that I do not wish to fight; Heaven forbid I should think of such a thing: but if you attack me, we will see what will ensue.

Carlos — We shall indeed see. [*Exit.*

Sganarelle — Sir, what is this new style you adopt? This is worse than all the rest put together; I had much rather see you as you were before. I always looked forward to your salvation before; but from henceforth I give up all hope, and I believe that Heaven, which has borne with you to this day, will never tolerate this last abomination.

Juan — Come, come: Heaven is not so strict as you think, and if each time that men —

Enter a Spectre *in the form of a veiled woman*

Sganarelle [*seeing the Spectre*] — Ah, sir, Heaven speaks to and warns you!

Juan — This may be a warning from Heaven; but it must be expressed more clearly if I am to understand it.

Spectre — Don Juan has but a moment longer to profit by the mercy of Heaven; if he does not repent now, his destruction is certain.

Sganarelle — Sir, do you hear?

Juan — Who dares speak such words to me? I think I know this voice.

Sganarelle — Ah, sir, it is a ghost! I know it by its way of walking.

Juan — Ghost, phantom, or devil, I will see what it is.

[*The Spectre changes shape, and represents Time with his scythe in his hand.*]

Sganarelle — Oh, heavens! Do you see, sir, this change of shape?

Juan — No, no: nothing can terrify me, and my sword will tell me whether this is body or spirit.

[*The Spectre disappears when Don Juan tries to strike it.*]

Sganarelle — Ah, sir, yield to such repeated proofs!

Juan — No: whatever may happen, it shall never be said that I could repent. Come, follow me.

Enter The Statue of the Commandant

Statue — Stop, Don Juan: you promised me yesterday to come and have supper with me.

Juan — Yes: where shall we go?

Sganarelle — Give me your hand.

Juan — Here it is.

Statue — Don Juan, obstinacy in sin brings after it a fearful death, and by rejecting the mercy of Heaven we open a way for its wrath.

Juan — Oh, heavens! what do I feel? An invisible fire consumes me! I can bear it no longer. My whole body is one ardent flame — Oh! — Oh! —

[*The lightning flashes around Don Juan, and loud claps of thunder are heard. The earth opens and swallows him up. From the spot where he has disappeared burst forth flames of fire.*]

Sganarelle — Ah! my wages! my wages! His death is a reparation to all. Heaven offended, laws violated, families dishonored, girls ruined, wives led astray, husbands driven to despair, everybody is satisfied. I am the only one to suffer. My wages, my wages, my wages!

[*The curtain falls.*]

Translation of Charles Heron Wall.

THE SHAM MARQUIS AND THE AFFECTED LADIES

From 'Les Précieuses Ridicules'

[The scene is the drawing-room of the provincial but ambitious ladies Mademoiselle Madelon and her cousin Mademoiselle Cathos, visiting Paris. Both are dressed in the height of fashionable absurdity. To them enters Mascarille, a clever valet, disguised by his master as a marquis and Parisian gentleman, for the purpose of tricking the silly young women and making them more sensible through the humiliation of their discovery. He plays his part with much gusto.]

MASCARILLE [*after having bowed to them*] — Ladies, you will be surprised, no doubt, at the boldness of my visit, but your reputation brings this troublesome incident upon you: merit has for me such powerful attractions, that I run after it wherever it is to be found.

Madelon — If you pursue merit, it is not in our grounds that you should hunt after it.

Cathos — If you find merit among us, you must have brought it here yourself.

Mascarille — I refuse assent to such an assertion. Fame tells the truth in speaking of your worth; and you will pique, repique, and capot* all the fashionable world of Paris.

Madelon — Your courtesy carries you somewhat too far in the liberality of your praises; and we must take care, my cousin and I, not to trust too much to the sweetness of your flattery.

Cathos — My dear, we should call for chairs.

Madelon [*to servant*] — Almanzor!

Almanzor — Madame.

Madelon — Quick! convey us hither at once the appliances of conversation.

[*Almanzor brings chairs.*]

Mascarille — But stay, is there any security for me here?

Cathos — What can you fear?

Mascarille — Some robbery of my heart, some assassination of my freedom. I see before me two eyes which seem to me to be very dangerous fellows; they abuse liberty and give no quarter. The deuce! no sooner is any one near, but they are up in arms, and ready for their murderous attack! Ah! upon my word I mistrust them! I shall either run away, or require good security that they will do me no harm.

Madelon — What playfulness, my dear.

Cathos — Yes, I see he is an Amilcar.

Madelon — Do not fear: our eyes have no evil intentions; your heart may sleep in peace, and may rest assured of their innocence.

Cathos — But for pity's sake, sir, do not be inexorable to that arm-chair, which for the last quarter of an hour has stretched out its arms to you: satisfy the desire it has of embracing you.

Mascarille [*after having combed himself and adjusted his cantons*] — Well, ladies, what is your opinion of Paris?

Madelon — Alas! can there be two opinions? It would be the antipodes of reason not to confess that Paris is the great museum of wonders, the centre of good taste, of wit and gallantry.

Mascarille — I think for my part that out of Paris, people of position cannot exist.

Cathos — That is a never-to-be-disputed truth.

*Terms in piquet, a then fashionable game of cards.

Mascarille—It is somewhat muddy, but then we have sedan-chairs.

Madelon—Yes, a chair is a wonderful safeguard against the insults of mud and bad weather.

Mascarille—You must have many visitors? What great wit belongs to your circle?

Madelon—Alas! we are not known yet; but we have every hope of being so before long, and a great friend of ours has promised to bring us all the gentlemen who have written in the 'Elegant Extracts.'

Cathos—As well as some others, who, we are told, are the sovereign judges in matters of taste.

Mascarille—Leave that to me! I can manage that for you better than any one else. They all visit me, and I can truly say that I never get up in the morning without having half a dozen wits about me.

Madelon—Ah! we should feel under the greatest obligation to you if you would be so kind as to do this for us; for it is certain one must be acquainted with all those gentlemen in order to belong to society. By them reputations are made in Paris; and you know that it is quite sufficient to be seen with some of them to acquire the reputation of a connoisseur, even though there should be no other foundation for the distinction. But for my part, what I value most is, that in such society we learn a hundred things which it is one's duty to know, and which are the quintessence of wit: the scandal of the day; the latest things out in prose or verse. We hear exactly and punctually that a M. A has composed the most beautiful piece in the world on such-and-such a subject; that Madame B has adapted words to such-and-such an air; that M. C has composed a madrigal on the fidelity of his lady-love, and M. D upon the faithlessness of his; that yesterday evening the Sieur E wrote a *sixain* to Mademoiselle F, to which she sent an answer this morning at eight o'clock; that M. G has such-and-such a project in his head; that M. H is occupied with the third volume of his romance; and that M. J has his work in the press. By knowledge like this we acquire consideration in every society; whereas if we are left in ignorance of such matters, all the wit we may possess is a thing of naught and as dust in the balance.

Cathos—Indeed, I think it is carrying the ridiculous to the extreme, for any one who makes the least pretense to wit, not

to know even the last little quatrain that has been written. For my part, I should feel greatly ashamed if some one were by chance to ask me if I had seen some new thing which I had not seen.

Mascarille—It is true that it is disgraceful not to be one of the very first to know what is going on. But do not make yourself anxious about it; I will establish an academy of wits in your house, and I promise you that not a single line shall be written in all Paris which you shall not know by heart before anybody else. I, your humble servant, indulge a little in writing poetry when I feel in the vein; and you will find handed about in all the *ruelles* of Paris two hundred songs, as many sonnets, four hundred epigrams, and more than a thousand madrigals, without reckoning enigmas and portraits.

Madelon—I must acknowledge that I am madly fond of portraits: there is nothing more elegant, according to my opinion.

Mascarille—Portraits are difficult, and require a deep insight into character; but you shall see some of mine which will please you.

Cathos—I must say that for my part I am appallingly fond of enigmas.

Mascarille—They form a good occupation for the mind; and I have already written four this morning, which I will give you to guess.

Madelon—Madrigals are charming when they are neatly turned.

Mascarille—I have a special gift that way, and I am engaged in turning the whole Roman History into madrigals.

Madelon—Ah! that will be exquisite. Pray let me have a copy, if you publish it.

Mascarille—I promise you each a copy beautifully bound. It is beneath my rank to occupy myself in that fashion; but I do it for the benefit of the publishers, who leave me no peace.

Madelon—I should think that it must be a most pleasant thing to see one's name in print.

Mascarille—Undoubtedly. By-the-by, let me repeat to you some extempore verses I made yesterday at the house of a friend of mine, a duchess, whom I went to see. You must know that I'm a wonderful hand at impromptus.

Cathos—An impromptu is the touchstone of genius.

Mascarille — Listen.

Madelon — We are all ears.

Mascarille —

> Oh! oh! I was not taking care.
> While thinking not of harm, I watch my fair.
> Your lurking eye my heart doth steal away.
> Stop thief! Stop thief! Stop thief! — I say.

Cathos — Ah me! It is gallant to the last degree.

Mascarille — Yes, all I do has a certain easy air about it. There is a total absence of the pedant about all my writings.

Madelon — They are thousands and thousands of miles from that.

Mascarille — Did you notice the beginning? "Oh! oh!" There is something exceptional in that "Oh! oh!" like a man who bethinks himself all of a sudden — "Oh! oh!" Surprise is well depicted, is it not? "Oh! oh!"

Madelon — Yes, I think that "Oh! oh!" admirable.

Mascarille — At first sight it does not seem much.

Cathos — Ah! what do you say? These things cannot be too highly valued.

Madelon — Certainly; and I would rather have composed that "Oh! oh!" than an epic poem.

Mascarille — Upon my word now, you have good taste.

Madelon — Why, yes, perhaps it's not altogether bad.

Mascarille — But do you not admire also "I was not taking care"? "I was not taking care." I did not notice it; quite a natural way of speaking, you know: "I was not taking care." "While thinking not of harm" — whilst innocently, without forethought, like a poor sheep, "I watch my fair" — that is to say, I amuse myself by considering, observing, contemplating you. "Your lurking eye" — what do you think of this word "lurking"? Do you not think it well chosen?

Cathos — Perfectly well.

Mascarille — "Lurking," hiding: you would say, a cat just going to catch a mouse — "lurking."

Madelon — Nothing could be better.

Mascarille — "My heart doth steal away" — snatch it away; carries it off from me. "Stop thief! stop thief! stop thief!" Would you not imagine it to be a man shouting and running after a robber? "Stop thief! stop thief! stop thief!"

Madelon — It must be acknowledged that it is witty and gallant.

Mascarille — I must sing you the tune I made to it.

Cathos — Ah! you have learnt music?

Mascarille — Not a bit of it!

Cathos — Then how can you have set it to music?

Mascarille — People of my position know everything without ever having learnt.

Madelon — Of course it is so, my dear.

Mascarille — Just listen, and see if the tune is to your taste: hem, hem, la, la, la, la, la. The brutality of the season has greatly injured the delicacy of my voice: but it is of no consequence; permit me, without ceremony [*he sings*]: —

> Oh! oh! I was not taking care.
> While thinking not of harm, I watch my fair.
> Your lurking eye my heart doth steal away.
> Stop thief! Stop thief! Stop thief!—I say.

Cathos — What soul-subduing music! One would willingly die while listening.

Madelon — What soft languor creeps over one's heart.

Mascarille — Do you not find the thought clearly expressed in the song? « Stop thief! stop thief!» And then as if one suddenly cried out, « Stop, stop, stop, stop, stop thief! » Then all at once, like a person out of breath — « Stop thief! »

Madelon — It shows a knowledge of perfect beauty; every part is inimitable; both the words and the air enchant me.

Cathos — I never yet met with anything worthy of being compared to it.

Mascarille — All I do comes naturally to me. I do it without study.

Madelon — Nature has treated you like a fond mother: you are her spoiled child.

Mascarille — How do you spend your time, ladies?

Cathos — Oh! in doing nothing at all.

Madelon — Until now, we have been in a dreadful dearth of amusements.

Mascarille — I should be happy to take you to the play one of these days, if you would permit me; the more so as there is a new piece going to be acted which I should be glad to see in your company.

Madelon — There is no refusing such an offer.

Mascarille — But I must beg of you to applaud it well when we are there, for I have promised my help to praise up the piece; and the author came to me again this morning to beg my assistance. It is the custom for authors to come and read their new plays to us people of rank, so that they may persuade us to approve their work, and to give them a reputation. I leave you to imagine if, when we say anything, the pit dare contradict us. As for me, I am most scrupulous; and when once I have promised my assistance to a poet, I always call out "Splendid! beautiful!" even before the candles are lighted.

Madelon — Do not speak of it: Paris is a most wonderful place; a hundred things happen every day there of which country people, however clever they may be, have no idea.

Cathos — It is sufficient: now we understand this, we shall consider ourselves under the obligation of praising all that is said.

Mascarille — I do not know whether I am mistaken; but you seem to me to have written some play yourselves.

Madelon — Ah! there may be some truth in what you say.

Mascarille — Upon my word, we must see it. Between ourselves, I have composed one which I intend shortly to bring out.

Cathos — Indeed! and to what actors do you mean to give it?

Mascarille — What a question! Why, to the actors of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, of course: they alone can give a proper value to a piece. The others are a pack of ignoramuses, who recite their parts just as one speaks every day of one's life; they have no idea of thundering out verses, or of pausing at a fine passage. How can one make out where the fine lines are, if the actor does not stop at them and thus tell you when you are to applaud?

Cathos — Certainly, there is always a way of making an audience feel the beauties of a play; and things are valued according to the way they are put before you.

Mascarille — How do you like my lace, feathers, and etceteras? Do you find any incongruity between them and my coat?

Cathos — Not the slightest.

Mascarille — The ribbon is well chosen, you think?

Madelon — Astonishingly well. It is real Perdrigeon.

Mascarille — What do you say of my canions?

Madelon — They look very fashionable.

Mascarille — I can at least boast that they are a whole quarter of a yard wider than those usually worn.

Madelon — I must acknowledge that I have never yet seen the elegance of the adjustment carried to such perfection.

Mascarille — May I beg of you to direct your olfactory senses to these gloves?

Madelon — They smell terribly sweet.

Cathos — I never inhaled a better-made perfume.

Mascarille — And this? [*He bends forward for them to smell his powdered wig.*]

Madelon — It has the true aristocratic odor. One's finest senses are exquisitely affected by it.

Mascarille — You say nothing of my plumes! What do you think of them?

Cathos — Astonishingly beautiful!

Mascarille — Do you know that every tip cost me a louis d'or? It is my way to prefer indiscriminately everything of the best.

Madelon — I assure you that I greatly sympathize with you. I am furiously delicate about everything I wear, and even my socks must come from the best hands.

Mascarille [*crying out suddenly*] — Oh, oh, oh! gently, gently, ladies; ladies, this is unkind: I have good reason to complain of your behavior; it is not fair.

Cathos — What is it? What is the matter?

Mascarille — Matter? What, both of you against my heart, and at the same time too! attacking me right and left! Ah! it is contrary to fair play; I shall cry out murder.

Cathos [*to Madelon*] — It must be acknowledged that he says things in a manner altogether his own.

Madelon — His way of putting things is exquisitely admirable.

Cathos [*to Mascarille*] — You are more afraid than hurt, and your heart cries out before it is touched.

Mascarille — The deuce! why, it is sore from head to foot.

Translation of Charles Heron Wall.

THEODOR MOMMSEN

(1817–)

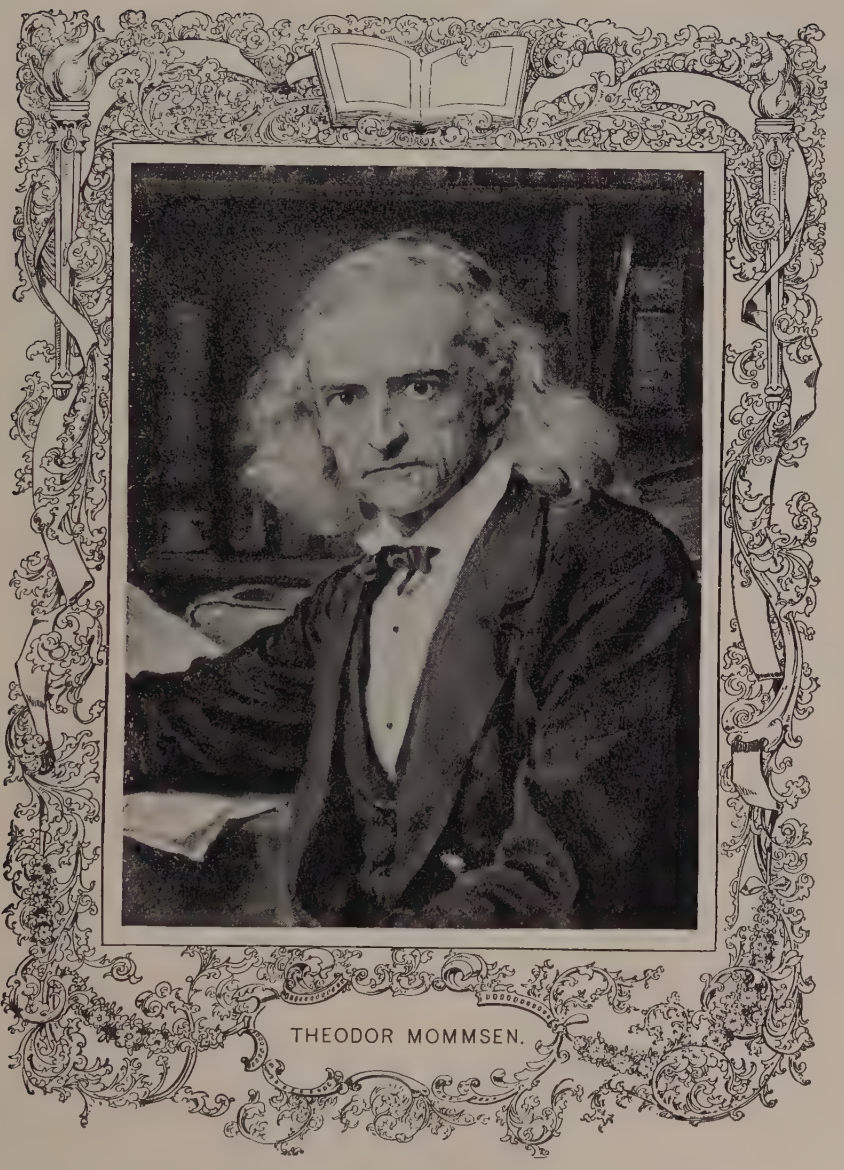
BY WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON

The popular conception of a learned German professor is of a short-sighted, spectacled, absent-minded recluse buried among his books, absorbed in some narrow and remote line of research for which a single lifetime is all too brief, or preparing a ponderous book which perhaps ten men in the world can read. The type is not wholly imaginary, though like the buffalo it is already near extinction.

Above all others in our time, however, Theodor Mommsen is an illustration of patriotic and civic usefulness, not merely combined with the most learned research, but illuminated and strengthened incalculably by those very studies. His political sympathies, his open affiliations in the national legislature, have been with the extreme radical wing of that great «Liberal» movement which made the new German empire possible. Thoroughly believing that democratic freedom of discussion is the firmest final basis for a strong central government, he has often offended those in high office by his fearless criticisms. Once indeed he was actually brought to trial (1882) for sharp words directed against Prince Bismarck. His triumphant acquittal revealed and strengthened the popular pride in the brave citizen and the most illustrious of German scholars.

Mommsen is primarily interested in the life and growth of political institutions. All his manifold activity is centred about this chief study. It was natural, then, that the Roman State, the greatest organization in all human history, should have engaged his lifelong devotion.

Professor Mommsen is most widely known to the general reading public, in and out of Germany, as the author of a «popular» Roman history. This great work is indeed put forth with little citation of authorities. The solid pages usually run calmly on without any array of polemic or pedantic foot-notes. Nevertheless, the apparatus, the scaffolding as it were, undoubtedly exists still in the author's note-books. Indeed, such material has been liberally furnished whenever the same subject has been treated in University lectures. Moreover, this stately masterpiece of constructive work is firmly founded upon special studies as wide-reaching and as thorough as were ever undertaken. Professor Mommsen's practical and juristic mind inclines



THEODOR MOMMSEN.

him to brush aside the fables and romances of Livy's first decade. Instead, he endeavors to recover from the usages and institutions of later Rome the probable conditions of the earlier time. Naturally this often necessitates closely reasoned argument,—and uncertain results at best.

In the later portions Professor Mommsen is on firmer ground; but his judgments of men like Cicero, whom he detests, and Cæsar, whom he almost adores, are as far as possible from a mere scholarly dependence on ancient authorities. Everywhere he is quite sufficiently inclined to appeal to modern parallels and illustrations. The section on the political history of the early empire has never yet appeared; but the imperial government of Roman provinces is treated in exhaustive volumes, already published, and destined to become an integral part of the completed work.

This latter essay may serve to remind us that Professor Mommsen has accomplished a still more monumental task, as chief editor of the great Corpus of Latin Inscriptions, perhaps the greatest memorial of German scholarship and of imperial liberality toward learning. The constructive power which has multiplied the value of Mommsen's life work is clearly seen even in his writings for a more learned audience. Thus the great inscription of Ancyra, which is almost an autobiography of the Emperor Augustus, has been reproduced, annotated, and in brief, put completely at the service of the general student, in a special volume. In the same way, such large and debatable subjects as 'Roman Coinage,' 'Roman Chronology,' and even 'The Dialects of Lower Italy,' have been treated in scholarly monographs. Every student who has ever felt the influence of Mommsen, through his books, in the lecture-room, above all in the seminar, will testify to the value of this constructive and organizing mind.

The entire record of man's organized life appears to Mommsen, as it did to Von Ranke and to Freeman, as one great story of development in many chapters, each of which may throw light on all the rest, and no less on the future pathways of civilization. The mature conclusions of such a student are almost equally stimulating whether we agree readily with his general views or not. This may be happily exemplified by a passage from the introduction of 'The Provinces, from Cæsar to Diocletian,'—a passage which traverses boldly all our traditional impressions as to the state of the subjugated races under Roman imperialism. Like the more extended citation below, this passage is quoted from the excellent English version of William P. Dickson:—

«Old age has not the power to develop new thoughts and display creative activity, nor has the government of the Roman Empire done so; but in its sphere, which those who belonged to it were not far wrong in regarding as

the world, it fostered the peace and prosperity of the many nations united under its sway longer and more completely than any other leading power has ever succeeded in doing. It is in the agricultural towns of Africa, in the homes of the vine-dressers on the Moselle, in the flourishing townships of the Lycian mountains, and on the margin of the Syrian desert, that the work of the imperial period is to be sought and to be found. Even now there are various regions of the East, as of the West, as regards which the imperial period marks a climax of good government, very modest in itself, but never withal attained before or since; and if an angel of the Lord were to strike the balance whether the domain ruled by Severus Antoninus was governed with greater intelligence and the greater humanity at that time or in the present day, whether civilization and national prosperity generally have since that time advanced or retrograded, it is very doubtful whether the decision would prove in favor of the present.»

Theodor Mommsen was born at Garding in Schleswig, November 30th, 1817; graduated at Kiel, studied archæology in France and Italy 1844–7, and in 1848 became professor of jurisprudence at Leipzig. His political activity in those troublous years brought about his dismissal in 1850. From 1852 to 1854 he held the professorship of Roman law at Zurich; 1854–8 at Breslau; and finally in 1858 entered upon the professorship of ancient history at Berlin, where this sturdy octogenarian scholar is still (1897) actively engaged in his university lectures, as well as in his manifold literary and scholarly undertakings.

William Cranston Lawton.

THE CHARACTER OF CÆSAR

From the 'History of Rome'

THE new monarch of Rome, the first ruler of the whole domain of Romano-Hellenic civilization, Gaius Julius Cæsar, was in his fifty-sixth year (born 12th July, 652 A. U. C.) when the battle of Thapsus, the last link in a long chain of momentous victories, placed the decision of the future of the world in his hands. Few men have had their elasticity so thoroughly put to the proof as Cæsar: the sole creative genius produced by Rome, and the last produced by the ancient world, which accordingly moved on in the track that he marked out for it until its sun had set. Sprung from one of the oldest noble families of Latium, which traced back its lineage to the heroes of the Iliad and the kings of Rome, and in fact to the Venus-Aphrodite common to

both nations, he spent the years of his boyhood and early manhood as the genteel youth of that epoch were wont to spend them. He had tasted the sweetness as well as the bitterness of the cup of fashionable life, had recited and declaimed, had practiced literature and made verses in his idle hours, had prosecuted love intrigues of every sort, and got himself initiated into all the mysteries of shaving, curls, and ruffles pertaining to the toilette wisdom of the day, as well as into the far more mysterious art of always borrowing and never paying.

But the flexible steel of that nature was proof against even these dissipated and flighty courses: Cæsar retained both his bodily vigor and his elasticity of mind and heart unimpaired. In fencing and in riding he was a match for any of his soldiers, and his swimming saved his life at Alexandria; the incredible rapidity of his journeys, which usually for the sake of gaining time were performed by night,—a thorough contrast to the procession-like slowness with which Pompeius moved from one place to another,—was the astonishment of his contemporaries and not the least among the causes of his success. The mind was like the body. His remarkable power of intuition revealed itself in the precision and practicability of all his arrangements, even where he gave orders without having seen with his own eyes. His memory was matchless; and it was easy for him to carry on several occupations simultaneously with equal self-possession. Although a gentleman, a man of genius, and a monarch, he had still a heart. So long as he lived, he cherished the purest veneration for his worthy mother Aurelia (his father having died early). To his wives, and above all to his daughter Julia, he devoted an honorable affection, which was not without reflex influence even on political affairs. With the ablest and most excellent men of his time, of high and of humble rank, he maintained noble relations of mutual fidelity, with each after his kind. As he himself never abandoned any of his partisans after the pusillanimous and unfeeling manner of Pompeius, but adhered to his friends — and that not merely from calculation — through good and bad times without wavering, several of these, such as Aulus Hirtius and Gaius Matius, even after his death gave noble testimonies of their attachment to him.

If in a nature so harmoniously organized there is any one trait to be singled out as characteristic, it is this: that he stood aloof from all ideology and everything fanciful. As a matter of course

Cæsar was a man of passion, for without passion there is no genius; but his passion was never stronger than he could control. He had had his season of youth, and song, love, and wine had taken joyous possession of his mind; but with him they did not penetrate to the inmost core of his nature. Literature occupied him long and earnestly; but while Alexander could not sleep for thinking of the Homeric Achilles, Cæsar in his sleepless hours mused on the inflections of the Latin nouns and verbs. He made verses as everybody then did, but they were weak; on the other hand he was interested in subjects of astronomy and natural science. While wine was and continued to be with Alexander the destroyer of care, the temperate Roman, after the revels of his youth were over, avoided it entirely. Around him, as around all those whom the full lustre of woman's love has dazzled in youth, fainter gleams of it continued imperishably to linger; even in later years he had his love adventures and successes with women, and he retained a certain foppishness in his outward appearance, or to speak more correctly, a pleasing consciousness of his own manly beauty. He carefully covered the baldness which he keenly felt, with the laurel chaplet that he wore in public in his later years; and he would doubtless have surrendered some of his victories if he could thereby have brought back his youthful locks. But however much, even when monarch, he enjoyed the society of women, he only amused himself with them, and allowed them no manner of influence over him. Even his much-censured relation to Queen Cleopatra was only contrived to mask a weak point in his political position.

Cæsar was thoroughly a realist and a man of sense; and whatever he undertook and achieved was penetrated and guided by the cool sobriety which constitutes the most marked peculiarity of his genius. To this he owed the power of living energetically in the present, undisturbed either by recollection or by expectation; to this he owed the capacity of acting at any moment with collected vigor, and applying his whole genius even to the smallest and most incidental enterprise; to this he owed the many-sided power with which he grasped and mastered whatever understanding can comprehend and will can compel; to this he owed the self-possessed ease with which he arranged his periods as well as projected his campaigns; to this he owed the "marvelous serenity" which remained steadily with him through good and evil days; to this he owed the complete independence

which admitted of no control by favorite, or by mistress, or even by friend. It resulted, moreover, from this clearness of judgment that Cæsar never formed to himself illusions regarding the power of fate and the ability of man; in his case the friendly veil was lifted up which conceals from man the inadequacy of his working. However prudently he planned and contemplated all possibilities, the feeling was never absent from his heart that in all things, fortune, that is to say accident, must bestow success; and with this may be connected the circumstance that he so often played a desperate game with destiny, and in particular again and again hazarded his person with daring indifference. As indeed occasionally men of predominant sagacity betake themselves to a pure game of hazard, so there was in Cæsar's rationalism a point at which it came in some measure into contact with mysticism.

Gifts such as these could not fail to produce a statesman. From early youth, accordingly, Cæsar was a statesman in the deepest sense of the term; and his aim was the highest which man is allowed to propose to himself,—the political, military, intellectual, and moral regeneration of his own deeply decayed nation, and of the still more deeply decayed Hellenic nation intimately akin to his own. The hard school of thirty years' experience changed his views as to the means by which this aim was to be reached; his aim itself remained the same in the times of his hopeless humiliation and of his unlimited plenitude of power, in the times when as demagogue and conspirator he stole towards it by paths of darkness, and in those when as joint possessor of the supreme power and then as monarch, he worked at his task in the full light of day before the eyes of the world. All the measures of a permanent kind that proceeded from him at the most various times assume their appropriate places in the great building-plan. We cannot therefore properly speak of isolated achievements of Cæsar; he did nothing isolated.

With justice men commend Cæsar the orator for his masculine eloquence, which, scorning all the arts of the advocate, like a clear flame at once enlightened and warmed. With justice men admire in Cæsar the author the inimitable simplicity of the composition, the unique purity and beauty of the language. With justice the greatest masters of war of all times have praised Cæsar the general, who, in a singular degree disregarding routine and tradition, knew always how to find out the mode of warfare by which in the given case the enemy was conquered,

and which was consequently in the given case the right one; who, with the certainty of divination, found the proper means for every end; who after defeat stood ready for battle like William of Orange, and ended the campaign invariably with victory; who managed that element of warfare, the treatment of which serves to distinguish military genius from the mere ordinary ability of an officer,—the rapid movement of masses,—with unsurpassed perfection, and found the guarantee of victory not in the massiveness of his forces but in the celerity of their movements, not in long preparation but in rapid and bold action even with inadequate means. But all these were with Cæsar mere secondary matters: he was no doubt a great orator, author, and general, but he became each of these merely because he was a consummate statesman.

The soldier more especially played in him altogether an accessory part; and it is one of the principal peculiarities by which he is distinguished from Alexander, Hannibal, and Napoleon, that he began his political activity not as an officer but as a demagogue. According to his original plan he had purposed to reach his object, like Pericles and Gaius Gracchus, without force of arms; and throughout eighteen years, as leader of the popular party, he had moved exclusively amid political plans and intrigues: until, reluctantly convinced of the necessity for a military support, he headed an army when he was already forty years of age. It was natural that even afterwards he should remain still more statesman than general; like Cromwell, who also transformed himself from a leader of opposition into a military chief and democratic king, and who in general, little as the Puritan hero seems to resemble the dissolute Roman, is yet in his development, as well as in the objects which he aimed at and the results which he achieved, of all statesmen perhaps the most akin to Cæsar. Even in his mode of warfare this improvised generalship may still be recognized: the enterprises of Napoleon against Egypt and against England do not more clearly exhibit the artillery lieutenant who had risen by service to command, than the similar enterprises of Cæsar exhibit the demagogue metamorphosed into a general. A regularly trained officer would hardly have been prepared, through political considerations of a not altogether stringent nature, to set aside the best-founded military scruples in the way in which Cæsar did so on several occasions, most strikingly in the case of his landing in Epirus.

Several of his acts are therefore censurable from a military point of view; but what the general loses the statesman gains. The task of the statesman is universal in its nature, like Cæsar's genius: if he undertook things the most varied and most remote one from another, they had all, without exception, a bearing on the one great object to which with infinite fidelity and consistency he devoted himself; and he never preferred one to another of the manifold aspects and directions of his great activity. Although a master of the art of war, he yet from statesmanly considerations did his utmost to avert the civil strife, and when it nevertheless began, to keep his laurels from the stain of blood. Although the founder of a military monarchy, he, yet with an energy unexampled in history, allowed no hierarchy of marshals or government of prætorians to come into existence. If he had a preference for any one form of services rendered to the State, it was for the sciences and arts of peace rather than for those of war.

The most remarkable peculiarity of his action as a statesman was its perfect harmony. In reality all the conditions for this most difficult of all human functions were united in Cæsar. A thorough realist, he never allowed the images of the past or venerable tradition to disturb him; with him nothing was of value in politics but the living present, and the law of reason: just as in grammar he set aside historical and antiquarian research, and recognized nothing but on the one hand the living *usus loquendi* and on the other hand the rule of symmetry. A born ruler, he governed the minds of men as the wind drives the clouds, and compelled the most heterogeneous natures to place themselves at his service; — the smooth citizen and the rough subaltern, the noble matrons of Rome and the fair princesses of Egypt and Mauritania, the brilliant cavalry officer and the calculating banker. His talent for organization was marvelous. No statesman has ever compelled alliances, no general has ever collected an army out of unyielding and refractory elements, with such decision, and kept them together with such firmness, as Cæsar displayed in constraining and upholding his coalitions and his legions. Never did regent judge his instruments and assign each to the place appropriate for him with so acute an eye.

He was monarch; but he never played the king. Even when absolute lord of Rome, he retained the deportment of the party leader: perfectly pliant and smooth, easy and charming in

conversation, complaisant towards every one, it seemed as if he wished to be nothing but the first among his peers.

Cæsar entirely avoided the blunder of so many men otherwise on an equality with him, who have carried into politics the tone of military command; however much occasion his disagreeable relations with the Senate gave for it, he never resorted to outrages such as that of the eighteenth Brumaire. Cæsar was monarch; but he was never seized with the giddiness of the tyrant. He is perhaps the only one among the mighty men of the earth who in great matters and little never acted according to inclination or caprice, but always without exception according to his duty as ruler; and who, when he looked back on his life, found doubtless erroneous calculations to deplore, but no false step of passion to regret. There is nothing in the history of Cæsar's life which even on a small scale can be compared with those poetico-sensual ebullitions — such as the murder of Kleitos or the burning of Persepolis — which the history of his great predecessor in the East records. He is, in fine, perhaps the only one of those mighty men who has preserved to the end of his career the statesman's tact of discriminating between the possible and the impossible, and has not broken down in the task which for nobly gifted natures is the most difficult of all, — the task of recognizing, when on the pinnacle of success, its natural limits. What was possible he performed; and never left the possible good undone for the sake of the impossible better, never disdained at least to mitigate by palliatives evils that were incurable. But where he recognized that fate had spoken, he always obeyed. Alexander on the Hyphasis, Napoleon at Moscow, turned back because they were compelled to do so, and were indignant at destiny for bestowing even on its favorites merely limited successes; Cæsar turned back voluntarily on the Thames and on the Rhine; and at the Danube and the Euphrates thought not of unbounded plans of world-conquest, but merely of carrying into effect a well-considered regulation of the frontiers.

Such was this unique man, whom it seems so easy and yet is so infinitely difficult to describe. His whole nature is transparent clearness; and tradition preserves more copious and more vivid information regarding him than regarding any of his peers in the ancient world. Of such a person our conceptions may well vary in point of shallowness or depth, but strictly speaking, they

cannot be different: to every inquirer not utterly perverted, the grand figure has exhibited the same essential features, and yet no one has succeeded in reproducing it to the life. The secret lies in its perfection. In his character as a man as well as in his place in history, Cæsar occupies a position where the great contrasts of existence meet and balance each other. Of the mightiest creative power and yet at the same time of the most penetrating judgment; no longer a youth and not yet an old man; of the highest energy of will and the highest capacity of execution; filled with republican ideals and at the same time born to be a king; a Roman in the deepest essence of his nature, and yet called to reconcile and combine in himself as well as in the outer world the Roman and the Hellenic types of culture,— Cæsar was the entire and perfect man. Accordingly we miss in him more than in any other historical personage what are called characteristic features, which are in reality nothing else than deviations from the natural course of human development. What in Cæsar passes for such at the first superficial glance is, when more closely observed, seen to be the peculiarity not of the individual but of the epoch of culture or of the nation: his youthful adventures, for instance, were common to him as to all his more gifted contemporaries of like position; his unpoetical but strongly logical temperament was the temperament of Romans in general.

It formed part also of Cæsar's full humanity that he was in the highest degree influenced by the conditions of time and place; for there is no abstract humanity,— the living man cannot but occupy a place in a given nationality and in a definite line of culture. Cæsar was a perfect man just because more than any other he placed himself amidst the currents of his time, and because more than any other he possessed the essential peculiarity of the Roman nation — practical aptitude as a citizen — in perfection; for his Hellenism in fact was only the Hellenism which had been long intimately blended with the Italian nationality. But in this very circumstance lies the difficulty, we may perhaps say the impossibility, of depicting Cæsar to the life. As the artist can paint everything save only consummate beauty, so the historian, when once in a thousand years he falls in with the perfect, can only be silent regarding it. For normality admits doubtless of being expressed, but it gives us only the negative notion of the absence of defect; the secret of nature, whereby in her most finished manifestations normality and individuality are combined,

is beyond expression. Nothing is left for us but to deem those fortunate who beheld this perfection, and to gain some faint conception of it from the reflected lustre which rests imperishably on the works that were the creation of this great nature.

These also, it is true, bear the stamp of the time. The Roman hero himself stood by the side of his youthful Greek predecessor, not merely as an equal but as a superior; but the world had meanwhile become old and its youthful lustre had faded. The action of Cæsar was no longer, like that of Alexander, a joyous marching onward towards a goal indefinitely remote: he built on and out of ruins, and was content to establish himself as tolerably and as securely as possible within the ample but yet definite bounds once assigned to him. With reason, therefore, the delicate poetic tact of the nations has not troubled itself about the unpoetical Roman, and has invested the son of Philip alone with all the golden lustre of poetry, with all the rainbow hues of legend. But with equal reason the political life of nations has during thousands of years again and again reverted to the lines which Cæsar drew; and the fact that the peoples to whom the world belongs still at the present day designate the highest of their monarchs by his name, conveys a warning deeply significant, and unhappily fraught with shame.

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